THE INTERNATIONAL

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EDITED BY

WILLIAM T. HARRIS, PH. D., LL. D.

VOLUME XXXI.

INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION SERIES

THE

MOTTOES AND COMMENTARIES

OF FRIEDRICH WILHELM AUGUST FROEBEL'S

MOTHER PLAY

MOTHER COMMUNINGS AND MOTTOES RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT

PROSE COMMENTARIES TRANSLATED AND ACCOMPANIED WITH AN INTRODUCTION TREATING OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FROEBEL, BY

SUSAN E. BLOW

"Deep meaning oft lies hid in childish play"
SCHILLER

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1908

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE publishers of this series take great pleasure in offering to the kindergarten public, and to teachers generally, these volumes containing a new version of Froebel's Mutter und Kose Lieder, or songs and games for the mother with her child. This is justly regarded as the key to the philosophy of the kindergarten and as the manual of its practice. Miss Blow has drawn upon all the resources of her experience and study to make this edition a perfect handbook for English-speaking mothers and teachers. She has enlisted the talent of the poets for children to translate with taste and discrimination Froebel's rhymes. She has been fortunate in getting so many translations from Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, whose poems have the simplicity, compactness, and beauty of old English ballads. New music has been prepared by persons who have established reputation as composers of music for children's songs. The quaint and instructive illustrations prepared under Froebel's supervision have been reproduced from the beautiful edition of Wichard Lange, now out of print and not easy

to obtain. Miss Blow has added a prose translation of the mottoes, in order that none of the subtle meanings of Froebel may escape because of the difficulty of presenting them in poetic dress.

Finally, the commentaries have been given in as clear prose as can be written. In fact, this work is something more than a translation. The ideas of Froebel are *transplanted* into English and made to express themselves in English as if they had been thought and expressed here for the first time.

To those who know the difficulties in the way of such an achievement this will seem marvellous. The former translators have struggled valiantly to seize the subtle thoughts of Froebel and to imitate his sometimes uncouth rhymes. In many cases the difficulties have been so great as to defy the translator. The necessities of rhyme and metre have rendered it impossible to preserve the thoughts literally. On the other hand, when the translator has been tempted to follow too literally the German version the English poetic form resulting is often something else than beautiful. Froebel was not a poet so much as a religious mystic. He had a prophetic cast of mind, and his ideas would have been better expressed in prose were it not for the purpose of adapting them to music. He was able to see symbols; but poetry is something more than symbolism. He lacked the true poetic sense which can find appropriate forms of personification for ideas. Poetry transfigures natural ob-

jects and endows them with souls. The symbol only reveals a correspondence between a lower and a higher order of truth. Froebel, as master of the symbol, possessed an almost preternatural insight into educational values. This it was that led him to the pedagogics of the kindergarten. It is not to be supposed that his providential work would have been better accomplished had he been of a poetic turn of mind. He would in that case have avoided, it is true, the prosaic and trifling, but he would likely have missed the educational insights.

It is for us who profit through the labours of Froebel to carefully discriminate between the good and the bad. An unwise discipleship would copy him literally, and take special pains to mimic all his false notes. But such a following would prove an enemy of Froebel's cause.

It has happened that most of the literal imitations of Froebel's poetry have contributed in a greater or less degree to ruin the poetic sense of teachers and pupils. Goethe has pointed out that the uncouth rhymes and tasteless symbols of the Herrnhut congregation, although intended for the promotion of piety, yet in the end perverted the literary taste, and finally discredited their religious ideas when the world came to see the grotesqueness of their expressions. If the disciples burlesque their own doctrines, how can they expect them to prevail in the community ?

For example, the Closing Thoughts (Schlusslied) of the Mother Play are grotesque in poetic form, being essentially prosaic in substance, for

they form only a philosophic summary of the ideas of the book, and not a picture of Nature rendered transparent by metaphor and personification. A rhymed multiplication table or a rhymed grammar is a sacrilege committed against the sacred form of poetry. Miss Blow has therefore given this summary in prose in the Appendix.

The publishers have substituted volumes of convenient size for the somewhat cumbersome music-book style of volume. A separation of the contents to adapt the material to two volumes has brought together in the first volume the mottoes, the commentary, and an appendix containing kindred matter. This makes what we may call the mother's volume, since it contains prose and poetry not suitable for reading to the children. The second volume contains the songs and the music which the children are to sing in their games.

The pictures, as before stated, have been reproduced from the best edition, that of Wichard Lange, with a few figures redrawn to correct the dropsical appearance of some of the young children. In the second volume, for the use of the children, certain parts of the pictures have been repeated and enlarged, in order to show the details with greater clearness.

Miss Blow's introduction explains the relation of Froebel to the great philosophic movement to which he belonged, and especially to the system of Schelling. This view assists one in interpreting the obscure points in Froebel's doctrine. All deep writers need, for their full understanding, to have each statement interpreted in the full light

of all that they have written. In fact, it often needs a knowledge of all that they have done as well as what they have written, and Miss Blow has well said that the practical exercises of Froebel often throw light on his obscure theoretic statements.

Mrs. Eliot's translation of the mottoes has, at the suggestion of Miss Blow, interwoven with the substance of the original motto many of the ideas that are suggested and worked out in the commentaries—a new feature which it is believed will commend itself to the reader.

The Place of the Kindergarten and the Mother Play.

For the first four years of the child's life the family education has been all in all for him. He has learned in his first year to hold up his head, to clutch things with his hands, using his thumbs in contraposition to his fingers, and to follow moving objects with his eyes; he has learned smells, and tastes, and sounds, and colours, and the individuality of objects. He has learned to move himself, using his limbs somewhat as a turtle does in crawling. In his second year he has learned to stand alone, and to walk; to use some words, and to understand the meaning of a great many more. His recognition of colours, sounds, tastes, and touch-impressions has increased enormously. He has acquired his first set of teeth, and can use them. Imitation has preceded the acquisition of language.

In his third and fourth years his knowledge

of the external world has progressed steadily, powerfully aided, as it is now, by the acquisition of language. For by language the child has become able to use the senses of other people as well as his own; for he listens to the accounts of what they have seen, and asks questions incessantly, to draw out the experience of his parents, older brothers and sisters, attendants, and acquaintances. Not only does he learn to see and hear through other people—that is to say, get information of the results of other people's observations—but he begins to use their reflections, and inquires eagerly for explanations. It is a great delight for him to discover that things and events are little sections in endless chains of things and events—little beads, as it were, strung on a great string of causal relation—each thing or event being the effect of some antecedent thing or event, and likewise to become the cause of other things and events to follow it. What a wonderful world this is to the child, as the principle of causality begins to act in his mind, and he wishes to know the why of things and events, wishes to learn in what sense they are means to something else, in what sense they are results of something else!

Now that the child possesses language, and begins to inquire for names—begins to see ideals, and to act to realise them—he can be helped greatly by the kindergarten method of instruction. It should be used first in the house by the mother and the nurse, and afterwards in the school. The kindergarten wisely selects a series of objects that lead to the useful possession of

certain geometric concepts and certain numerical concepts, that assist in grasping all things in their inorganic aspects. It provides for his new perception of possibilities or ideals by setting him to work at building. It has a series of occupations—building, stick-laying, drawing, perforating paper, embroidery, joining sticks by soaked peas, modelling in clay, weaving, etc. In all these the child finds relations to the fundamental geometric shapes that he has learned to know, and he sees with clearness and precision how to realise ideals.

The kindergarten, in using the gifts and occupations, however, does not use the highest and best that Froebel has invented. The peculiar Froebel device is found in the plays and games. Froebel himself wrote the Mutter und Kose Lieder, and explained them with all his subtle philosophy. The child here, in the plays and games, in which all join (pupils and teachers), ascends from the world of Nature to the world of humanity; from the world of things to the world of self-activity; from the material and earthly to the spiritual. Even in the Gifts and Occupations he becomes conscious of his will as a power over matter to convert it to use, and to make it the symbol of his ideals. But in such work he does not fully realise his spiritual sense, because he does not find anything in that work to make him realise the difference between his particular self and his general self. In the plays and games he becomes conscious of this general or social self, and there dawns the higher ideal

of a self that is realised in institutions, over against the special self of the particular individual.

In the songs and pantomime the child uses his self-activity to reproduce for himself the activities and occupations of the world of society. He produces a reflection of this world of human life about him, and repeats to himself its motives and its industries, putting himself in the place of the grown-up citizen, and assuming his mode of thinking and acting. By this he attains the new consciousness of a higher self—acting within his particular self, and dictating the customary usages, the conventional forms of politeness, the fashion set for him to follow—and, above all, he begins to have a conscience. Conscience demands unconditional obedience, the sacrifice not only of possessions, but of life, too, in its behest. Here the child climbs up, on this symbolic pathway, through play, to the Absolute Mind. He sees the ideal laws that are absolutely binding above all temporal considerations; he sees the moral law. The moral law is an entirely different thing from the laws of matter and motion. The latter relate to dead, inorganic substances, moved from outside and under fate. The former is the law of activity of what is spiritual, the living, the human, the divine. It is the law of self-activity. No self-active being can retain its freedom or self-activity except by conforming to moral law.

The kindergarten does well when it teaches the Gifts and Occupations, for it deals with the

world of means and instrumentalities, and helps the child to the conquest of Nature. It does better with the plays and games, because these are thoroughly humane in their nature, and they offer to the child in a symbolic form the treasures of experience of the race in solving the problems of life. They make children wise without the conceit of wisdom. And there is no philosophy for the young woman to be compared with the philosophy that Froebel has put into his work on the mother's plays and games with her children.

W. T. HARRIS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *June 22, 1895.*

PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THE aim of this version of the Mother Play is to render Froebel's thought, and to avoid so far as possible the tautologies, involutions, and circumlocutions of his obscure and laboured style.

After much reflection, it has seemed wise to give both a prose and a poetic version of the mottoes. The former I have made as nearly literal as possible;* the object of the latter is to present in poetic form the salient thought of each original motto and its accompanying commentary. By this plan the reader is brought into contact with Froebel's precise thought, and may at will accept or reject the additions and changes made in the poetic rendering of the mottoes. For my own part, I feel that I cannot too cordially commend Mrs. Eliot's interpretations, or too gratefully acknowledge her patient, efficient, and generous co-operation.

The translation of the commentaries is intentionally free, and I have, wherever possible, woven into the prose the thoughts contained in

* Appendix. Note V.

Froebel's very unpoetic rhymes. I have relegated to the Appendix the commentary on the Illustrated Title-page,* which is one of the worst of Froebel's lapses into artificial symbolism; the prose translation of the pedagogic rhymes in the commentary to the Flower Song,† and a prose version of the poem entitled Closing Thoughts.‡

The drawings on the cover of the original Mother Play and the commentary explaining them have been omitted. These drawings and commentary are omitted from the latest German edition of the Mother Play, and in my judgment the book gains by their absence.

Since writing the Introduction I have been informed by Fräulein Eleonore Heerwart that the motto "Deep meaning oft lies hid in childish play" was not chosen by Froebel. It is, however, given in both the Lange and the Seidel editions of the Mother Play.

SUSAN E. BLOW.

AVON, N. Y., *May 14, 1895.*

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* Appendix, Note I. † Appendix, Note VI.
‡ Appendix, Note VII.

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INTRODUCTION.

FROEBEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

I. The Philosophy of Germany in Froebel's Time.

"Beware," says Emerson, "when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet: then all things are at risk." Something over a century ago, Immanuel Kant, a little old bachelor of Königsberg, "by whose punctual walk his neighbours set their watches," and who "in the ordinary sense of the words had neither life nor history," was troubled in spirit over current theories with regard to the nature and source of human knowledge. To-day we live in a world where everything great and small owns his influence. "He conquered for his people the empire of the air." Indirectly, he also gave them their visible empire; for it was his first great disciple, Fichte, who, fired by the Critique of Practical Reason, created the national school system of Germany, and, by developing the intelligence and rousing the patriotism of his countrymen, set in motion the influences whose outcome has been the political independence and solidarity of the German

fatherland.* Through its influence upon the willing mind of Schleiermacher, the reluctant mind of Frederick Maurice, and the hostile mind of Cardinal Newman, the philosophy created by Kant and developed by his successors has leavened the theologies of Germany, England, and Rome. Through Goethe and Schiller it has stamped itself upon German literature. Through Coleridge and Carlyle it has penetrated English literature. Through New England Transcendentalism it has become a power in American literature. Through the music of Beethoven and Wagner it has stirred in all susceptible souls lofty and mysterious emotions. Through Schelling, Oken, Carus, Oersted, and others it has laid its magic touch upon natural science. Last of all—but, if there be truth in the parable of the mustard seed, perhaps not least of all—it has bent itself to the lowly service of childhood, and, using as its in-

* "When, during the years of the French domination, it seemed as though the death knell of German nationality had been rung, when cowardly soldiers in masses deserted their flag while the battle raged, Fichte saw that the salvation of Germany lay in the education of her sons. 'Create a nation by national education!' he cried to the princes of Germany. The princes, at his exhortation, appealed to the people, and freedom from a foreign yoke was their reward. Not Blücher, not Schornhorst, but Fichte drove the French from the Fatherland. Fichte's deepest conviction was that the idea of the perfect state could only be realized through education. 'The reasonable state,' says he, 'can never be formed from existing material by artificial means; it must be evolved from the consciousness of an educated people.' The philosopher was the creator of the idea of national education—in one word, the pedagogic statesman."—WICHARD LANGE.

strument the mind of Froebel, is visibly transforming the nurseries and infant schools of all civilised lands.

When Mr. Alcott was asked to define transcendentalism, he answered promptly: "It means that there is something in the mind which did not get there through the senses." This definition suggests the point of departure for modern speculative philosophy. Kant could not believe that "all knowledge consists of impressions of the senses and the faint images of these impressions called up in memory and thinking." His mind recoiled from the idea that the "ego is only a subjective notion, a unity of the series of impressions called myself." He argued that knowledge being a product of two factors—an objective factor given in sensation and a subjective factor due to the constitution of the mind—thought could only arrive at the truth with regard to one factor by eliminating the other. Differently stated, since the mind in the act of cognition sets its own seal upon the data of sense, the removal of the impressed signet is necessary in order to show what the wax may be in itself. Upon investigation the signet turns out to be that of a sovereign, and the wax proves itself of a singular plasticity. Experience, reasons Kant, is partial and contingent. Hence no idea possessing the marks of universality and necessity can have been thence derived. All such ideas bear the royal stamp of mind, and must be native to its constitution. Applying this test, he discovers, doubtless to his own astonishment, that space

and time must be reckoned among our subjective possessions. "All spatial limitation implies space beyond the limit,"* or, differently stated, space is self-limited. Self-limitation is another word for infinitude, and infinitude another word for universality. Since the idea of space involves infinitude, it cannot by any possibility be derived from sensation, for the testimony of sense is limited to the here and now. Furthermore, the idea of space is the necessary presupposition of all experience of an external world, and the necessary presupposition of all experience cannot be derived from any finite number of experiences. Therefore space must be one of the constitutive ideas of mind—a kind of spiritual lens used in all acts of perception. Aristotle defines space as the universal vessel in which all things are contained; and of course if the including vessel be in the mind, there too must be its contents. A similar course of reasoning proves the subjectivity of time, and by implication the subjectivity of all processes of change—growth, development, and metamorphosis. With its powers of deglutition strengthened by these remarkable feats, Kantian thought easily swallows everything that is worth swallowing; nor is its voracity appeased until it has proved that being is an *a priori* idea, and hence that nothing dare exist without saying "By your leave" to the universal Mind.

Does this mean that the visible universe is merely "an orderly phantasmagoria generated

* Educational Psychology, Dr. Harris, Chapter VI.

by the ego and unfolding its successive scenes upon the background of an abyss of nothingness"? Is the world man knows only a world he makes, and are there behind, beneath, above this world great realities, mysterious things in themselves which he can never know? Or, since without borrowing from mind the right to be, nothing can exist, is the so-called thing in itself a mere figment of the imagination, and as the outcome of all this storm and stress of thought does little man stand forth like the hero of fairy legend holding in his hand the heart of the giant universe which henceforth shall live and breathe only at his good pleasure? Finally, does each individual build his own world, and, if so, how does it happen that all individuals build substantially the same world?

These questions suggest the problems with which German philosophy wrestles. Kant proves the subjectivity of space and time, and thus reduces the knowable universe to a product of the self. To Fichte it becomes clear that the self who builds the world is not the private and particular self of each rational subject. In every man there are two selves—a pygmy self and a giant self. The former discriminates the particular individual from all other individuals; the latter unites him with them. The colossal self who is in and through and over all particular selves is the true world-builder. In an illuminating flash of thought Schelling comes to see that this colossal world-builder is not imprisoned in the realm of subjective intelligence. For in order

to be universal and necessary his ideas must be objective as well as subjective, and he cannot be less objective than his own constitutive forms. Hence the world is a revelation of the Absolute Spirit. Finally, the vortical movement of speculative thought returns upon itself in the mind of Hegel, who, rigorously analysing the paradox of self-consciousness, finds therein a key to all the problems of philosophy. Granting that spirit makes the world, then in the form of spirit must lie the explanation of the world-making process. The form of spirit is self-consciousness, as was perceived by Aristotle when he defined reason as the "knowing of knowing." Self-consciousness is the knowing of the self by the self, and this implies both the distinction of subject and object, and the recognition of their identity. The life of the spirit is therefore an endless process of self-diremption and of the reintegration of its dirempted elements into the synthetic unity of consciousness. Its history is an endless flight from itself in order to find itself.

Boundless is the illumination of this insight. It is the veritable sun of the spiritual world, and in its light all the phenomena of mind are revealed in their individual distinction and their reciprocal relations. What is love but the flight of the self to another and the finding of itself in this other? What is holiness but a persistent flight of the soul from its own evil? What is individuality but the relationship of the self to and its recoil upon an environment of other selves? What is human self-knowledge but the recog-

nition by our universal and abiding self of an indefinite series of momentary and vanishing selves? What are the antitheses of finite and infinite, chance and necessity, fate and freedom, phenomenon and noumenon—in brief, what are all the contradictions which vex and baffle our understanding, but the paradoxes of a spirit which must achieve unity by a triumph over oppositions? Finally, what must be the life of the infinite and divine self? Must it not consist in a ceaseless outpouring of its wealth—an eternal gift of itself to another, and an eternal discovery of itself in this other? And the visible universe, is it not precisely the embodiment of such a divine life, a synthetic unity wrought of infinite differentiation?*

The Two Insights of the Kantian School.

If I have succeeded in sketching roughly the development of speculative thought, the reader will have perceived that the foci which determine its curve are the world-destroying insight of the subjectivity of space and time, and the world-rebuilding insight of the objectivity of mind. Because he never attained the latter insight, Kant held on with desperate grip to certain unknown and unknowable "things-in-themselves." His successors, however, bade these spectres avaunt, and, boldly declaring that since mind cannot be

* Whoever attains this insight will realise how little speculative philosophy deserves the reproach of pantheism, and will understand that it is a presentation by and to reason of the very truth which Christianity reveals to the heart—the truth, viz., that God is love.

less universal and necessary than its own ideas, it must be the one true and only "thing in itself," declined to bother their heads with unrealities devoid of extension, change, and even existence. True attorneys of Reason they proved her title to the sphere, and showed that in the so-called material world "omnipresent mind lies extended all around and about itself."

Schelling's Insight into the Spiritual Meaning of Nature.

As we have seen, the doctrine that reason or intelligence is the identity of the subjective and the objective was first announced by Schelling. Starting from the self-evident fact that all true knowledge implies a correspondence between thought and being, he declares nature to be the sum of all that is objective in our knowing, and the ego to be the sum of all that is subjective,* and argues that these two sums must be equal. The relationship between nature and intelligence is illustrated by the symbol of the magnet. "All knowing has two poles which reciprocally imply each other. Hence there must be two fundamental sciences, and it must be impossible to start from the one without being impelled towards the other." † By self-impulsion nature ascends towards spirit. By self-impulsion spirit produces nature. "All natural objects have their explanation in a blind attempt on the part of nature to look at itself," or to become self-conscious intelligence. Conversely, the whole activity of the thinking

* System des Transcendentalen Idealismus. † Ibid.

subject is the self production of itself as object, and the beholding of itself in this object. Therefore alike in the dramatically self-evolving processes of nature and in the subconscious and partly conscious activities of human intelligence we may study the becoming of reason.

In its power of mental provocation this great insight is without a rival. It produces in him who assimilates it a new temper of mind and leads him to be everywhere on the lookout for traces of the structure of reason. He makes novel and strangely suggestive definitions of nature. She is "unripe mind"; "petrified intelligence"; "adulterated reason"; "mind precipitated"; "the immense shadow of man"; "the colossal cipher of the soul"; "the garment of divinity"; "the cataract which reflects in rainbow colours the sunlight of reason." "As a whole, and in the relation of her parts, she is the dial plate of the invisible world." She is "an encyclopædical, systematic plan or index of the human spirit." She is "an Æolian harp, a musical instrument whose tones again are keys to higher strings in us." She mounts towards man, who is "her Messiah." Her dead and unconscious products are "her abortive attempts to mirror herself." Man is "her higher sense"; "the star which connects this planet with the upper world, the eye it turns towards heaven." The "reason that sleeps in the plant and dreams in the animal wakes in him." "The pungent influence of natural objects upon the mind" is due to the fact that through them "man imprisoned, man crystallised, man vegetative, speaks to man

impersonated." In sum, "men are symbols and inhabit symbols; workmen, work and tools, words and things, birth and death are emblems, and it is only our infatuation with the economical uses of things which blinds us to the fact that all things are thoughts."

Quickened by the insight that nature is a symbol in the whole and in every part, alert reason begins to search for adumbrations of her own form, and thus pierces to deeper and more specific analogies. Consciousness is recognition of the identity of subject and object. It is selfsameness. Hence, in Nature, "all things are of one pattern made," and the universe "an infinite paroquet repeats one note."* But the sameness of reason is a sameness in difference. Mind is self-polarising, and consciousness the "eternal rhyme" of subject and object. Therefore, Nature is "balance-loving, and makes all things in pairs"; and in darkness and light, in the poles of the magnet,

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* "All things
Are of one pattern made: bird, beast, and flower,
Song, picture, form, space, thought, and character
Deceive us, seeming to be many things,
And are but one. . . .
To know one element, explore another,
And in the second reappears the first.
The specious panorama of a year
But multiplies the image of a day;
A belt of mirrors round a taper's flame,
And universal Nature, through her vast
And crowded whole, an infinite paroquet,
Repeats one note."—EMERSON, *Xenophanes.*

See also, in Representative Men, the Essay on Swedenborg.

in acid and alkali, in the mystery of sex, we find writ in characters of sense the law of spirit. Directing attention less to the fixed antithesis of subject and object, and more to the form of spiritual activity, mind reveals itself as a process of estrangement and return, a self-diremption into specific ideas and energies, and a return into itself by the reintegration of its dirempted elements into the unity of consciousness. In correspondence with this circular sweep of the soul, the heavenly spheres revolve, days and seasons come and go, the great sea ebbs and flows, plants and animals repeat the rotary processes of generation, growth, and metamorphosis; or, in scientific summary, all Nature is "reducible to a series of motions," and the "primordial mode of all these motions is rhythm." Last of all, the circles of the spirit are ascending and widening circles, and in its returns upon itself thought mounts to higher planes of consciousness. The mark of each higher plane is the dissolution of an ever-increasing multiplicity of differences into a deeper unity. Hence Nature, in the whole and in every part, is evolutionary, and whether in the development of the nebula, the seed, the animal, or in the genesis of higher species of plants and animals, she moves from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, and her guiding ideal is the production of specific individuality by the harmonising of infinite differences.*

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* "No living thinker," says Mr. Drummond, "has yet found it possible to account for evolution. Mr. Herbert Spencer's fa-

From the recognition of reason in nature, thought ascends to recognition of reason in the unconscious and partially conscious processes of mind. The difference between the higher and lower forms of intelligence is shown to consist not in "the presence or absence of phases of thought but in the consciousness of them." Instinct is defined as "genius in paradise before the period of self-abstraction." Feeling is proved to hold thought in solution. Imagination is "the use which reason makes of the material world"; "the affirmation of a real relation between a thought and some material fact"; "the recognition of the reality of reason under the shows of sense"; "the power which transubstantiates daily bread into holiest symbol." The voice of fable is declared "to have in it somewhat divine." Fairy tales are "dreams of that

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mous definition of evolution as 'a change from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity through continuous differentiations and integrations'—the formula of which the *Contemporary Reviewer* remarked that 'the universe may well have heaved a sigh of relief when, through the cerebration of an eminent thinker it had been delivered of this account of itself'—is simply a summary of results, and throws no light, though it is often supposed to do so, upon ultimate causes."—*Ascent of Man, p. 5.*

I entirely agree with Mr. Drummond that Mr. Spencer's formula throws no light upon the ultimate causes of evolution. It is certain, however, that before Mr. Darwin and Mr. Spencer had formulated the theory of evolution it had been accounted for in speculative philosophy, and, furthermore, that the clew to the cosmic process had been practically applied by Froebel to the education of little children.

home world which is everywhere and nowhere." Proverbs are "the sanctuary of the intuitions." Art is "the presentation of reason to man through his senses"; the "godlike rendered visible"; "eternity looking through time." Poetry "is science, and the poet the true logician." The poet is "the all-knower, an actual world in miniature," and his vocation is "to call each particular fact to its universal consecration." Religions cease to be denounced as products of superstition and priestcraft, and are recognised as "reason speaking naïvely"; as "the highest symbols—symbols through which all men can recognise a present God and worship the same." In a word, "the whole history of humanity, with all its changing scenes, stands forth revealed as a process of the development and realisation of spirit"; and, unsated even by this full recognition of her presence and her deeds, all-conquering Reason insists that every product and process of thought shall declare her form; and in language, myth, and fable, in art and religion, in the contrast between the dull uniformities of savage life and the complex interdependencies of civilisation, in the rise and fall of particular peoples, and in the great cycles of universal history, seeks and finds manifestations of her selfsameness, her polar antithesis, her rhythmic pulsation, and her dissolution of ever-increasing contradictions into higher unities.* As the outcome of her victory, "every act

* For a discussion of the nature of self-consciousness in

of introversion, every glance into the mind, is proved to be a glance at the veritable outward, and an ascension towards heaven."

II. Froebel as a Disciple of Schelling.

My apology for referring to a series of speculative insights in the introduction to a book popularly supposed to be a mere collection of nursery songs is the conviction that without some appreciation of the ideas in which Froebel lived, moved, and had his being, his writings and his educational work are alike incomprehensible. He is *par excellence* the philosopher of education. Born in 1782, he was seven years younger than Schelling and twelve years younger than Hegel. When he was twenty-one years old he read Schelling's Bruno, and in an autobiographical letter he tells us that he was deeply moved by it and seemed to himself to understand it. He so loved Novalis (the gifted disciple of Schelling), that if for any reason he parted with the volume containing his works "he felt as if he had parted with himself; and if anything happened to the book, he felt as if it had happened to himself, only far more keenly and deeply." Another of his favourite books was the Psyche of Carus (another disciple of Schelling, who expounded the philosophy of Nature), of which he declares that "he has met with no work which bears such clear witness to

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art, see Introduction to the Study of Philosophy, William T. Harris, pp. 189–235.

the truth of his own aims and efforts."* He was the friend and correspondent of Krause. Through Langethal, Middendorff, and his wife, he was brought into contact with the thought of Fichte and Schleiermacher. His own writings show conclusively that he not only participated in the general philosophic activity of his time, but that he was specifically an adherent of that "Romantic School" which has thrown so much light upon nature, art, mythology, and religion, and which, working in and through him, has contributed so materially to the solution of the problem of education.

Froebel's Statements of the Doctrine of the Unity of Spirit and Nature.

The insight that spirit is the sole reality, that this Absolute Spirit is God, and that all beings possess life and mind in so far as they participate in God, is the key to all those passages in Froebel's writings which refer to what he calls the fact of life-unity and the process of life unification. With the hope of aiding my readers to orient themselves in his thought, I quote some characteristic sentences from the opening paragraphs of the Education of Man:

"In all things there lives and reigns an eternal law. . . . This all-controlling law implies as its source an all-pervading, energising, self-conscious, and hence eternal unity. . . . This unity is God. From God all things have proceeded.

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* See Froebel's Letters, E. Michaelis and H. Keatley Moore, p. 287.

In God all things subsist. . . . The essential nature of any given thing is the godlike principle within it; the destiny of all things is to unfold the divine essence, and thus to manifest God. . . . The destiny of man as a rational being is to become conscious of the divine essence and to reveal it in his life with self-determination and freedom. . . . To recognise the workings of this universal divine principle in nature and in humanity is science. . . . To discern its bearings upon the development of rational beings is the science of education. . . . To apply it practically to all kinds of individuals in all stages of development is the art of education. . . . To lead the pupil to its conscious revelation is the goal of education." *

The correlative insight that the form of self-consciousness is the key to the cosmos is the true import of Froebel's doctrine of the mediation of opposites and the explanation of his recurrent statement that all objects must have a triune manifestation—i. e., in and as unity, in and as diversity, in and as concrete individuality.† The outcome of this insight, as we have seen, is recognition of Nature as one vast symbol. Hence we find that the whole section of the Education of Man which discusses natural science and mathematics is devoted to elucidating and illustrating the correspondence between natural and psychical facts and processes. The following passages,

* See, in Mother Play, Introduction to commentaries and commentary on The Church.

† See, in Mother Play, Introduction to Commentaries.

selected almost at random, will show how completely Froebel's mind is saturated with this thought:

"From every point, from every object in nature and life, there is a way to God." *

"The things of nature form a more beautiful ladder between heaven and earth than that seen by Jacob; not a one-sided ladder leading in one direction, but an all-sided one leading in all directions. Not in dreams is it seen: it is permanent; it surrounds us on all sides. It is decked with flowers, and angels with children's eyes beckon us towards it; it is solid, resting on a floor of crystals; the inspired singer David praises and glorifies it." †

"If we seek the inner reason for this high symbolic meaning of the different individual phenomena of nature, particularly in the phases of development of natural objects in relationship to the stadia of human development, we find it in the fact that nature and man have their origin in one and the same eternal Being, and that their development takes place in accordance with the same laws, only at different stages." ‡

"Everything is of divine nature, of divine origin. Everything is therefore relatively a unity, as God is absolute unity. Everything, therefore, inasmuch as it is—though only relatively—a unity, manifests its nature only in and through a triune revelation and representation

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* Education of Man, Hailmann's translation, p. 120.
† Ibid.; p. 203. ‡ Ibid., p. 161.

of itself, and there only in and through continuously progressive, hence relatively all-sided development.

"This truth is the foundation of all contemplation, knowledge, and comprehension of nature. Without it there can be no true, genuine, productive investigation and knowledge of nature. Without it there can be no true contemplation of nature, leading to insight into the essential being of nature." *

More interesting than Froebel's statements of the philosophic discoveries of his age are his original applications of them. These applications are of differing degrees of merit. Some of them have proved dangerously misleading both to blind and superstitious disciples—and to critics, who would have done well to remember Carlyle's warning, that "it is well to see a great man before attempting to oversee him." Only the student who has insight into the ideas which ruled Froebel's mind can justly weigh his work. He had drunk deeply of the new wine of thought, and was both "intoxicated and assimilated" by the draught. Saturated with the idea that mind is the sole reality and that all things must reveal its form, he is sometimes betrayed into puerile analogies and formal allegories. His absurd etymologies are the fruit of an abortive effort to trace the activity of spirit in the formation of

* Education of Man, Hailmann's translation, p. 152. See in Mother Play, commentaries on Light, Bird, Flower and Taste Songs, and Finger Piano and Mottoes to Boy and Moon, and Little Maiden and the Stars.

speech. His deduction of the forms of crystals from the nature of force is a somewhat happier effort to surprise the footprints of reason. The much misunderstood symbolism of the kindergarten gifts is an attempt to utilise this deduction in the education of childhood. Most of the nature games in the Mother Play are presentations to the phantasy of childhood of those symbolic phenomena which have nourished the spiritual life of childlike men. The Mother Play, as a whole, is Froebel's most triumphant achievement, and, despite some extravagances and many formal defects, accomplishes its double purpose of revealing the onward march of reason in the manifestations of childhood, and of holding up the ideals of reason to childish imagination and affection.

III. Froebel's Mother Play.

The genesis of the Mother Play offers no difficulties to the student who is familiar with Froebel's life and who has entered into his thought. Given a man whose ruling passion is education, who has been for twenty-four years an educational experimenter, and in whose mind through all these years the faith that reason is present in the subconscious activities of intelligence has been gathering force, and the story of the Mother Play is told. Froebel studied childhood and motherhood in their inmost union and their reciprocal influence. He sought for the point of contact between the manifested needs of the one and the instinctive effort of the other to meet such needs. This point of contact he found in

nursery rhymes and in the unrhymed games which had been nursery favourites for unknown ages. He defined to himself the unconscious ideal which created these rhymes and games, and set himself the task of giving it a conscious embodiment; hence, the differences between the games in the Mother Play and their prototypes reveal to the student what the instinct of childhood and maternity has blindly sought, and explain why its aim has not been adequately realised.*

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* With the hope of aiding young mothers and inexperienced kindergartners, I venture to suggest a few questions which may serve as a general plan for the study of each song, motto, and commentary in the Mother Play.

1. In what manifestation of the child has this song its point of departure?

2. What analogous manifestations occur upon higher planes of development?

3. What are the psychologic implications of these manifestations?

4. Towards what spiritual goal do they point?

5. What has been the response, of instinctive motherhood to the indicated need?

6. What is Froebel's response?

7. What differences are there between the mother's response and Froebel's response, and wherein does the latter show an advance upon the former?

8. What will be the probable effect of a failure to meet the indicated need?

9. What are the limitations of the principle which this play embodies?

10. Wherein does this play show an advance in idea upon its predecessors?

11. What method and what means are employed by Froebel to develop this idea?

In one of his very suggestive notes to Rosenkranz's Philosophy of Education, Dr. Harris points out the fact that Mother Goose's melodies give in embryonic form types of character and situation whose adequate embodiment is found in higher literature. He adds:

"A scale thus extending from the earth to the fixed stars of genius furnishes pictures of human life of all degrees of concreteness. The meagre and abstract outline is given in the nursery tale, and the deep, comprehensive grasp of the situation, with all its motives, is found in Shakespeare. The summation of the events of life in Solomon Grundy has been compared to the epitome furnished by Shakespeare in the Seven Ages; and the disastrous voyage of the Three Men of Gotham is made a universal type of human disaster arising from rash adventure."

In like manner the story of Little Boy Blue suggests the effects of slothful neglect of duty; the man who, having scratched his eyes out in one bramble bush, scratches them in by jumping into another, is a discoverer of that circular process by which the recoil of the deed saves the doer; Jack Horner is the earliest literary representative of that large class of persons who, reaping the advantage of deeds not their own, plume themselves on their fancied achievement; the Man in the Wilderness is the prototype of all foolish questioners seeking solution of unreal problems; and the poor woman who couldn't keep quiet on "victuals and drink" crudely em-

bodies the yearnings of a soul which may not dare to live on bread alone.*

It is because of their truly rational content that traditional nursery rhymes have endured the test of survival and merit the name of genuine literature.† It is because many books written for children lack this content that they pervert and destroy the literary sense. Most baneful of all these abortive products of unintelligent minds are the books which are forever administering sugar-coated pills of useful information and moral advice.

I am anxious to make this distinction between true and false literature for childhood very clear, because, singularly enough, advocates of the Mother Play have been accused of doing the very thing they most strenuously condemn. Such accusation has arisen from the fact that the accusers have failed to detect the difference between reason implicit and reason explicit, or, differently stated, because they have construed the statement that nursery literature should present universal and typical facts to mean that little children should be expected to understand universal and necessary truths. The physical relation of man to the lower vertebrates suggests a parallel which may interpret the evolution of rational ideas. "In the snake," says Emerson, "all the organs are sheathed; no hands, no feet, no fins,

* See Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's Mother Goose for Grown Folks, from which I borrow these interpretations.

† Appendix, Note II.

no wings. In bird and beast the organs are released and begin to play. In man they are all unbound and full of joyful action. With this unswaddling he receives the absolute illumination we call reason, and thereby true liberty." *

Even simpler than the rhymes which furnish primordial types of character and situation are the nursery plays which incite the first feeble stirrings of self-consciousness, and appeal to the dawning sense of human relationships. Archaic games like Knock at the Door, Peep In, Here sits the Lord Mayor, Dance, Thumbkin, The Little Pigs that went to Market, and the favourite nursery trick of tugging at the baby's nose or ear and then pretending to show it, are manifestly attempts to call attention to the different parts of the body, and stir some premonition of its membered unity. Bye Baby Bunting, Father's a Nobleman Mother's a Queen, Dance Little Baby, interpret to the heart of the child his own love for father and mother, and their love and care of him. Neighbour How do you Do, introduces him to social life. Pat-a-Cake, The Miller of Dee, Oats Peas Beans, When I was a Shoemaker, Here I Brew and Here I Bake, are crude pictures of the activities of the workaday world. The rhyme of The Church the Steeple and all Good People, responds to infantile wonder at the sound of church bells and the sight of hurrying congregations. Such games as Hide and Seek, The Five Knights, and others of like kind, stir and sat-

* Society and Solitude, p. 29.

isfy the craving for recognition. My Lady Wind, I had a Little Sister, Hickamore, Hickamore, and many rhymes of bird, beast, and flower, owe their popularity to their animism. Add to these different classes of rhymes and plays the stories which, like The Old Woman and her Pig, The House that Jack Built, and The Tree in the Ground, present events in a crudely related series, and jingles such as If all the Seas were One Sea, which remotely suggest the underlying unity of all separate things, and we shall have before us that deposit of unconscious reason from which Froebel drew the material of his Mother Play. He has attempted to preserve what was good, and to omit what was crude and coarse in the products of instinct; to supply missing links; to present a series of games wherein each is organically related to all the others, and by means of dramatic and graphic representation, poetry, and music to win for the ideals embodied in these games a controlling power over the imagination. He has been, on the whole, successful in his choice of subjects, in his pictures, and in his explanation of motives. He has been unsuccessful in his poems and music. His merit is that of a path breaker, and his claim upon our gratitude that he has shown us how to abet the activity of the inwardly self-evolving ideal, and hence without detriment to the child's spontaneity to influence the growth of character and the trend of thought.*

* Appendix, Note III.

It has been said that "evolution implies involution and advolution."* The remark is as true of spiritual evolution as of physical. The trend of development suggests the character and destiny of the developing object. It is therefore from human history that we learn to know human nature. The typical deeds of man as revealed in history are the creation of language, the erection of social institutions, the development of the practical and fine arts, and the pursuit of science and philosophy. If we desire to understand any given people we study its speech, its type of family life, its organisation of industry, its form of government, its religious ritual, its architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, and music, its scientific theories, and its metaphysics. In these great products man reveals himself, and we are sure that, while they must vary and improve in type, they express the permanent and characteristic energies of the human spirit. The great object of child-study should therefore be to discover the embryonic forms of these moving principles of the soul. The duty of education is to give them due nurture. The aim of education should be to insure correspondence between the individual and his spiritual environment, and to fit him for participation in the universal life.

It was because simple mother-wit had tried, however blindly, to accomplish these purposes, that Froebel was able to learn from mothers how to educate the child. It is because in the Mother

* Drummond, Ascent of Man.

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Play and the Kindergarten Gifts he has lifted their instinctive procedure into the light of clear consciousness, that they in turn should learn of him.

To childhood and motherhood Froebel owes not only the material of the Mother Play, but, what is at least equally important, the idea of utilising imitation as a main factor in nursery education. His pictures, mottoes, and commentaries, however, prove beyond dispute that, like other geniuses, he interprets and improves what he borrows, and that his use of imitation is no haphazard proceeding, but the practical outcome of his psychologic acumen. In the illustrations to Pat-a-Pat, The Weather Vane, Mowing-Grass, Tick-Tack, Joiner, and Little Gardener, the child is shown in the act of imitation; and since Froebel, in his Introduction to the Commentaries, urges students above all else to study its pictures, it is evident that by his repeated portrayal of imitative activity, he means to emphasise its importance. In the commentaries to the Weather Vane, Mowing-Grass, and Little Gardener occur the following remarks:

"What adult deed is there that children will not at once imitate? Therefore be careful, you grown-up people, what you do in presence of these little ones." (Weather Vane.)

"The child will understand all the better the work of grown-up people if by imitation he is made a participant in it." (Mowing-Grass.)

"The tendency to imitation in children should be most carefully cultivated. Such culture will

lighten by one half the work of education. The mother who utilises imitation at the proper stage of development will accomplish by a touch light as a feather what later she could hardly do with a hundredweight of words." (Little Gardener.)

In the motto to the Weather Vane, which is the first characteristic game in the Mother Play, Froebel clearly points to imitation as the practical key to the whole book:

"Is thy child to apprehend another's deed? Then he must repeat this deed. Herein [i. e., in the necessity of reproduction to mental assimilation] is deeply rooted his eager effort to imitate the persons and things about him."

Froebel's appreciation of the significance of imitative activities is shown even more conclusively in his deed than in his words. All of his games are imitative in the sense that the child repeats a movement or series of movements made by mother or kindergartner.* Most of them are also imitative, in the sense that the child either reproduces the activities of persons and things about him, or dramatises and thus relives events in his own history.

Within the past few years the attention of psychologists has been directed with increasing interest to a study of the nature, the scope, and the meaning of imitative activities. In the light of these investigations the originality of Froebel's

* As children mature they are encouraged to originate their mimetic representations.

attempt to utilise imitation in the education of infancy and childhood is clearly disclosed, and I should be doing the Mother Play a great injustice if I failed to quote the following passages from Professors James, Royce, and Baldwin:

"The dramatic impulse, the tendency to pretend one is some one else, contains this pleasure of mimicry as one of its elements. Another element seems to be a peculiar sense of power in stretching one's own personality so as to include that of a strange person. In young children this instinct often knows no bounds. For a few months in one of my children's third year he literally hardly ever appeared in his own person. . . . If you called him by his name, H——, you invariably got the reply: 'I'm not H——; I'm a hyena, or a horse-car,' or whatever the feigned object might be." *

"It is an odd fact, and one of vast significance, that all of us come by our developed personal self-consciousness through very decidedly imitative processes. Of this fact a later discussion may give a fuller account. It is enough now to remind observers of children how full of proud self-consciousness is the little boy who drives a horse, or who plays soldier, or who is himself a horse, or a bird, or other creature in his play. To be what we call his real self is, for his still chaotic and planless inner consciousness, so long as it is

* Professor James's Psychology, vol. ii, p. 409. Quoted in Professor Royce's article, The Imitative Functions and their Place in Human Nature, Century Magazine, May, 1894.

not set in order by his imitativeness, the same as to be nobody in particular. But to be a horse, or a coachman, or a soldier, or the hero of a favourite story, or a fairy, that is to be somebody, for that sort of self one first witnesses from without, or finds portrayed in the fascinating tale, and then imitatively assimilates, so that one thereupon conceives this new self from within, and rejoices in one's prowess as one does so." *

"Nothing less than the child's personality is at stake in the method and matter of its imitations; for the 'self' is but the form or process in which the influences surrounding the child take on their new individuality. . . .

"It is not only likely—it is inevitable—that he make up his personality, under limitations of heredity, by imitation, out of the 'copy' set in the actions, temper, emotions, of the persons who build around him the social inclosure of his childhood." †

"The point is this: the child's personality grows; growth is always by action; he clothes upon himself the scenes of his life, and acts them out; so he grows in what he is, what he understands, and what he is able to perform." ‡

The important truth stated and illustrated in these several passages may be briefly re-stated as follows: The child creates himself. He creates himself by reproducing his environment within

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* Professor Royce, ibid.

† Mental Development, by James Mark Baldwin, p. 357.

‡ Ibid., p. 361.

himself. The first form of reproduction is imitation. Hence, imitation is the true point of departure both for educational psychology and for a wise nurture of childhood.

Confining ourselves to the practical corollaries of the indicated thesis, it is evident that the prime duties of parents are to protect the child from bad models and to supply him with good ones. They should also observe with care what special persons, objects, and actions are most frequently imitated, for in such imitations the child reveals the native bias of his temperament, indicates the line of his possibilities, and suggests the dangers to which he is prone. They should divert attention from persons or things which monopolise imagination and threaten to derange the balance of character by subjecting it to the tyranny of too few ideas, and in proportion to the increasing power of assimilating alien experience they should procure for the child that variety which is "the soul of originality and the fountain of the ethical life." For what is originality but the synthesis of a manifold experience? What is character but "a completely fashioned will"? How shall will be fashioned save by free choices? And how shall free choices be made unless the mind is confronted by varying—yes, even antagonistic—possibilities of conduct?

When, however, we shall have done all these things, will there be nothing more which we may do? Does the child need no help in his attempts to portray the life around him? If "nothing less than his personality is at stake in the meth-

od and matter of his imitations," should we allow him to reproduce blindly "the actions, temper, emotions of the persons who build around him the social inclosure of his childhood"? Can we so perfectly protect him that he will see nothing he may not safely imitate? Would it be wise so to protect him even if it were possible? Is it not better to put into his hands a clew to the labyrinth of experience by singling out such typical phenomena of nature and human life as are within his power of apprehension and leading him to reproduce them? Is not this precisely what Froebel has done in the Mother Play, and through doing it has he not defined the point of departure for all true education?*

From those who have had occasion to observe the influence of Froebel's plays I have no fear of the answers I shall receive to these questions. My hope is that in the near future their influence may be far more widely tested, and that thousands of fathers and mothers may see for themselves how through these mimetic pictures of nature and human life the world into which the child is born is born again in him, and mere external surroundings are transfigured into an ideal environment created by his own activity.

Turning our attention from the use of imitation to its theoretic implication, we find ourselves once more face to face with that great insight which has determined the orbit of speculative

* For the fuller discussion of this subject, see my book on Symbolic Education, Chapters V and VII.

philosophy, and which, acting upon the mind of Froebel, created the Mother Play and the Kindergarten. We have recognised in imitation an act of spiritual assimilation, and since "between things heterogeneous there can be no intercommunion," such assimilation clearly presupposes identity of nature between the person imitating and the persons or objects imitated. It is because the true self in each individual is identical with the true self in all individuals that each one of us may repeat another's deed. It is because this colossal self is also present in nature that the child can repeat the activities of natural objects, and the man reduce the phenomena of nature to spiritual principles. The animism of little children is an expression of the soul's prescient conviction that there is but one real force—the force of will. Their tireless imitation hints the deeper truth that all living objects *participate* in one great life, all rational subjects in one great mind.*

All fires are fed from the sun, and all streams from the sea. Yet one torch may light another, and every tiny streamlet which grows into a great river is fed by tributary streams, by snows descending from the hills, by springs welling up from the earth. Cut off from these sources of supply and replenishment, the rivulet shrinks to a thread. Lacking the outlet through which it gives away what it has received, it loses itself in marshes. In like manner, all true life, all true thought, all true love, are divine life, thought,

* Appendix, Note IV.

and love. Yet the divine energy must be communicated to each individual through nature and through his fellow-men, and it is only as the "universe grows I" that the I grows into the image of God.

Discussing the symbolism of the ball, Froebel calls attention to the fact that a spherical mirror suspended in the air will reflect what is above, below, and around it. The uninitiated kindergartner hurries over this to her meaningless suggestion, to concentrate her attention upon the practical exercises which follow it. The initiated reader recognises that Froebel is trying to illustrate the thought of Leibnitz, that "each soul is a monad, which by its self-activity repeats for itself the universe." This insight is the key to Froebel's recognition of the true meaning of imitation, and of his practical attempt to make that rock of offence the corner stone of the educational edifice.

No paradox of mind is more interesting than that which relates to the connection between imitation, moral freedom, and intellectual originality. The child who imitates any alien deed has formed an ideal, and energises to realise it. This is the beginning of moral freedom. He has inferred a causal energy as the begetter of a perceptible effect. This is the beginning of intellectual freedom. All higher degrees of moral freedom will be achieved by ascent from the imitation of external deeds to conscious reproduction of the ideals which lie back of such deeds. All higher degrees of intellectual freedom will be

attained by wider applications of the idea of causality. For to determine actions through ideals is to be self-determining, and hence free, and to make a causal synthesis of the elements of experience is to win intellectual freedom, or, in other words, to become original. He who makes a synthesis of experience within a definite sphere becomes original in that sphere. He who makes a synthesis of all causal energies and comprehends their genesis, achieves absolute originality.

The significance of the Mother Play has long been recognised by Froebel's disciples, but the current error of regarding it as exclusively a book for little children has caused it to be too generally ignored by parents, teachers, and students of educational psychology. Froebel himself calls it a "family book," describes it as containing poems and pictures whose aim is the noble nurture of child life, and adopts as its motto the saying of Schiller, "Deep meaning oft lies hid in childish play." In the original, the volume contains two hundred and seven pages,* fifty pages of which are given up to pictures for the child; fifty pages contain each a poem for the mother and a poem for the child; and the remaining one hundred and seven pages are addressed in part to the mother alone and in part to mother and father. Seven introductory poems seek to express the mother's feelings as she gazes upon her firstborn child: her deep sense of unity with him; her

* Exclusive of music.

blessedness in contemplating him; her impulse to play with him; her joy in his developing life; her instinctive effort to foster this life; and her premonition of the truth that, as he depends upon her for physical nourishment, so his soul must be fed from her's. Twelve pages are devoted to a brief statement of the psychologic insights which are the creative source of all Froebel's educational work. The rest of the book consists of commentaries on the pictures and songs. In these commentaries Froebel throws light upon such topics as the impulse of movement, what it implies, and how it shall be met; imitation, its relationship to mental evolution, and the possibility of utilising it in education; the nature of sensation and the right training of sense; the significance of gesture as a means of development; the love of rhythm and its recoil upon thought and character; childish animism and the spiritual truth to which it points; the love of hiding, its implications and its dangers; the path of ascent from simple movement to productive and creative activity; the evolution of love and service from physical dependence; the contemporaneous development of self-consciousness and social sympathy; the influence of praise and blame, and the genesis of conscience. All of these separate beads of insight are strung upon the double thread of relationship between the child's vanishing selves to his permanent and central self, and the identity of this central self with the colossal self incarnate in the social whole to which as member he belongs. The ob-

ject of the book is, on the one hand, to describe those invasions of the seemingly foreign realms of nature and human life by which the child wins his personality, and, on the other, to point out to the mother how, by responding to a series of indicated needs, she may come to his aid in every crisis of the spiritual battle for liberty. It is therefore a book of child study and child nurture. For what is the object of child study, if not recognition of dramatic moments in the process of psychogenesis? and in what consists the art of nurture, if not in directing and shaping the ideals through which habits are created and character formed?

It would seem that in an age which is beginning to include child study among the sciences the Mother Play might have a message for all thoughtful persons. It should at the very least be read and considered in order that it may be intelligently condemned. For mothers and kindergartners its value can scarcely be exaggerated. It opens a path of sympathetic approach to questions of the highest practical importance, yet which, when discussed abstractly, repel young and inexperienced students. By presenting concrete illustrations of psychologic truths it rouses interest and kindles thought. By connecting these truths with the daily life of the nursery and kindergarten it renders its students more observant of the manifestations of children and more responsive to their needs. By its reiterated suggestions of correspondence between the sensible and spiritual worlds it quickens imagina-

tion and leads to a loving intimacy with nature. By emphasising the essential phases of mental evolution, and presenting in embryonic form the ideals which have created all literature, it awakens interest in science, history, poetry, and philosophy, and breathes into the soul the craving for wider culture. Hence, in every training school where it is made an integral part of the course of instruction it creates collateral classes for the study of the several subjects enumerated, and its stream of influence mingles with that flowing from the ideal of university extension.

That Froebel was a born educator no one who studies his life can doubt. His struggling introspective childhood is one long record of self-development and self-discipline. In youth his first conscious aspiration is that, while others give men bread, he may be permitted to give men themselves. When he stands for the first time among his pupils in Gruner's school, he feels to his own surprise like a fish in water or a bird in the air. At Yverdun his penetrating glance discerns at once the strength and weakness of Pestalozzi. When, roused to the sense of her degradation, Germany arms herself to avenge the defeat of Jena and the treaty of Tilsit, the spirit of the ideal teacher makes Froebel a soldier; for "how," he says, "shall I hereafter seek without a blush to inspire the love of country if I fail my country in her hour of need?" Too true to claim the right to educate until he has defined to himself his aim and method, he ponders in solitude until his thought grows clear. Too brave to hesi-

tate for want of practical means when once the life-giving ideal has dawned in his mind, he disappears from Berlin, walks on foot to Griesheim, spends his last penny for a loaf of bread at Erfurt, and deliberately begins the work which later grows into the great school at Keilhau. His thought is contagious, and moved by its compelling power his friends give up their own plans of life and become the servants of his educational idea. In his darkest hour his brother Christian puts at his disposal a hard-earned fortune. In a single interview he so impresses himself upon a gifted woman that she responds to his unique love letter asking her to help a great work by promptly turning her back on a life of ease and gladly accepting poverty, struggle, and misconception. His disciples develop into missionaries and apostles. For four years Middendorff separates himself from wife and children; and at a single word from the master, Barop takes his pilgrim staff in hand and, with five dollars in his pocket and owning only the coat upon his back, marches resolutely to the help of the good cause in Switzerland. The parent school at Keilhau grows and flourishes, is attacked, maligned, almost destroyed, but putting forth its full strength wins a proud triumph over its slanderers. Its founder, however, hears an inner call to a new work. Taught by experience that schools fail because infancy and early childhood have been neglected, he consecrates his mature years to writing a book of nursery songs, and to the creation of the gifts and occupations of the kindergarten.

In his old age he plays with little children, and communicates to young girls the fire of his own enthusiasm. "He is mad," decide the Liebenstein peasants as they watch him leading forth the troop of barefooted children whom he educates through song and play. "He is a prophet," declares the thoughtful Diesterweg, "and has seen as man never saw before into the heart of the child."

What Froebel saw in the heart of the child he has told us in the Mother Play. In this precious volume he "deciphers all that the child feels in cipher," and translates for mothers the hieroglyphic of their own instinctive play. As a child's book this little collection of songs and games is unique in literature. As a mother's book likewise it has no ancestry and no posterity. It is the greatest book for little children and the greatest book for mothers in the world. When all women shall have laid to heart its lessons, the ideal which hovers before us in the immortal pictures of the Madonna will be realised, for then, at last, each mother will revere and nurture in her child the divine humanity. Am I told that I dream impossible things? I repel the suggestion of doubters, themselves deceived by the "hypocritic days," and fortify my soul with the assurance of the prophetess who, sitting serene in the midst of the revolving wheel of time, declares:

"Den lieb ich der unmögliches begehrt!"

SUSAN E. BLOW.

AVON, N. Y., *May, 1895.*

MOTHER COMMUNINGS.

MOTHER COMMUNINGS.

I.

FEELINGS OF A MOTHER CONTEMPLATING HER FIRSTBORN CHILD.

GREAT Life of all ! my grateful heart
  Turns first to thee
  With sense of kinship and new dignity;
For is it not through my glad pain
That once again,
  As in creation's morn,
From out thine over-brooding life
  A soul is born ?

Dear husband—father of my child—
  From the first thought
  Which gave us each to each, we have been taught,
By love, love's sacredness and strength;
But now, at length,
  We know it is from heaven,
Binding our souls for aye through this
  Dear child, God-given.

Dear child, through fear and pain thou cam'st !
  But rest thee now
  Upon our loving hearts, the while we vow
To nourish in thee, day by day,
As parents may,
  By grace that God doth give,
That life divine by which alone
  All truly live.

O Father God! Life of all life!
Love in all love:
In whom we have our being, live, and move—
Let this, thy life, flow undefiled
Within our child;
That we may be
Bound ever closer in thy love
To him and thee!

II.

THE MOTHER IN UNITY WITH HER CHILD.

TELL me, my little one, soft and pure,
What comes from thee to me,
Stirring me dimly, as stirs the spring,
With the joy of things to be?

"'Tis the faith which looks from my trusting eyes,
Faith in thy brooding care;
'Tis the love which speaks in my happy smile,
For I know no 'here' nor 'there.'

"Only to lie in thy sheltering arms,
Where darkness cannot fright;
And to draw my life from thy loving breast,
Where, with fingers clinging tight,

"I tell, as only a baby can,
Of the hope that thou shalt be
In the coming years to my opening life
What thou art now to me!"

Dear baby, again look into my eyes
While I look into thine;
Together we'll spell life's lesson out;
Thy faith shall still teach mine!

All that thy clinging, helpless love
Has told me I should be—
All that thy fond hope prophesies—
I'll strive to be for thee.

For the faith of thy innocent eyes forecasts
A larger faith than thine;
And as thou drawest life from me,
I draw from the life divine.

III.

THE MOTHER'S JOY IN BEHOLDING HER CHILD.

Who can tell the mother's meaning,
When above the cradle leaning,
Where her baby lies,
She with it holds sweet communing?
Broken words, or wordless crooning
For her need suffice;
But within them, self-surrender,
High endeavour, patience tender,
Live as prophecies.

Oh, tell me, child, what fairy spell in thee
Makes all about thee still more dear to me?
Why do I find in each caressing play
Such joy as angels in Heaven's service may?

Ah, 'tis thy growing life! which, like a flower
Now in the bud, brings with each newer hour
New promise of a beauty yet to be—
New joy with each fulfilling prophecy!

All peacefully within its green defence
The young bud lies: so wrapped in innocence
Thou liest, dear; and as the opening bud
Unknowing gives its beauty to the wood,

So thy sweet eyes make brighter all my day,
And shed their angel light upon my way;
For as the sun shines in each flower we see,
Thy soul, from out thine eyes, doth shine on me;

While like a victor claiming all his spoils
Thy baby lips, too, hold me in their toils!
Yes, eyes and lips, all that thy ringlets crown,
Speak to my soul and mirror forth thine own.

Thy dimpled limbs, which now refuse thy weight,
Forecast a strength that shall make war with Fate;
And all which now I fondle, kiss, and hold,
Is type of human greatness manifold.

Thy very weakness seems a proof to me
Of human nature's higher dignity!
For, full-equipped for all its lifelong round,
Each bird and beast at birth is ever found.

Ah, that is why my own best life is stirred
With every tender service or fond word
Bestowed on thee. To man—distinction proud!—
Alone 'tis given to share the work of God!

IV.

THE MOTHER AT PLAY WITH HER CHILD.

WHENE'ER your gaze with watchful love is bent
Upon your child, think well of what is meant
By each part needed for so fair a whole.
You learn their value, knowing their intent,
And so can teach them all to serve his soul.

I'm so proud of you, Baby, my darling, my own!
Now listen: I'll tell you how you may be known.

Your dear little Head is too heavy, as yet.
But that's as it should be with babies, my pet.
Beneath your fair Forehead shine two happy Eyes:
I pray they may never grow too worldly wise!

A "War of the Roses" is waged in your Cheek!
(My fine phrases, sweet one, to you are but Greek!)
Your Ears, like pink shells, are to hear when I sing;
I hope they'll ne'er listen to any wrong thing.

Your queer little Nose is so cunning and round,
And your sweet baby Mouth beneath it is found;
And when in your sleep your rosy Lips part,
Their silence is singing a psalm to my heart!

And here is your Chin—pretty dimple and all;
It holds thousands of kisses, although it's so small.
Your white Throat and Neck are softer than down;
And your fine little Back shows how strong you have grown.

Your tiny, plump Hands, with their small Fingers five,
Are telling each day of a Mind that's alive.
In each Arm at the turn a dimple is set;
When they have grown strong, what a hugging I'll get!

Here's a fine, sturdy Chest, and beneath it I feel
Your tiny Heart beat. O! through woe and through weal,
May it ever beat true, and learn by-and-bye
How the Life that we live is fed from on high.

Here's a strong little Leg—a leg that can kick!
Before we can think 'twill be striding a stick.
And here, at the last, are your ten little Toes,
Like tiny pink buds in two little rows.

Ah, sweet one! ere long you'll be running alone;
Then where will my own little Baby have gone?

I shall miss the dear treasure I've held in my arms,
With its dimples and cooings and sweet baby charms.

Yes, out of his babyhood Baby must grow;
A Soul is born with him—it stirs even now;
'Twill unfold like a flower in God's sunshine and air:
May he help me to guard it, and keep it still fair!

V.

THE MOTHER OBSERVING THE DEVELOPMENT OF HER CHILD.

As the mother hour by hour
Feels her child's awakening power,
  Earnestly she prays
That the God of love will fold it
In his sheltering arms, and hold it
  Ever in his ways.

But she knows that she is sent
To fulfil his love's intent
  Towards her little one;
And she quickens each endeavour,
For *his* love and care are ever
  Working through *her own*.

How my baby is growing and changing apace!
Each night a new dimple, each day a new grace.
His head grows so shapely, his forehead so fine!
With the gladness of seeing, his happy eyes shine.
His ear leans attent to each song that I sing,
And he eagerly smells every flower that I bring.
When I hold him upright, he springs on my knee,
And with mere joy of motion he laughs out in glee.
Already he grasps for a ball or a flower,
And holds it fast, too, with all his small power.

And when in his bath he splashes and springs,
He feels the life in him, as birds feel their wings.
The life?—yes, the *life*—and what does life mean?
It means the soul in us, the God-force unseen,
Which thrills into action through each wakening sense;
And through action brings slowly—we can not tell whence—
A conscious self-seeing—we learn to say "I."
With the conscious "*I work*" comes life's full ecstasy!

VI.

THE MOTHER TALKING TO HER CHILD.

The mother who is true to her sweet trust,
Feels herself richer every day,
Not only as a mother must—
Owning her babe—but in a way
Untellable to those who know it not,
And which, once known, can never be forgot!

With each caress, each care, each merry play,
Her own soul deepens for God's love;
And as the sun with fervent ray
Draws each small flower to look above,
She draws her child's soul forth to meet her own,
And learns that love, in earth and heaven, is one.

Come, let me look into your heart, dear,
Through your beautiful, wondering eyes;
Now smile at mamma, and kiss her
In pretty baby wise.

And reach out your hands to mine, dear;
They shall bind our hearts in one!
Then put them up about my neck,
As you have often done.

Next show mamma your little ears
  Like sea-shells, pink and white.
Ah, here they are, for me to kiss!
  Your curls had hid them quite.

Now stiffen your chubby, round legs, dear,
  And stand up straight in my lap;
I hold you now—ere many moons
  You'll stand alone, mayhap.

But your life will still lean on mine, dear,
  For mother and child must be
Drawn together through all their lives,
  As the constant moon draws the sea.

Drawn together, though long miles should part—
 Together, even as now,
While I fold you close to my loving heart,
  And press a kiss on your brow.

VII.

THE CHILD AT ITS MOTHER'S BREAST.

It is not food alone,
Thy little one
Asks for from out thy store—
He craves far more.
With instinct deep and true,
He asks from you
That which you first must have,
If you would give—
A love God-sent,
That grows with being spent!

With what a pretty greed
  A baby seeks its food!
Rounding its sweet, expectant lips,
Pressing its rosy finger-tips
  With inborn aptitude.

A lovely parable
For mother's reading writ!
Your baby's *soul* expectant stands,
Waiting for food from out your hands—
See that you nourish it!

FROEBEL'S INTRODUCTION TO THE COMMENTARIES.

FROEBEL'S INTRODUCTION TO THE COMMENTARIES.

I.

You are gazing, dear mother, at your child. You revere in him a great gift from God. You believe that God intrusts him to you for thoughtful consideration, for careful nurture. Your soul is inflamed by an intuition of the truth that in this dear little one the Father of all being grants you a revelation of himself. You know that God is One, and since your child is in his image you are sure that he, too, is a unity indivisible and indissoluble.

But while you are thus assured of the unity of your child's being, there streams through your soul a presentiment that this unity must develop into and manifest itself through manifoldness and particularity. Nor is this all; but with this prophetic anticipation of the form of your child's self-revelation your soul thrills with the certainty that in his manifestation of unity in the manifold you shall behold as in a mirror your own spiritual image.

Since your child *is* unity and yet must reveal himself in and through manifoldness, it follows as incidental to his self-revelation that there

must arise contradictions and dissonances. In the midst of such contradictions, however, your own soul may be at peace; nay, more, you may win inexpressible blessedness from the conviction that in and through the process of life all contradictions shall be solved, all antagonisms harmonised. As the varied appearances of the outer world are reflected in harmonious relationship in the clear sea of your eye, so the varied phenomena of your child's self-revelation become mutually explanatory when life is apprehended as one great whole. The idea of the whole is the ocean of joy which mirrors in their relationship and unity the isolated phenomena of a progressive experience.

Through reading the soul of your child, dear mother, you will learn to harmonise the contradictions of his self-revelation with the unity of his essence. The movements of his body, the exercise of his limbs, the activity of his senses, do they not all relate to and react upon the one central and controlling impulse to reveal and comprehend life as a unity in the manifoldness of particulars? Do they not declare the effort of the ego to feel itself, to represent itself, and to appropriate, assimilate, and re-create the external world? Does not even the healthy tree appropriate matter from its environment, and, true to the law of its own nature, transform it into foliage, blossom, and fruit? Ponder this analogy, and gradually, through recognition of the accord and identity of all life, you will gain insight into the truth that the One Great Life utters itself in

the manifestations of your child, and there will dawn upon you the consciousness of your child's true essence—the essence of spirit.

Reflective and contemplative mother, strive to define to yourself what it is which rejoices you in your child, and how it is that you find your own life mirrored in his. Does not your joy spring from the fact that identity of selfhood manifests itself progressively as essence, life, soul, spirit, "and rises through instinct, feeling, perception, consciousness to clear self-knowledge"? And the source of your crowning blessedness, is it not that this self-identity is revealed in the manifoldness—yea, let me dare to say it, in the discords and contradictions—of life? Let it be your aim to overcome the contradictions between your child's isolated manifestations by a wise and tender nurture; so shall you help him to win that harmony of life which is a synthesis wrought of discords.

Through your effort to strengthen and develop your dear one's power, through your nurture of his affections, and through pondering reverently the varied forms in which his inner life seeks expression, there will gradually arise in your mind the conviction that the child not only feels the unity of his own being, but has also a yearning presentiment of the truth that there is a core of unity in each and every being. Nor is his presentiment limited to the sense of many distinct and separate unities. On the contrary, just in proportion as he feels in himself a single source and fountain of life, his mind is lighted by a fore-

gleam of the truth that back to this living fountain is to be traced the life of all things. In other words, his mind anticipates in feeling the insight which you, devout mother, consciously possess—the insight that his soul is a spark of the divine Life and therefore itself divine, and, furthermore, that all existing things and all living creatures manifest in various forms and in ascending degrees the life of God.

Illuminated by this insight, it becomes your highest joy, your most sacred duty, to educate your child as a unity, whole and complete in himself and yet related essentially to Nature, to Humanity, and to God. In a single word, recognising him as implicitly the child of God, your devout aim will be so to educate him that he shall become actually the child of God.

Yes, you say, that is my aim. But in what way and by what means may this aim be realised? The answer to this question is written in your own heart, and utters itself artlessly and unconsciously in all your simple motherly ways and words. Through them you speak to yourself and tell yourself what to do.

And what says your instinctive procedure? It points you for the ways and means of development to the child's body in its manifoldness and unity. It points you to his limbs and senses; to the hints he gives you that he has begun to notice the things about him; to his wrestlings and grapplings with the outer world, as shown in the effort to reach, grasp, and hold. It points you to his nascent feeling of personality, and to

his awakening sense of relationship to yourself and to all the persons with whom he is brought into contact. Such are the hints thrown out by your own instinctive words and deeds. O devout and contemplative mother, revere their truth and obey their suggestion! Your child must be educated in conformity with his own nature, in relationship to his total environment, and in obedience to the laws which govern both. Through his body he is united with the world of matter; through his limbs he is connected with an environment which he is ever creating anew out of himself; through touch and taste, smell, hearing, and sight, he receives incitement from the world of sense; through his nascent feeling of self, through the stirrings of phantasy, through a dreaming and half-waking consciousness he is related to—nay, shown to be in essence —one with the total world of life and thought. To comprehend him in his essence and manifestation, in his self-activity and independence, and yet in his relationship to and fundamental identity with his environment—finally, to guard him, to nurture him, and to develop him in harmony with the demands implied by his nature and his relationships—such, O devout mother, is the aim of education!

What, then, are the phenomena through which the nature of your child reveals itself? What can they be other than the phenomena present wherever an invisible unity of essence manifests itself in form, whether it be in the realm of plant life, of animal life, or of human life?

Compare the seed and the egg with the full-grown plant and the fledged bird. Study the analogous development of feeling and of thought. Out of the indefinite the definite is born. The indefinite is the husk of a rich kernel of life. Watch this inner life as it struggles for expression in the swelling buds on the trees, in the growth of young animals, in the impulses of infancy. It will rejoice you to behold the life of your child overflowing in activity. It will rejoice you none the less to observe his susceptibility to the incitement which the life outside of him offers to his own. Like young plants and young animals, he responds to the subtlest changes of light and heat. Akin to his susceptibility is his excitability. The strings of his soul vibrate responsive to the lightest touch. Even so the tender plantlet and the unfledged bird are affected by almost imperceptible influences and modified by the least change in their environment.

Too often the susceptibility and excitability of your child bring grief both upon him and upon you. Nevertheless it is through them that, like the germinating seed and the growing bird, he attracts to himself the influences necessary for his development, and achieves spontaneously his own distinctive bodily type and his own mental individuality.

More potent, however, than all external stimuli is the child's passionate impulse towards a development of his own inner being which shall be on the one hand spontaneous and on the other in accord with the universal trend of life.

This passion declares itself in his incessant activity and during the periods of infancy and early childhood manifests itself particularly in bodily movement and in the energy of sense. Hence, notwithstanding the purity of its motive it often begets misunderstanding and gloom, wrong-doing, strife, and pain.

In the education of your child, therefore, let your point of departure be an effort to strengthen and develop his body, his limbs, and his senses. From this development of body, limb and sense rise to their use. Move from impressions to perceptions; from perception to attentive observation and contemplation; from the recognition of particular objects to their relations and dependencies; from the healthy life of the body to the healthy life of the spirit; from thought immanent in experience to pure thinking. Ascend thus from sensation to thought; from external observation to internal apprehension; from physical combination to spiritual synthesis; from a formal to a vital intellectual grasp, and so to the culture of the understanding; from the observation of phenomena and their relations to the recognition of their final cause, and hence to the development and culture of life-grasping reason. By such procedure there will be formed in the pupil at the goal of his education the clear and transparent soul-picture of each particular being, including himself, of the great whole to which all particular beings belong as members, and of the truth that the particular being reflects as in a mirror the universal life.

Lead your child from the fact to the picture, from the picture to the symbol, from the symbol to grasp of the fact as a spiritual whole. Thus will be developed the ideas of member and whole, of the individual and the universal. Educate your child in this manner, and at the goal of his education he will recognise himself as the living member of a living whole, and will know that his life mirrors the life of his family, his people, humanity, the being and life of God who works in all and through all. Having attained to a clear vision of the universal life, his conscious aim will be to manifest it in his feeling and thought, in his relationships and his deeds. Through the self-consecration begotten of this lofty ideal he will learn to understand nature, human experience, and the prescient yearnings of his own soul. His individual life will flow with the currents of nature and of humanity, and move towards a realisation of the divine ideal immanent in both. Hence his life will be a life of peace and joy, and the yearnings which you felt as you carried your unborn babe beneath your heart will be fulfilled.

II.

HAVE you ever asked yourself, O thoughtful mother, what means the fervent glow which both warms and illuminates your soul as you sit gazing upon the dear child lying so peacefully in your arms? Have you ever asked yourself what it is that clothes with dignity and grace each sim-

ple service you render? what enables you to perform without repulsion duties in themselves not only commonplace but disagreeable? what gives you the calmness, patience, courage, and self-sacrifice to meet those phenomena in your child's life which cause you anxiety and pain? I answer for you: It is because each trivial deed, whether it concern the cleanliness of your child, his nourishment, or the orderly succession of his little experiences, is grasped by you in its relation to and recoil upon the whole of life. It is because, if not with the vision of the intellect, yet with the premonition of the heart, you survey your child's life in its unity, and realise that each detail of his experience will continue to influence his history with a power that augments as life proceeds. In a word, it is because your soul forecasts his future, and in the seeds of the present anticipates the harvest that is to be.

If you aspire so to nurture your child that he shall hereafter fulfil the duties of his calling as you fulfil the duties of your maternal vocation; if you wish him to be faithful in least things, never to shirk repulsive duties, and to conquer the virtues of forethought, courage, and temperance, you must endeavour not only to stir his soul with a premonition of the wholeness of life, but also, so far as possible, to lead him to a conscious realisation of the fact that experience is a connected process, and that he must hold fast to this continuity both in thought and in deed. In so far as you illuminate his mind with a foregleam of this truth will his life manifest upon

each plane of development those noble qualities which your own life now displays.

A dream of the unity of life is characteristic of childhood. Because this dream is treated as an illusion and torn from us, our mature years are empty, shallow, and ineffectual, and we fail to re-enforce the minute by the hour, the hour by the day. Missing the insight into which our childish vision might have been transfigured, or gaining it too late, we lose the fairest years of life and learn no lesson from those experiences which were richest in their possibilities.

What is the fairest phenomenon of human life? What phenomenon is freighted with deepest and tenderest suggestion? To what phenomenon does art most tirelessly recur? Is it not the phenomenon of infancy, or, rather, is it not infancy and motherhood in inmost unity and reciprocity? Art, however, presents this phenomenon under only one of its aspects, though it conceives this aspect in its loftiest and most ideal form. But where are the countless other aspects of mother-love fostering and developing the infant life? They are lost in a sea of forgetfulness. Yet, if we but knew it, they are the waves upon which the storm-tossed ship of life might ride safely into harbour.

And now, dear mother, let me try to state briefly what I offer you in this little book of songs and plays. It is an attempt to aid you to recognise in the period of earliest childhood the germ of all later life. It aims to interpret to you your own instinctive words and deeds, and to help

you to a clear consciousness both of what you are trying to do for your child, and of the inner impulse whence your effort proceeds. Accept the book in a kindly and thoughtful spirit; study the plays; study especially the pictures. Be not too critical of the form of the one or of the artistic merit of the other. Remember that the aim and spirit of the book are novel, and that I am breaking a path through unexplored regions of experience. My success must necessarily be partial and imperfect. Nevertheless, I hope to make clear to you truths which you have felt but have not apprehended, which you have therefore often misinterpreted in your actions, and which at best you have applied in a detached and hence ineffectual form. If my book lifts your hidden impulses into the light of consciousness, and teaches you so to relate your actions as to make them truly educative, you will not be critical of its literary shortcomings.

But this book has a mission to fulfil for your child as well as for you. As a mother's book, it illuminates the present and forecasts the future. As a child's book, it preserves a too easily forgotten past and endows the early years of life with continuity. This mission can be fulfilled only as song, story, and picture are vivified by your thought and warmed by your heart. When, therefore, your child has entered upon that stage of development wherein thought mounts from object to picture, and in the picture discerns the symbol, use this book so that it may preserve for him the first tender buds of thought and experi-

ence, and help him to conceive his life not in the isolation of its particular acts but in the unity of its process. By so doing you will bridge the gulf between the unconscious and conscious periods of life. You will make the plays of infancy a round in that ladder of experience over which the soul climbs towards self-realisation and self-knowledge. You will also be preparing your child for the retrospective glance which shall assign to each round of this ascending ladder its own peculiar place.

Recall the feelings which were wakened in you by the sight of your firstborn child. Remind yourself of the thrill with which, as he lay cradled in your arms, you noted his feeble and aimless movements. Are not these feelings, with their tender and yet peremptory incitement to nurture, worthy of being themselves nurtured? Is not their nurture essential to the well-being of your child and the peace of your own soul? Should we not spurn the suggestion that they can be ephemeral? Were they not well-springs of ineffable joy? Did they not stir your soul with a blessedness too deep for utterance? Did they not transfigure you into a being of nobler and fairer mould? Did not your outer semblance take on a new, strange beauty born of the celestial purity of your transfigured soul?

Why was your soul thus exalted, your countenance thus transfigured, as you gazed upon your infant child? You need no words of mine to answer this question. Your whole nature was uplifted by your realisation of the truth that an in-

expressible blessedness is conferred whenever a new soul comes into being.

We scout the suggestion that the feelings wakened in you by the sight of your newborn infant can ever die. Yet must not we—must not you—admit that in the effort to give him physical care and to meet his practical needs, these feelings too often grow cold, too often pass away? Should you reconcile yourself to their loss? Are they granted to you only as the sweet reward of those unspeakable throes through which God's heavenly gift receives earthly being? or is the consecration to which your soul is stirred by a celestial breeze wafted from your helpless babe, destined to rise into ever clearer consciousness and to bless you and him so long as he shall live, or at the very least so long as he needs your fostering care, and until he stands before you a free, self-determining, and responsible man? My own faith you will have already divined. May I illustrate by a picture drawn from my own experience?

In my early boyhood, when a feeling for nature was just beginning to stir within me, I found one day, hidden beneath a hedge of white roses, a tiny five-petaled flower of rosy colour and having in its centre five golden points. Hundreds of fairer flowers blossomed in my father's garden and were cultivated by him with anxious care. This simple child of Nature bloomed unheeded in a hidden spot. Yet it was precisely this insignificant floweret which more than any other attracted and held my imagination, and when I peered into

its heart and saw the golden stars I seemed to myself to have discovered a bottomless depth. For months and years, whenever this flower was in blossom, I was wont to stand by the hour gazing into its mysterious heart. It seemed to be forever trying to say to me something which I could not understand. I never grew tired of looking. I was always sure that some day I should read its secret.

With just such a love, such a longing, such a presentiment, do you, dear mother, gaze at the child opening like a bud before your vision. You look into the clear sea of his eye; in this sea you behold the whole heaven reflected. My gaze into my flower was like your gaze at your child. Hence, without the mediation of words I understand you and you understand me. But the boy wandered from his home—put far behind him the lovely garden, and forgot the flower. In youth he rediscovered it, and this time in the early spring, and in the close neighbourhood of a hazelnut bush. The latter plant had also meant much to him in an epoch-making moment of life.* Picture to yourself the joy with which the

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* I was often a mute witness of the strict way in which my father performed his pastoral duties, and of the frequent scenes between him and the many people who came to the parsonage to seek advice and consolation. I was thus again constantly attracted from the outer to the inner aspects of life. Life, with its inmost motives laid bare, passed before my eyes, with my father's comments pronounced upon it; and thing and word, act and symbol, were thus perceived by me in their most vivid relationship. I saw the disjointed, heavy-laden, torn, in-

youth, now on terms of close intimacy with Nature, found in this close conjunction the two plants which had stirred his childish soul with deepest presentiments. The old longing awoke in him. It was in a measure satisfied, for the flowers declared to him in their own speech the secret of existence and the mysterious law of development. But once again the secret was forgotten—whirled by the vortex of life into the unconscious depths of the soul.

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harmonious life of man as it appeared in this community of five thousand souls, before the watchful eyes of its earnest, severe pastor. Matrimonial and sexual irregularities especially were often the objects of my father's gravest condemnation and rebuke. The way in which he spoke about these matters showed me that they formed one of the most oppressive and difficult parts of human conduct; and, in my youth and innocence, I felt a deep pain and sorrow that man alone, among all creatures, should be doomed to these separations of sex, whereby the right path was made so difficult for him to find. I felt it a real necessity for the satisfaction of my heart and mind to reconcile this difficulty, and yet could find no way to do so. How could I, at that age and in my position? But my eldest brother—who, like all my elder brothers, lived away from home—came to stay with us for a time; and one day, when I expressed my delight at seeing the purple threads of the hazel-buds, he made me aware of a sexual difference in plants. Now was my spirit at rest. I recognised that what had so weighed upon me was an institution spread over all Nature, to which even the silent, beautiful race of flowers was submitted. From that time humanity and Nature, the life of the soul and the life of the flower, were closely knit together in my mind; and I can still see my hazel-buds, like angels, opening for me the great God's temple of Nature.—*Autobiography of Friedrich Froebel, translated by Emilie Michaelis and H. Keatley Moore, pages 11, 12.*

In mature manhood, when I had found my life-calling and consecrated my strength to it, I once more came across my flower. The presentiment which the frail and perishing blossom had awakened in my soul had ripened into insight, and I had recognised its true symbol in the deep-rooted, wide-branching, long-living tree. I had rediscovered that mystic tree of knowledge of good and evil that grew in paradise, and learned from it to discriminate between right and wrong, between illusion and reality. Now, at last, after fifty years, I know why in my musing boyhood I loved to peer into the heart of the flower. It was because my soul was stirred by a presentiment of the depth and meaning of life. What I beheld in symbol you, mother, behold in reality in your dear baby. Must fifty years pass over your head, as over mine, before you understand what his life is telling you about itself and about all life? Must you, too, wait until life is nearly over before you know what it means? Of what avail will such tardy knowledge be to you or to your child?

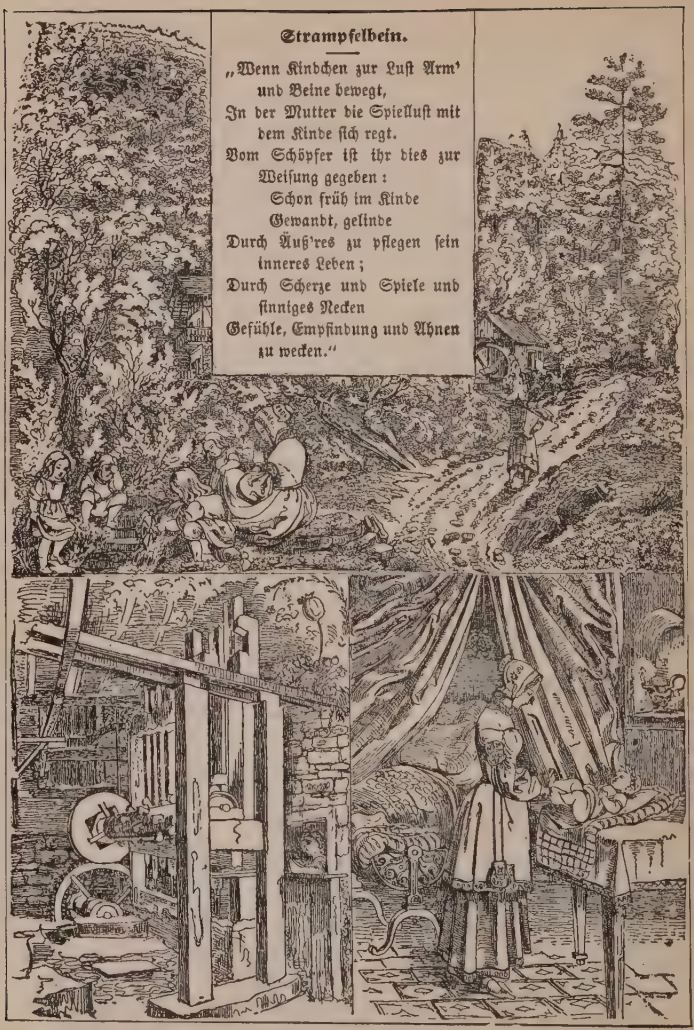
What shall we learn from our yearning look into the heart of the flower and the eye of the child? This truth: Whatever develops, be it into flower or tree or man, is from the beginning implicitly that which it has the power to become. The possibility of perfect manhood is what you read in your child's eye, just as the perfect flower is prophesied in the bud or the giant oak in the tiny acorn. A presentiment that the ideal or generic human being slumbers,

dreams, stirs in your unconscious infant—this it is, O mother, which transfigures you as you gaze upon him. Strive to define to yourself what is that generic ideal which is wrapped up in your child. Surely, as *your* child—or, in other words, as child of man—he is destined to live in the past and future as well as in the present. His earthly being implies a past heaven; his birth makes a present heaven; in his soul he holds a future heaven. This threefold heaven, which you also bear within you, shines out on you through your child's eyes.

The beast lives only in the present. Of past and future he knows naught. But to man belong not only the present, but also the future and the past. His thought pierces the heaven of the future and hope is born. He learns that all human life is one life; that all human joys and sorrows are his joys and sorrows, and through participation enters the present heaven—the heaven of love. He turns his mind towards the past, and out of retrospection wrests a vigorous faith. What soul could fail to conquer an invincible trust, in the pure, the good, the holy, the ideally human, the truly divine, if it would look with single eye into its own past, into the past of history? Could there be a man in whose soul such a contemplation of the past would fail to blossom into devout insight, into self-conscious and self-comprehending faith? Must not such a retrospect unveil the truth? Must not the beauty of the unveiled truth allure him to divine doing, divine living? All

that is high and holy in human life meets in that faith which is born of the unveiling of a heaven that has always been; in that hope born of a vision of the heaven that shall be; in that love which creates a heaven in the eternal now. These three heavens shine out upon you through your child's eye. The presentiment that he carries these three heavens within him transfigures your countenance as you gaze upon him. Cherish this premonition, for thereby you will help him to make his life a musical chord wherein are blended the three notes of faith, hope, and love. These celestial virtues will link his life with the divine life, through which all life is one —with the God who is the supernal fountain of Life, Light, and Love.

MOTTOES AND COMMENTARIES.



Strampelbein.

„Wenn Kindchen zur Lust Arm' und Beine bewegt,
In der Mutter die Spiellust mit dem Kinde sich regt.
Vom Schöpfer ist ihr dies zur Weisung gegeben:
Schon früh im Kinde
Gewandt, gelinde
Durch Äuß're zu pflegen sein inneres Leben;
Durch Scherze und Spiele und sinniges Necken
Gefühle, Empfindung und Ahnen zu wecken."

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I.

PLAY WITH THE LIMBS.

Watch a mother's answering play,
When her happy baby kicks!
She will brace her hands to please him,
Or in loving sort she'll tease him
With her playful tricks.

This is not mere fond caprice—
God inspires the pretty strife;
She is leading a beginner
Through the outer to the inner
Of his groping life.

Is it not true, O thoughtful mother, that in all you do for and with your child you are seeking one aim, returning forever to one central point of endeavour? This aim is the nurture of life. The impulse to foster life is the very core of your motherly being. It gives unity to your feeling, thought, and action. It explains why your feeling, thought, and activity rise in unison to meet each manifestation of life and activity in your child.

Nothing gives you greater joy than this ebullient life, provided that its manifestations are strong, calm, and in accord with the laws of nature. Unless your motherly instinct has been warped by habit, prejudice, or misunderstanding of itself, it responds at once to the movements of your

child. You will foster his impulsive movements, exercise his strength, cultivate his activity, and prepare him through doing for seeing, through the exertion of his power for its comprehension. In a word, you will seek through self-activity to lead him to self-knowledge.

Your child lies on a clean cushion before you. He has been invigorated by his morning bath. He is now enjoying a strengthening air bath. In the bliss of perfect health he is striking out with his little arms and kicking about with his chubby feet. Your instinct tells you that he is seeking an object against which he may measure his strength, and by measuring increase and enjoy it. To the need indicated by his lively movements your motherly love promptly responds, and you hold your hands so that the little feet may alternately strike against them.

But you are not satisfied with this merely physical nurture. You long to nourish your baby's feelings, to stir the pulses of his heart. He shall not only learn through your strength to know his own. In some way, in some slight degree, you must make him feel the love which inspires all you do. Hence, as the little play goes on, you begin to sing; and love, the melody of the heart, is revealed in the melody of the voice.

The theme of your song is suggested by the lamp which burns beside you through the long nights during which your sleepless love watches over your baby. It was by an evenly exercised strength that oil was pressed from hemp and poppy seed. As your child matures you may find

in this symbol a means of leading him first to feel, and later to understand, that his harmoniously developing activity is the oil which feeds the sacred fire of your love.

The picture which accompanies this game shows you an oil mill. Near it grow a poppy plant and a hemp plant. Use this picture to explain to your child, as he grows older, how oil is made. Avail yourself also of any opportunity which may offer to show him the oil mill itself.

The upper part of our picture shows a mother who has found occasion to visit an oil mill with her little family. Each child is busy reproducing in his own fashion his new experience. Wishing to stir the imaginations of her children with a presentiment of the living, loving, active power which works throughout Nature, the mother has led them into the mountain valley close by the mill. At the head of the stream which flows through this valley the older boy has found a place to set up his toy mill. The water keeps it going merrily. The younger brother looks on in mute amazement. He shades his eyes from the blinding sun that it may not prevent him from gazing at his brother's work. The sister seeks ends of her own, and seeks them in the shortest and simplest way. Wading with sturdy bare feet in the clear brook, she kneads the fine sand into a plastic dough.

Surrounded by her busy children, the mother sits musing. She is asking herself why it is that, with the same nurture and under the same influences, each child shows a different individuality.

In the mirror of their spontaneous play she beholds the later life of her three children. Each child feels the fascination of the water and its mysterious force; yet each is differently affected by the one fascination.

The elder boy (so thinks his mother) will one day bend the force of life by means of his intelligence to purposes of his own choosing. The little girl will not know how to use external means to gain her ends. She will hold her aims in her heart and pursue them through her own deed and sacrifice. The younger brother will follow still another path. He is one who will strive to understand the nature of force and the method of its activity.

Each one of the playing children is living a *present* life which is rich and full. The mother is enjoying the wealth and fulness of the future and the past as well as the wealth and fulness of the present. She has noticed the woman who, basket on arm, is climbing the hill. "Where are you going, my good woman?" she asks, and the latter answers: "I am going to the oil mill, to see if the rich miller will not give me oil in return for what I am carrying to him in my basket. My little baby is ill, and I must watch all night beside him. I want bread, too, for I cannot earn anything now, and yet my poor child must eat." These words bring back to *our* mother's mind the little game she played with her babies in days gone by, and as she looks at her children and thinks about them, she asks, "Will their future lives thankfully reward their mother's love?"

II.

FALLING! FALLING!

A GAME TO STRENGTHEN THE WHOLE BODY.

All a mother does or says
Is inspired by thoughtful love.
"Falling! falling!" she is playing,
But her hand the fall is staying,
So her love to prove.

To her child her life is given,
Thought, and word, and deed, and prayer;
And her hold, an instant broken,
To his mind is but a token
Of her constant care.

Soon her arms must loose their hold,
Not, as now, in pretty play—
Keeping still their circle round him,
That no jar or fright may wound him—
But for all the day.

And for this, her thought and love
Must his little life prepare:
Teaching first how she is needed,
That through her fond cautions heeded
He may learn self-care.

It often happens that what lies close at hand is overlooked. Through such an oversight this little game is without a picture to illustrate and explain it. The song and motto, however, explain themselves, and the game is a perfectly simple one.

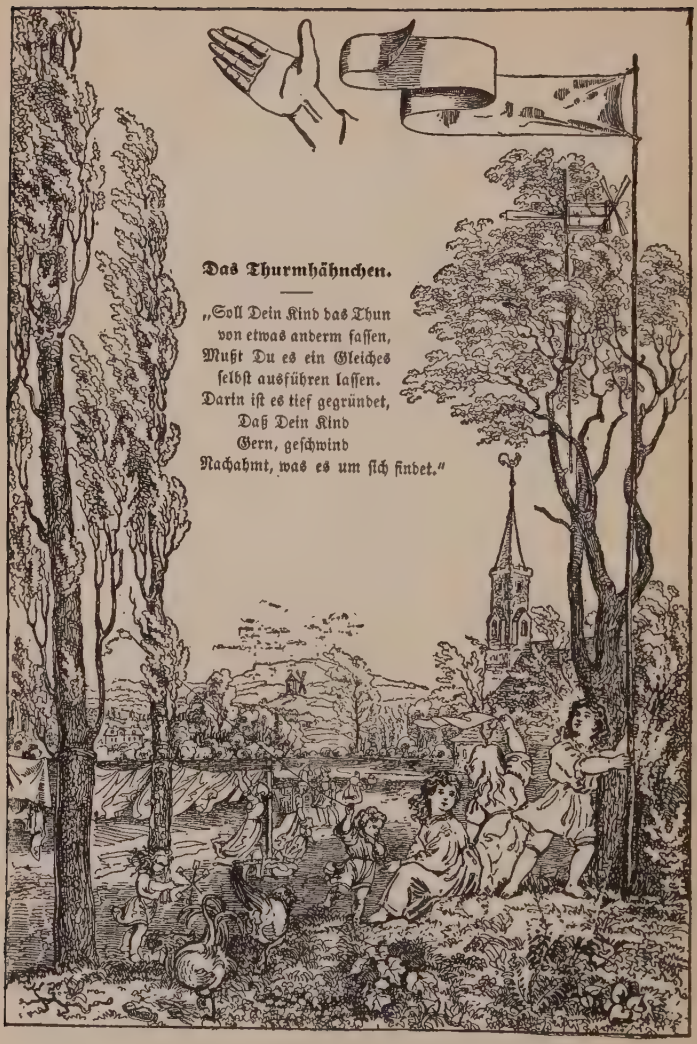
You are standing, dear mother, beside a table upon which lies a soft cushion, or perhaps beside your baby's crib. Your darling is half-sitting, half-lying on his plump back in a basket which you have made out of your hands. You hold him thus a little above the cushion, then, gently withdrawing your hands, let him fall upon it with just sufficient force to give him a slight shock.

This game may be played in another way. The child lies before you on a cushion. You take hold of his hands and raise him into a sitting position, then, letting go his hands, you allow him to slip back again on the cushion. In this case, too, he experiences a slight shock.

Through this falling or slipping play, in which he is watched over by your love and protected by your care, your baby increases both his strength and his consciousness of strength. As he grows older you will find many opportunities to show him that without such watchful care slips and falls may easily become serious, and even dangerous.

Yonder is a child gliding in his sledge over the slippery snow. His eye is not sure, his hand is not strong; he falls. Fortunately he gets only a slight bruise on his leg. What says his pain? "Train your eye, exercise your strength, so that in future you may avoid a fall." Yonder, again, is a boy skating. Heedlessly his eye wanders from one thing to another; heedlessly he lets his feet and legs go where they will. He falls, but happily only grazes his hand. Collect your mind, fix your eye, rule your feet and legs, that

you may not fall again—so says his aching hand. But see! here a little girl has dropped a plate, yonder a boy has let fall a goblet; yet neither girl nor boy had once looked away from the object in their hands—both had been watchful and careful. Why, then, had they dropped what they were carrying? Their grasp had not been strong; they had not really used the strength of their hands and fingers. Many a fall and many a loss come from anxious care mated with weakness. Draw these pictures from life for your child and set them before him as need and occasion call for them. So doing, both you and he will learn the lesson of the falling game, and neither of you will miss the illustration which should have accompanied it.



Das Thurmhähnchen.

„Soll Dein Kind das Thun
von etwas anderm fassen,
Mußt Du es ein Gleiches
selbst ausführen lassen.
Darin ist es tief gegründet,
Daß Dein Kind
Gern, geschwind
Nachahmt, was es um sich findet."

III.

THE WEATHER VANE.

A GAME FOR EXERCISING THE JOINTS OF THE HAND AND ELBOW.

Watch as your baby grows, and you will see
That his whole life, wherever he may be,
Is a perpetual mimicry.

An engine now, he puffs with all his might;
Anon, with brows perplexed, he feigns to write—
Or strides his chair, a mounted knight.

Brimming with life, but knowing not as yet
Even the letters of its alphabet,
He imitates each pattern set.

And watching him, perchance you question why
Each new activity that meets his eye
Excites him his own skill to try.

His is an instinct ignorantly wise!
Only in doing can he realise
The thing that's done beneath his eyes.

A stranger 'midst the surging life of men,
He to his own life-stature shall attain
By taking—to give back again.

The forearm and hand of the child are held as nearly upright as possible; the fingers are spread out to form the tail of the weather-cock; the flat hand makes its body, the little thumb its throat and head. The hand is moved to and

fro in imitation of the movement of the weather-cock.

"This play," you say, "is too simple." Yet it delights your child, and it is long before it ceases to give him fresh pleasure every time it is played.

He is not yet able to speak, yet see not only with what pleasure but with what seriousness he moves his little hand whenever you bid him show how the weather-cock turns! Why is he so pleased and yet so serious? Have you never moved an object before him in such a way that the motive power is not apparent? Have you never noticed that to search for this motive power gives him greater pleasure than to watch the moving object? His pleasure in moving his hand comes from the same source. He feels and controls the origin of a movement, the cause of an effect; this it is which fills his heart with such serious joy. He is experiencing the fact that a moving object has its ground in a moving force; soon he will conclude that living objects have their ground in a living force.

On a windy, almost stormy day your dear children go with you to the drying place in front of your house. Where do children *not* love to follow a mother who is active and busy?

Hark! how the vane creaks on the tower! The wind keeps it going merrily to and fro. Here come a hen and rooster; they cannot turn about so quickly as the weather-cock, but the wind blows the feathers in their tails from side to side. How the clothes flap and rustle on the line!

They seem to be telling about the strong wind. Their flapping and rustling delight the children. Yonder little boy was about to bathe in the stream, but the wind is too strong; so he binds his bath towel to a tall staff, and high in the air it waves and chatters of the wind. Close beside the boy sits a little girl who is watching with delight the waving handkerchief in her outstretched hand. A third child is flying a kite. He gives it more freedom than his brother gives the towel, or than the sister gives her handkerchief; therefore it rises higher in the air and gives its owner more pleasure.

Clap! clap! clap! The wind is driving the windmill round and round so fast that its sails strike. Clap! clap! clap! Hearing the sound, out runs a little boy with his paper windmill. It turns faster and faster as he increases his speed. Whatever a child sees he loves to imitate. Therefore be careful, you, his elders, what you do in his sight.

"Do you see the mother yonder? She can scarcely shield her little daughter from the power of the storm. Do you see the man near her? He finds it hard work to keep his balance and not stagger in the raging wind."

"Mother, this is a very fierce wind; it makes everything bend and shake. See how sister's hair is flying about, and how the clothes dance on the line! Where does the wind come from, mother, this wind that moves so many things?"

"My child, were I to try to explain to you whence comes the wind, you would not under-

stand me. I might as well talk to you in a foreign tongue as to tell you that 'the pressure of air, or its altered density, or a change in its temperature, causes wind.' You would not understand a single word of this explanation. But one thing you can understand even now: A single mighty power like the wind can do many things great and small. You see the things it does, though you cannot see the wind itself. There are many things, my child, which we can be sure of though we cannot see them. There are also many things which we can see but which I cannot explain to you with words. Your little hand moves, but you cannot see the power that moves it. Believe in and cherish the power you do not see. Hereafter, though you will never see it, you will understand better whence it comes."

IV.

ALL GONE!

A GAME TO EXERCISE THE WRIST JOINTS.

Baby has eaten all his food,
And mother says, "All gone!"
The while his questioning eyes are fixed
The empty bowl upon.

Oh, have you thought out all it means,
When baby comes to know
Just this—"My bowl is empty now;
'Twas full a while ago"?

He's proved his title to a soul!
The creatures of the wood
Know not of now or then, but live
Cramped in the instant's mood.

Only to soul-life is it given
To own the hour that's fled.
Blest token, that we most shall live
When men shall call us dead!

Every one knows the waving movement of the hand (the oscillation from an upright to a horizontal position) which tells in gesture that some person has gone away, or that of some coveted object nothing is left. Like the Weather Vane, this game exercises the wrist joint, but exercises it in a different manner. The idea embodied in the All Gone is also a reversal of the idea embodied in the Weather Vane. In the

'S ist all-all.

„Wie mag das Kind sich doch das
All-all deuten?
Sinn muß d'rin sein, sonst ließ
sich 's nicht bescheiden.
Was jetzt es sah,
Ist nicht mehr da;
Was oben war,
Ist unten;
Was da jetzt war,
Geschwunden;
Wo ist 's denn hingekommen?
Ein Jemand hat 's genommen.
Sieh, eines ist in beiden,
D'rum läßt sich 's Kind bescheiden."

Weather Vane attention is directed to a present fulness; in the All Gone it is directed to a present lack. The former points to permanence; the latter to cessation. The one concentrates the child's interest upon the present; the other attracts his attention to the past, pointing him again and again to something that has been in contrast with something that is. The supper is all gone; the plate is empty; the candle is burnt out.

The dog has been with father to the field; greedily he devours his food; he seems to be still hungry, but his supper is—all gone. The boy is thirsty. "Please, sister," he says, "give me some water." "It is all gone," she replies, showing him a glass which she holds upside down that he may see for himself it is empty. This unexpected and unwelcome answer distracts his attention from the slice of buttered bread lying beside him. Sly puss seizes the opportunity, creeps softly near him, and steals his bread. When the boy turns to get it he will find it—all gone.

Look at the little girl standing on the bench. I am sorry for her. She meant to give her canary something to eat, but she carelessly left the door of its cage open while she turned to look at the empty glass in her sister's hand. "Where is your canary, my child?" "O dear! O dear! it is gone! it has flown away!"

The little girl's brother tries to comfort her. "Come with me, sister," he says; "come to the field, for I know a tree where there is a nest with

many little birds in it. I will get it for you, and you shall have many birds instead of one. Only come! come!"

The children have all gone to the old tree. The older boy has climbed it to get the nest. The other children watch him so intently that not one of them notices the hungry dog, who has followed them to the field and now stands quietly eating the bread the younger boy holds in his hand. When the little fellow turns round he too will find his bread—all gone. The elder brother has reached the nest. But what does he see? The nest is empty; the birds have all flown away. One little bird, however, flutters to the ground. "I shall have you, at any rate," says the younger boy, throwing his hat over it. "How glad I shall be to give you to my sister! Wait here, little bird, in the dark, under my hat, till I pick the beautiful raspberries growing on this bush. How good they will taste!" But a frolicsome breeze blows over the hat, away flies the bird, and the boy, coming back from the raspberry bush, cries out: "My bird is gone! my bird is gone!"

"Mother, I don't like this picture. I don't want to look at it again. Nothing in it stays, and no one keeps what he has."

"My child, if we want to keep things we must be watchful and careful, and we must not let ourselves be tempted by everything we see. In order to have things when we need them, we must plan for them beforehand. The boy forgot his bread in thinking of his drink; the little girl lost her

bird through carelessness. The boy was doing wrong who tried to steal the birds from their nest. I am glad their courage and strength saved them from being caught and put into a cage. The other boy lost his bread by forgetting it while he watched his brother; and because he could not resist the temptation of going for the raspberries, he missed the pleasure of giving a bird to his sister."

"Mother, let me look again at the little bird that is getting away from under the dark hat."

V.

TASTE SONG.

As each new life is given to the world,
The senses—like a door that swings two ways—
Stand ever 'twixt its inner, waiting self
And that environment with which its lot
Awhile is cast.
A door that swings two ways:
Inward at first it turns, while Nature speaks,
To greet her guest and bid him to her feast,
And tell him of all things in her domain,
The good or ill of each, and how to use;
Then outward, to set free an answering thought.
And so, swift messages fly back and forth
Without surcease—until, behold! she, who
Like gracious host received a timid guest,
Owns in that guest at length her rightful lord,
And gladly serves him, asking no reward!

This parable, dear mother, is for you,
Whom God has made his steward for your child.
All Nature is a unit in herself,
Yet but a part of a far greater whole.
Little by little you may teach your child
To know her ways, and live in harmony
With her; and then, in turn, help him through her
To find those verities within himself,
Of which all outward things are but the type.
So when he passes from your sheltering care
To walk the ways of men, his soul shall be
Knit to all things that are, and still most free!
And of him shall be writ at last this word,
"At peace with Nature, with himself, and God."

Like the Falling game, and for the same reason, this song is without a picture. Fortunately,

however, illustration is even less necessary in this case than in the other.

Who does not know how you, dear mother, turn everything you do with your baby into play? Who does not rejoice that you are able to clothe the most important truths of life in the garment of play?

"Bite the pear!" "Oh, how sweet it tastes!" "Come, baby, taste this pretty currant!" "It puckers your little mouth. Is it sweet? Is it sour?"

By such pretty devices you try to nurture and develop your child's sense of taste. By similar playful tricks you cultivate the other senses.

What is more important than a wise culture of the senses? And what sense needs such culture more than the sense of taste, particularly if under the word taste we include not only its direct physical meaning, but also its metaphorical significance? Who would wish to have bad or low taste? Who is not glad when it may with truth be said of him, "He has good and pure taste?"

Why do we commend a man for good taste? Is it not because through taste the essence or soul of objects is revealed? The taste of a thing tells whether the thing itself is beneficial or baleful, life-giving or life-destroying. Indeed, all the senses exist in order that through them the soul of things may be made known to the soul of the sensitive being.

It is a striking fact with regard to the objects of sense that their inner being or essence is

stamped upon and revealed through their phenomenal being or manifestation. This is especially the case when the sense-object possesses harmful qualities. It is well known that almost all poisonous plants warn and repel man either through their appearance, their odour, or their taste. Think of the deadly nightshade, the oak apple, the spurge laurel, and the henbane. Are you not aware that each one of these plants utters its own word of warning? If the form and colour of a plant are silent with regard to its nature, its scent and taste will speak the more clearly and declare its danger through the loathing they excite. Through a similar loathing, taste and smell warn us against the excessive enjoyment of an otherwise harmless and pleasurable sensation. Thus, with excess, the fragrance of lilies produces faintness, and the taste of honey becomes nauseating. He who truly cultivates his senses and is then pliant to their suggestions will learn through them to recognise the true nature of sense-objects, and will avoid on the one hand injury to his health, and on the other the necessity of destroying the sense-object in order to get enjoyment out of it.

The nature of external objects is revealed in the totality of their attributes. Through their material and cohesion, through their taste and odour, through their form, colour, tone, size, and number, and through the endless variation of degree and relationship in these several qualities, the objects of sense speak to us and tell us what they are. The words of the sage, "Speak, and I

will tell you who and what you are," are relevant not only to human beings but to all beings. Through a wise culture of the senses we learn to read this language of things. Such a culture is essential alike to the development of the child and to the well-being of the man. It differs entirely from the merely physical training of sense given by savages. Its aim is to seek the inner nature in the outer manifestation. This aim is realised only as the activities and attributes of sense-objects are systematically observed, compared, and connected.

Who is a man of fine and true taste? It is he who reads aright the language of things. It is he who, having discerned the inner being in its manifestation, is thereby incited to prompt activity. It is he who repels the deleterious and invites the wholesome influence. In a word, it is he who through sensation is aroused to deed. Therefore, dear mother, let it be your aim so to train the senses that you shall at the same time cultivate the heart and intellect; and in order that you may realise this aim, make clear to yourself the correlative truths that the soul-activity of your child manifests itself in his sense-activity, and that through sense-activity he struggles towards the soul of things.

We have seen that the right use of the data of sense enables us to classify objects, to recognise their reciprocal relationship, and their influence upon each other and upon man. I should add that it also enables us to determine the stage of development attained by any given object, or,

in other words, to recognise whether such object is ripe or unripe. In its metaphorical application this discrimination is one of paramount importance. How many of the evils which pervert and destroy individuals, families, trades, and societies have their ground in premature or unripe activity, or arise from expecting the fruition of deeds before they have had time to put forth leaves and blossoms.

It is dangerous to force a premature activity. It is dangerous to interfere in any way with a ripening process. It is dangerous to seize objects until they are ripe and ready for seizure. It is most dangerous to set unripe things to work upon other unripe things. Therefore, mother, if you would assure the well-being of your children and your children's children, begin early to stir the souls of your darlings with premonitions of these truths. Begin to stir such premonitions while your children are still babies and eager to bite and taste everything around them. As they mature, teach them to recognise the definite stages of development from unripeness to ripeness. Show them that the use of unripe things is contrary to Nature. Lead them to understand that the use of what is unripe is dangerous alike to physical, intellectual, and moral life—is destructive both to the individual and to society. If you can teach your children this truth and make them obedient to its warning, you will be one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.

VI.

FLOWER SONG.

THE Life Supreme, that lives in all,
  Gives everything its own;
A soul remains itself despite
Life's ceaseless shift—Death's sure, cold might
  Itself—though changed or grown.

And something to a soul akin
  Looks out from every flower;
A lily is a lily still,
On mountain bleak, by meadow rill,
  In sunshine or in shower.

Ten thousand roses June may boast,
  All differing each from each;
And still the rose-soul in each one
Glows fervent, as if there alone
  Its silence had found speech.

The importance of cultivating the senses has been suggested in my commentary on the Taste Song. In the same commentary I have pointed out the peculiar significance of the sense of taste as the organ through which the inmost nature of external objects is suggested to the percipient subject.

Closely allied to the sense of taste is the sense of smell. Indeed, these senses are like twin sisters in their intimate union and their reciprocal influence. By complementing each other they enable us to recognise external objects as bene-

ficial or detrimental; and this not only in relation to physical life, but to the higher life of the spirit. Very difficult would it be to say where the purely physical influence of sensible objects ends and where their spiritual influence begins. In sensation the physical and psychical, the merely vital and the intellectual, the instinctive and the moral, melt into each other. Hence the importance of sense culture. Hence particularly the importance of cultivating, ennobling, refining the senses of taste and smell.

Rightly regarded, taste and smell are seen to be not two distinct senses but two aspects of one sense. Moreover, they not only complement each other, but supply the deficiencies of the other senses. Thus in many cases where the data of sight and taste leave us in uncertainty with regard to the nature of objects, the sense of smell makes it clear to us. I have already pointed out the fact that things which are injurious to health give warning of their danger to the sense of sight by their gloomy and repellent appearance; to the senses of taste and smell by producing nausea and aversion. It may be added that they also often warn the sense of hearing by emitting hollow or discordant tones. As an illustration of this I may mention the ring of different metals. Hence we say, metaphorically "Such or such a person has the true ring." Finally, as has been already suggested, things in themselves good and healthful, but which become injurious when partaken of in excess, warn us by faintness and nausea to be temperate in our enjoyment of them.

Thus the scent of lilacs becomes oppressive in a small room. In general, excess engenders disgust, and disgust becomes loathing. Rightly interpreting and obeying these warnings of sense, we shall avoid what is physically or morally injurious.

All these truths, dear mother, you may clothe in a garment of play. You may then lift them nearer to the light of consciousness by your talks with your child about his play. Do not forget the fact that the data of smell, like those of taste, are important not only in their literal but in their metaphorical sense. It is significant that in the transfer of the phenomena of smell from the physical to the moral realm there is usually imputed to them an evil meaning. Thus we speak of the odour of hypocrisy; or we say "a man's name is in evil odour."

"Mother, my head aches."

"What have you been doing to make it ache?"

"I don't know. I have only gathered a great many beautiful flowers and put them in water."

"That is just what is the matter. You have brought a great many strongly scented flowers, and particularly a great many lilies, into a very small room. Their fragrance makes the air oppressive, and this it is which has given you a headache. One may do too much even of a good thing. Besides, that which is good in itself needs plenty of room for its activity in order that its influence may be good. If this were not so, men—yes, and little children too—would

selfishly try to gather and keep for themselves the things that are good and beautiful, and would not remember that the good and the beautiful are for all."

"O mother, the plants and flowers love us, just as you do!" *

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* See Appendix, note vi.

VII.

TICK-TACK.

A GAME TO EXERCISE AND DEVELOP THE ARMS.

Oh, teach your child that those who move
  By Order's kindly law,
Find all their lives to music set;
While those who this same law forget
  Find only fret and jar.

The clock is not a master hard,
  Ruling with iron hand;
It is a happy household sprite,
Helping all things to move aright,
  With gentle guiding wand.

Its quiet tick still seems to say,
  "Though time pass velvet shod,
It guides the universal round
Of worlds and souls—for it is found
  Deep in the thought of God!"

This game is easy to play. Your child may sit in your lap or stand upon a table. All that is necessary is that his arms should be free so that you may swing them to and fro like a pendulum. It goes without saying that the movement should be made alternately with the right and left arm. It may, however, not be superfluous to suggest that you may further the harmonious physical development of your child by also swinging his legs. Such varied exercises will contribute to his

Tick, Tack!
„Jedes Ding alsdann nur wohlgedeiht,
Hält in Allem es die richt'ge Zeit;
Darum, soll Dein Kindchen gut gedeih'n,
Muß von Ordnung es umgeben sein.
Wem die Ordnung wollt' verdrießen gar,
Der wird vieler Freuden werden baar;
Leite darum früh Dein Kind zur Ordnung hin,
Ordnung ist gewiß dem Kinde Hochgewinn."

healthy growth as well as to his beauty, litheness, and grace.

"Shall we now talk a little together about the picture? You know all I have to say better than I know it myself. Indeed, I learned it from you —learned it by watching your thoughtful, motherly play."

Your instinct has taught you truly that everything in the nature of a timepiece has an irresistible charm for children. Why is this? The movement of the pendulum has given us the clew to many a truth of mathematics and mechanics. Can it be that a presentiment of its suggestiveness in these directions explains its allurement? There is a certain remote kinship between the rhythmic swing of the pendulum and the form of our soul-activity. Is this the secret of its charm? Or, setting aside both these suggestions, shall we say that the movement, the turning wheels, the apparent *life* in the clock are the sources of its allurement, and that this allurement is heightened by a sense of concealment and mystery?

That each of these explanations throws some light upon the source of the child's interest in the clock I freely admit. That any one of them or all of them fully account for his interest I must deny; for it is not alone the clock which fascinates him: his imagination is stirred by any kind of timepiece. Thus, children love to watch the slowly running sand in an hour-glass. They also love to make and watch sun-dials, though in these there is no movement

save the almost imperceptible progress of the shadow.

My own conviction is that the delight of children in watching, imitating, and making time-pieces springs from a dim presentiment of the importance of time itself. This conviction of mine hurts neither the child nor any one else. In its practical outcome it is helpful to the child and to every one. Who does not know how much depends upon the right use of time? Who does not know the importance of order and punctuality in all the relationships of life? To me it seems that there is no single thing which, from the day of his birth, is more important for man than the doing of things at the right time. In the first moments after birth, indeed, his life itself may be said to depend on the right use of time.

It is therefore of the highest importance to make the allurement of the clock the point of departure for so educating the child that he shall carefully consider, truly apprehend, and worthily employ time. Use my little arm game in this spirit. Lead your dear child through playing it to begin thinking about time, and to begin to feel that there is a right time for whatever he has to do. If you train him in this way he will understand you when, later, you deny him a pleasure because it is time for doing something else.

"Mother, show me this pretty picture."

"My child, see what your kitten is doing. She is cleaning and smoothing her soft fur so that it will be a pleasure to look at her. She

knows it will soon be time for some welcome visitors to arrive. Come, darling, come, and be made neat and clean, like your kitty, for two dear friends will soon be here to see you. Do you know who they are? They are your father's dear eyes. They must find you fresh and clean."

The child is always having visitors. The bright rays of the sun come to see him; so do the twinkling stars, the shining moon, the white doves, the fair, sweet flowers. They love to see and play with a clean, sweet child. Teach your child, mother, to love these pure friends, and to make ready for them by being clean and pure himself.

"Do you see in the picture five little children who are playing 'clock'?* These five children are surely five little fingers who want to learn to tell the time, so that they can do everything at just the right moment. Come here, you dear little fingers on my child's hand, and learn something from the five children in the picture."

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* It is characteristic of childish thought to link activity with its object. Hence children often form active verbs from nouns. For example, a little child said, "I will road it," instead of, "I will go play in the road." This tendency should not be too abruptly corrected. It furnishes a key to many peculiarities of dialect. Thus, in one part of Switzerland people say, "What clock's it?" instead of "What o'clock is it?"

Grasmähen.

„Was immer mit dem Kinde
Du auch treibest,
Mach', daß in Lebensein-
'gung Du verbleibest,
Treib' mit dem Kinde nichts
beziehungslos,
Sonst wird es dadurch leicht
erziehungslos.
Wie dieses eigentlich ist zu
verstehen,
Magst Du jetzt gleich am
Spiel der Arme sehen,
Wenn sie spielen: Gras zu
mähen."

VIII.

MOWING GRASS.

AN ARM GAME.

Take from out the sweetest song
  Just one note—the sweetest one;
You may sound it full and strong,
  But its music is all gone!

And the children learn to see,
  In a little game like this,
That in true activity
  Nothing unrelated is.

Your child's hands are both at rest. The forearms are extended in a horizontal position. The palms of the hands are downward and the fingers are bent. They grasp your hands, which are likewise extended, but have the palms uppermost. You give your child's arms a movement which somewhat resembles that made in mowing grass. This movement exercises the elbow joint, and increases the child's power to stand in an upright position.

Nothing is more dangerous to the health of the intellect, nothing is more prejudicial to the culture of the heart, than the habit of looking at particular objects and events in detachment from the great whole of life. I admit that it is often necessary to ignore the connection between different objects and acts. When your child, for example, tells you he is hungry, you must often

simply send him to the cook for a roll or to the baker for a bun. You should, however, correct the tendency to which this manner of satisfying his wants gives rise by making perceptible to him as often as possible the series of conditions which must be fulfilled before it is possible to say to him, "Run to this or that person and get such or such things." You may achieve this result by making a judicious choice of pictures representing the activities of farm, garden, and trade, by showing them in their natural and logical order, and by connecting with them short and graphic stories of the life they portray. Doubtless this idea has already occurred to you, and you have in some measure worked it out. With your permission we will hereafter look through a selection of pictures and mature the scheme.

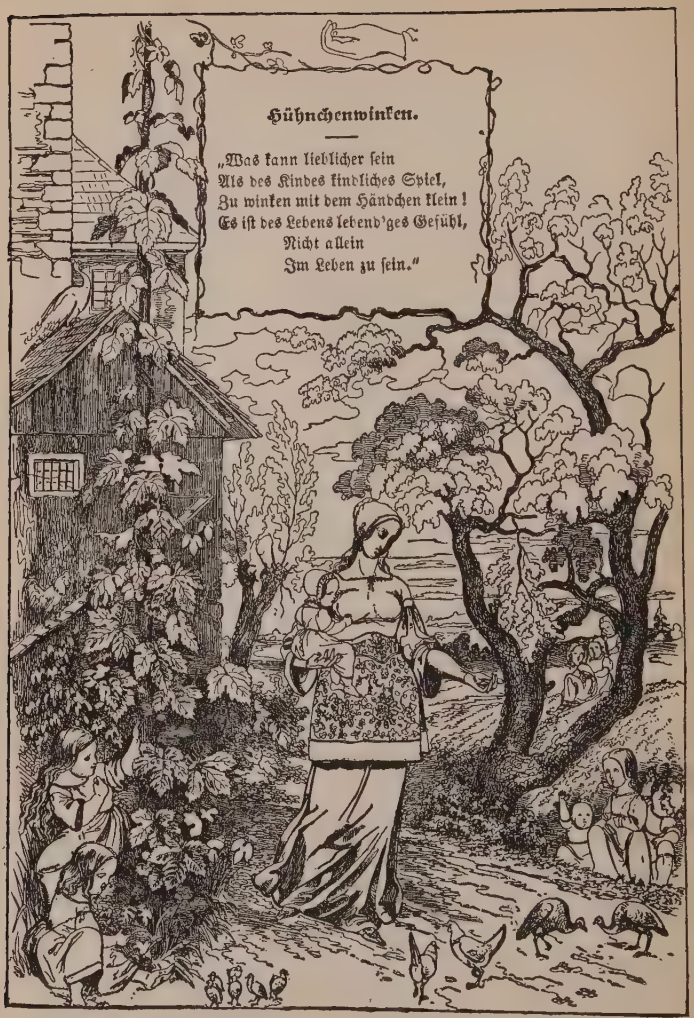
Through the little play of Mowing Grass, which I now offer to you, together with the illustration which accompanies it, you may easily lead your child to feel that for his bread and milk he owes thanks not only to his mother, the milkmaid, the cow, the mower, and the baker, but also and most of all to the heavenly Father, who through the instrumentalities of dew and rain, sunshine and darkness, winter and summer, causes the earth to bring forth grass and herb to nourish the cattle whose milk and whose flesh nourish man. He will understand you the more readily if, catching a hint from the little boy in the picture, you encourage him to share the life of his elders by imitating their activities. As he grows older you should let him plant his own

garden, gather his own harvest of fruit and flowers, learn through his own small experience something of the influence of sun, dew, and rain, and gain thereby a remote presentiment of the reciprocal energies of nature and a reverent feeling for the divine life and law expressed in nature.

The two children in the picture who sit opposite to each other weaving dandelion chains expect to join these chains in one connected whole. They know that if they work quietly and steadily, joining link to link, the chains must at last meet. So is it with the child who by linking even a few activities begins to weave the chain of life. The very nature of his activity implies a goal, and he feels that some day, to his joy, the chain shall be rounded into a circle.

But what says the tree beside which yonder little lad is sitting? Its form and general appearance warn us, in language not to be misunderstood, against grafting what is base or false upon an originally noble nature. If we neglect this warning we must expect stunted growth, gnarled branches, bitter fruit.

And what says the tree against which leans the tiny maiden? Its trunk is like a broken shaft. In some way its life impulse has been destroyed. Beware, O parents, of killing through ignorance or thoughtlessness the impulses of growth and development in your children. Otherwise you will have to grieve over lives which will never crown themselves with completeness, but, like this blighted tree, will yield wood and foliage but neither blossoms nor fruit.


Hühnchenwinken.
„Was kann lieblicher sein
Als des Kindes kindliches Spiel,
Zu winken mit dem Händchen klein!
Es ist des Lebens lebend'ges Gefühl,
Nicht allein
Im Leben zu sein."

IX.

BECKONING THE CHICKENS.

Because he lives himself, the child
Oft thinks that all things live,
And pours his little heart upon
That which no love can give.

But when his life, outreaching, meets
With answering life around,
His wistful eyes are lit with joy
That comrades he has found.

The picture illustrating this play shows clearly the mother's beckoning hand and the dear little bent fingers of the baby, who tries to imitate what she is doing. That this movement exercises and strengthens the fingers is self-evident.

This mother has doubtless heard what we said to each other as we looked at the picture of Mowing Grass. See the child in her arms. Notice his exuberant health and vigour. Notice how he keeps his eye fixed upon the turkeys, hens, and chickens, and how delightedly he listens to their gobbling, clucking, and peeping. Surely his mother has taken him out of doors in order that he may see in the looking-glass of nature the fresh, eager life that throbs in his own

pulses, and that through seeing this life outside of himself he may feel it more keenly within himself. Several groups of children, some of whom are her own, have followed the mother. Who would not follow where such motherly nurture leads the way? What child, especially, could resist its charm? Watch these children. Notice the health, the mirth, the thoughtfulness which are shown in the expression of their faces and in their movements. Look at the three little ones yonder on the right where the middle child is kneeling. The life of nature works upon them like a magnet. It works so powerfully upon the vigorous boy that he needs more sharers of his joy than the two little girls beside him; so he turns to call the three children who are looking so intently through the great branches of the tree at the picture they frame. But these children do not respond to his call; they are fascinated by the beautiful view that lies before them. And just see the child on the left! Crouched on the ground, she watches intently the chicken family, that none of its doings may escape her. The elder girl, on the contrary, stands erect, and beckons to the hen and rooster; she wants them to come to their chickens. In her stir the motherly impulses of watchfulness and care.

Each child has a vision of his own inmost life in the mirror of nature. This inmost life gains fresh strength through beholding its reflection. So, too, the child sees his life in the mirror of his mother's eye.

Surely all these children will grow up in strength and beauty like the luxuriant climbing vine in our picture, and in their mature years they will stand steadfast like the tree under whose shade they are now rejoicing in the life of nature!

Täubchenwinken.

„Was das Kind erfreuen kann,
Mutter sieht 's am Aug' ihm an;
Was im Kind sich dunkel regt,
Mutter sinnvoll gern es pflegt."

X.

BECKONING THE PIGEONS.

The mother acts out for her child
His thoughts unformed and dim.
He loves the pigeons; he'll be glad
To think that they love him.

What the child has seen out of doors the mother repeats for him in her indoor play. Thus the game of Beckoning the Pigeons is an indoor repetition of the experiences described in my commentary on the play Beckoning the Chickens.

The mother sits by a table; her baby is on her lap. Her fingers patter along the table towards him. These pattering fingers are the little pigeons, chickens, or sparrows which he has seen running or hopping out of doors. The sympathetic life in the child moves him to do what he sees his mother do, so he, too, tries to make his little fingers patter across the table. Through his play he exercises his finger joints. So much for this game on its external side.

Life attracts life. The picture preceding this one showed nature attracting the life of children; this picture shows how joyful and loving child life attracts the life of nature, particularly the life of birds. With what trust the pigeons come when the child calls! Running, fluttering, flying,

they hurry towards him from all sides. It would almost seem as if children and pigeons had some common language, and as if they understood each other all the better because they do not understand our human speech.

Mother, is there not something analogous to this fact in your own experience? Did not your children respond more quickly to your words when they were too young to understand the meaning of words than they do now when this meaning is clear to them? Why is this? Must the animals teach us? In their language, word and fact, fact and word, word and deed, deed and word, are always one and the same.

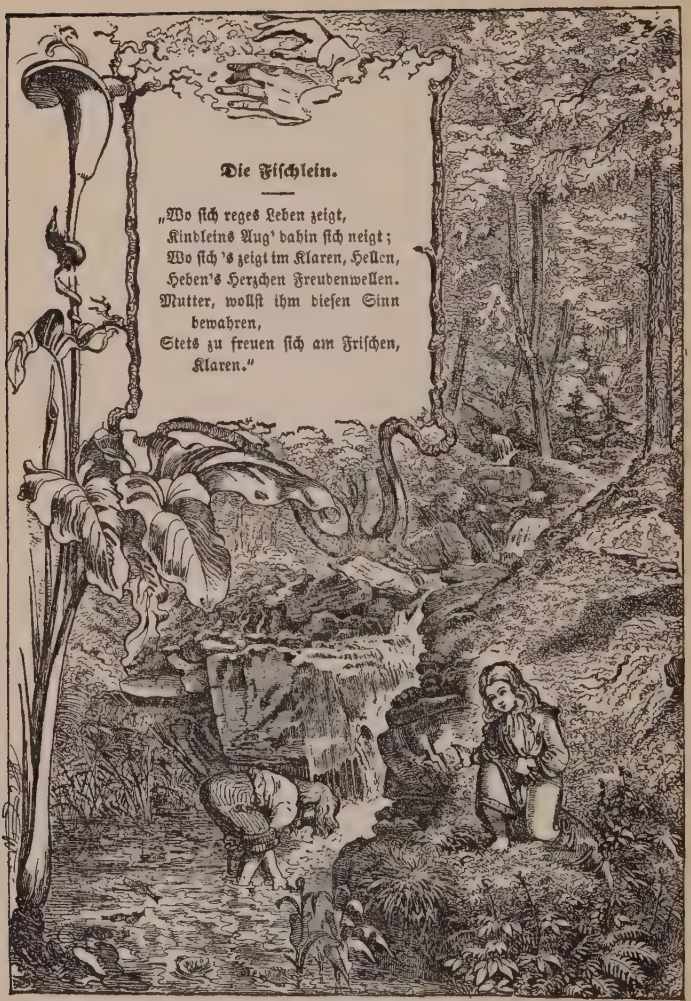
XI.

THE FISH IN THE BROOK.

A CHILD regards with new delight
Each living thing that meets his sight;
But when within the limpid stream
He sees the fishes dart and gleam,
Or when, through pure transparent space
The bird's swift flight he tries to trace,
Their freer motion fills his heart
With joy that seems of it a part—
A joy that speaks diviner birth,
While yet he treads the ways of earth.

The child sits upon a table in front of his mother, or, it may be, upon her lap. Her left arm is thrown gently around him. Keeping her two hands parallel, the mother extends them and then alternately stretches and bends her fingers to imitate the movement of swimming. So much for the way of playing this little game.

Birds and fishes, fishes and birds; why is it that in these the child finds an ever fresh delight? Is it not because they seem to move with such perfect freedom, the one in the clear water, the other in the pure air? Unimpeded activity in a pure element—this is the magnet which attracts the child to bird and fish. Yet the child tries to catch fish and bird. Is not this a contradiction? Nay, mother, to me it seems not so. In the bird



Die Fischlein.

„Wo sich reges Leben zeigt,
Kindleins Aug' dahin sich neigt;
Wo sich 's zeigt im Klaren, Hellen,
Heben's Herzchen Freudenwellen.
Mutter, wollst ihm diesen Sinn
bewahren,
Stets zu freuen sich am Frischen,
Klaren."

your child is trying to catch its glad flight, in the fish its swimming, skimming, diving, gliding movements. But no catching of bird or fish can avail him. The fish lies motionless on the grass; holding the bird he loses its flight. *Within* must freedom be won, within must purity be conquered. The soul must create the pure element in which it can move freely. Mother, make your child's delight in such free self-movement the point of departure for stirring in him a consciousness of this truth, and you will be helping him to achieve life's perfect peace, life's holiest joy.

"Brother, catch me one of the fishes swimming so merrily in the brook. Look at this little one—now it is here, now it is there. Sometimes it is straight, sometimes it is bent; it is so pretty whatever it does. Oh, if I could only swim and glide and dip! if I could wriggle and slip, how I would tease you, brother, if you tried to catch *me!* Please, brother, catch me a fish."

"Here is a fish for you, little sister, but hold it tight or it will slip away."

"But, brother, it doesn't move any more; it only lies stretched out straight. But it is alive, for it gasps. I will lay it on the grass; then it will begin moving again. Oh, it does not move even in the grass; it lies quite straight and still. Why won't it move?"

"Don't you know, little sister, that fish only move in the water? Look again at the fishes in the brook, how merrily they are swimming

about; sometimes they are perfectly straight, and then how crooked!"

Mother, do you realise how essential it is that your child should clearly seize the distinction between the crooked and straight, especially when these words are used not in a literal but in a metaphorical sense? "He is a straightforward man. He follows a straight path. He has an upright character." Who does not rejoice when such words may with truth be said of him? On the other hand, who is not mortified when told he is walking in crooked paths, or that he is engaged in a crooked business?

This opposition between crooked and straight seems to have been in our artist's mind when he was designing the picture of the fish in the brook. Straight and crooked are the little fishes; straight and crooked flows the water; straight and crooked grows the tree and around the straight, slim arum the serpents are coiling. Seek to direct your child's attention to the difference between what is straight and what is crooked. Plant in his heart a love for all that is straightforward in thought, word, and deed, and a hatred for whatever violates this ideal; so shall the mark of rectitude be upon his life and deeds, and, using his developed strength in its right element, he will be active, joyful, and free, like the fish in the clear brook and the bird in the pure air.

XII.

THE TARGET.

However meaningless this game may seem,
There is within it, more than one would dream,
As hidden in the uncut gem there lies,
A rainbow waiting to delight our eyes;
In it, things differing and far apart
Are brought together—wakening the thought
Of complex unity—and others still,
If, to see truth in play, we have the will;
But while we search, a child sees all with ease:
He does not reason, but can quickly seize
Impressions which, we know not how, are wrought
Into the forming fibre of his thought;
And while with pretty earnestness he eyes
Upon his rosy palm the lines crosswise,
Ideas are waking in his little brain
Of number, form, proportion, rightful gain;
And larger knowledge, later on, will come
Into a mind where it will be at home.
He'll learn proportion's rhythmic power to know—
A power that seems with growing thought to grow.
Little by little, he will come to see
That through activity comes unity,
And that each one, who in his place and age
Does wholesome work, should have his proper wage.
Dimly at first, but clearly by and by,
He'll see how everything—earth, air, and sky,
Plants, beasts, and men—are knit in one great whole,
Interdependent, while the ages roll.
This lesson, that the world spells out so slow,
The child may come insensibly to know;
And with this lesson taught each opening life,
Will come at last the end of man's long strife.

With this play we enter upon a new and distinct stage of development. As a traditional

Längweis-Kreuzweis.

„Wie deutungslos dies Spiel
So liegt darin doch viel,
Es gleicht dem rohen Stein,
Erscheint als Farben-Ein,
Wie auch Verschied'nes gern
Wie auch Getrenntes fern
Und noch viel And'res trau'n?
Für den, der liebt zu schau'n
Die doch des Kindes Sinn
Und ihm zum Hochgewinn
Daß alle Thätigkeit
Und daß der Arbeit auch
Daß nichts willkührlich sei,
Daß Ebenmaß hervor
Dies mach' dem Kindchen schon,
Dieß ahnend, wird 's das Maß
Auch immer mög' erscheinen,
Mehr als man möge meinen.
Der, wenn er nun geschliffen,
Vom Aug' mit Lust ergriffen.
In Ein'gung sich wohl findet;
Zu Einem sich verbindet;
Läßt dieses Spiel erkunden
Wahrheit, vom Spiel umwunden;
So wunderbar leis ahnet,
Den Weg zum Einseh'n bahnet.—
Zu einem Ganzen führe,
Ein richt'ger Lohn gebühre;
Die Sachen sich bedingen,
Aus Allem gern will bringen:
Und im Gefühl, erfassen;
Im Leben auch nicht lassen."

game it is found in some form in every district of Germany. It is common to all German dialects, whether High or Low. It would seem, therefore, that it must meet some essential need of the child, and correspond with some plane of his developing life. In my judgment, it has also important bearings upon his whole career, for it opens a path which leads gradually towards the life of knowledge and the life of trade.

The manner of playing this game, mother, is doubtless familiar to you. Your child stands or sits in front of you. He holds out one of his hands towards you, with the palm uppermost. With the forefinger of his other hand, or with your own forefinger, you draw upon his extended palm two lines intersecting each other at right angles. At the point of intersection you pretend to bore a hole, and finally you lay your free hand upon your child's palm. While going through these varied movements you sing the song of the Target.

As I have already said, this little play is common to all the districts and dialects of Germany. What is the reason of its diffusion and popularity? I frankly confess that I see in it the earliest traces of an endeavour to attract the child's attention to form and position and to the phenomena necessarily arising from and connected with these qualities. The one line is the line of length, the other is the line of breadth. Through combination the one is accentuated as vertical, the other as horizontal. They cut each other through their centres, thus forming four equal

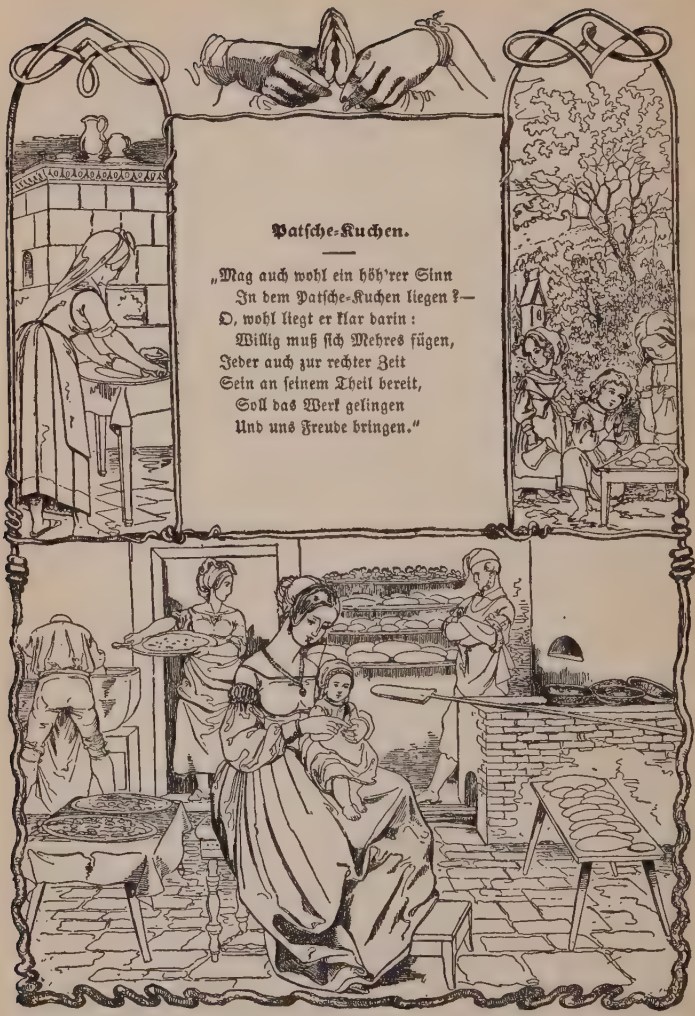
and therefore right angles. Both lines with their four ends lie on one plane, as is doubly proved by the position of the hands.

But what do I hear you saying? You do not understand one word of all this, and, how then, can your child understand it? You are quite right. Your child could not understand a single word of what I have said. Some vague idea of the *facts* which the words express, however, he must have, or he would not be so much interested in the play. Hence, thoughtful mother, you may assure yourself that some recognition of facts precedes the understanding of words. If, therefore, you wish your instruction to be natural and impressive, begin by giving concrete experiences. Do you ask why this method is impressive and why its results are abiding? I answer: That which we have ourselves experienced makes a deep impression; for in experience three things are always present: the particular fact, its universal implication, and the relationship of both to the person who has the experience.

The universal truths implicit in this play of the Target relate to form, size, and number, or, in other words, to the most characteristic qualities of all material objects. Since it directs the child's attention to these characteristic, qualities, this little game may be said to point towards the intellectual mastery of all objects in time and space.

Do you see in the picture three bowmen aiming their separate arrows at the same mark? Do you see the three little boys going off with the

target, each feeling in his heart the same pleasure? What is our artist trying to hint to us? Form, size, and number open three paths to a single goal. That goal is comprehension of and power over the physical world.



Patsche-Kuchen.

„Mag auch wohl ein höh'rer Sinn
In dem Patsche-Kuchen liegen?—
O, wohl liegt er klar darin:
Willig muß sich Mehres fügen,
Jeder auch zur rechter Zeit
Sein an seinem Theil bereit,
Soll das Werk gelingen
Und uns Freude bringen."

XIII.

PAT-A-CAKE.

Surely there is nothing hid
In this little game,
That is not quite plainly told
By its name?

Search a moment—you will find
Something deeper taught;
In the world's work each must help,
As he ought.

Like the Target, Pat-a-cake is a familiar nursery game. It is played not only in Germany but in England. It is said to be the only representative in the latter country of the hand and finger games of which Germany possesses so rich a collection. Its wide diffusion points to the fact that simple mother-wit never fails to link the initial activities of the child with the everyday life about him.

What the natural mother does incidentally, intermittently, and disconnectedly, we must learn to do with conscious intent and in logical sequence. We must recognise the reason implicit in instinct, learn its methods, and, without losing its *naïveté* develop into a systematic procedure its incidental suggestions. The human spirit is a living unity, and should never be content with a

fragmentary expression of its wholeness. Hence "the sweet reasonableness" manifested in the simple intercourse between mother and child must not be suffered to remain forever a blind impulse. It must unfold, on the one side, into conscious and spiritual motherhood, and, on the other, into that ideal childhood whose love and yearning and prescient hope testify that it holds the "all" in its heart. For the immanence of the whole in feeling is the necessary presupposition of the penetration of the whole by thought.

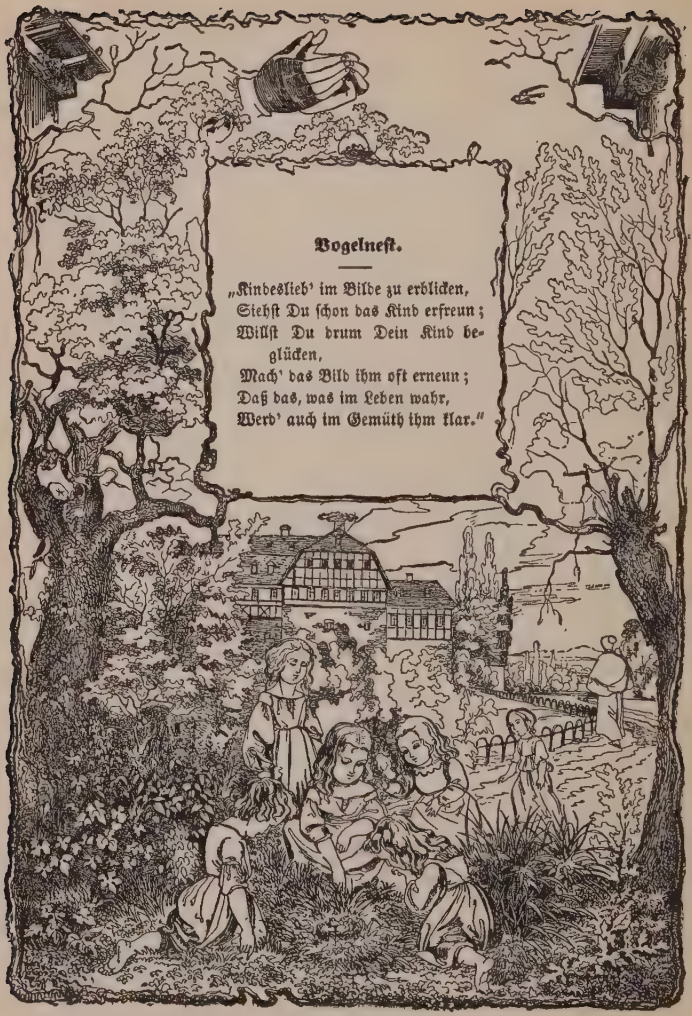
On its external side Pat-a-cake is so well known that only a few hints need be given with regard to the manner of playing it and to its physical effects. The child stands or sits in front of her who so tenderly cherishes his life. Holding his hands in an upright position, with the palms touching each other, the mother claps them energetically. The physical points of the game are the attitude of the whole body, the position of the arms, and the exercise of the elbow-joint.

I have already said that this game had its origin in an effort to make the impulsive movements of the infant the means of introducing him to a knowledge of the activities about him, and to their reciprocal relationships. The bread, or, better still, the little cake which the child likes so much, he receives from his mother; the mother, in turn, receives it from the baker. So far so good. We have found two links in the great chain of life and service. Let us beware, however, of making the child feel that these links

complete the chain. The baker can bake no cake if the miller grinds no meal; the miller can grind no meal if the farmer brings him no grain; the farmer can bring no grain if his field yields no crop; the field can yield no crop if the forces of Nature fail to work together to produce it; the forces of Nature could not conspire together were it not for the all-wise and beneficent Power who incites and guides them to their predetermined ends.

Doubtless the little children in our picture, who are playing "Bake bread, eat bread," have been taught to feel this inner unity, connectedness, and harmony of life. Do not disturb their ingenuous play. Rather avoid noticing it, unless your own heart responds to the devout feeling which inspires it. These children are not profaning what is holy; they are nurturing the impulse out of which shall spring the consecration of secular life.

How shall your child, either now or hereafter, cultivate his sense for what is holy, if you nip that budding germ of devotion which seeks child-like expression in serious play? Such play, however, must be spontaneous, artless, and free from all attempts at show. Beware, therefore, of any look or word that may destroy the simplicity of an action which originally springs unsummoned from that holiest of holies, the young child's heart.


Vogelneſt.
„Kindeslieb' im Bilde zu erblicken,
Siehſt Du ſchon das Kind erfreun;
Willſt Du drum Dein Kind beglücken,
Mach' das Bild ihm oft erneun;
Daß das, was im Leben wahr,
Werd' auch im Gemüth ihm klar."

XIV.

THE NEST.

In the pretty picture
Of the nested birds
Baby reads *his* "love-song"
Written without words—
Hears the nestlings calling,
And his heart calls, too;
As they need their mother,
So his heart needs you.

The picture illustrating this game shows clearly the position of the hands. I need only explain that at the beginning of the game the thumbs are turned downward and inward, to make the eggs in the nest. At the words "The eggs are hatched," the tips of the thumbs rise, to represent the throats and heads of two little birds. At the words "Mother dear, peep!" the thumbs move, to show that the little birds are seeking their mother.

It goes without saying that in the first instance this game is played by the mother or nurse, the baby merely looking on. As he develops, however, the instinct of imitation will prompt him to make the nest, eggs, and birds himself.

The mother who thoughtfully observes her child's life and obediently responds to its manifestations, knows that development is a gradual process, and that no great truth can be taught in a single lesson. The feeling that all life is *one* life slumbers in the child's soul. Only very gradually, however, can this slumbering feeling be transfigured into a *waking* consciousness. Slowly, through a sympathetic study of Nature and of human life, through a growing sense of the soul and meaning of all natural facts and of all human relationships, and through recreating in various forms that external world which is but the objective expression of his own inmost being, the individual attains to a consciousness of the connectedness and unity of life (Lebenszusammenhang und Lebenseinheit) and to a vision of the Eternal Fountain of Life.

Through the play of The Birds' Nest, mother, you take a few short steps upon one of the paths which lead towards this goal, viz., the path which starting from sympathy with Nature, runs through study of Nature to comprehension of the forces, laws, and inner meaning of Nature. You are incited to enter upon this path by your feeling that a prophetic sense of the inner connectedness of Nature stirs and dreams in your child's heart. You also feel that there is no single object in Nature which has more power to lift his dreaming presentiment into waking consciousness than a bird's nest.

Consider the time when the bird builds her nest: it is the early springtime, when all Nature

begins to unfold. The warmth of spring and summer gives the nestlings an opportunity to develop and grow strong, and an increasing supply of food keeps even pace with their increasing need of nourishment. By the time that the chilly autumn and frosty winter have come the nestlings are so strong that they can seek the food they need, and either bear the cold or fly away from it.

Consider, again, the places in which birds build their nests. They always choose a spot where they can find plenty of food. Near human dwellings are many flies, gnats, and spiders, so, as our picture shows us, sparrows and swallows build between the rafters of houses. In the hedge, which is so rich in insects, the hedge-sparrow and the robin make their homes. The titmouse builds in hollow trees where there are plenty of worms; the stork near some spot where frogs abound.

No less important than time and place is the style of nest-building. Thus the nest of the finch, built between the branches of the apple tree looks so much like its bark that it is scarcely possible to distinguish one from the other; and the long-tailed titmouse protects her young from danger by building a nest which looks like a bundle of moss.

To these and analogous facts with regard to the time and place of nest-building, and to that wonderful mimicry through which birds insure the safety of their nestlings, the child's attention should be often and sympathetically directed.

Nothing, however, will so tenderly stir his heart as the nakedness, softness, and weakness of little birds, and to his young imagination all Nature will seem to share his wish to shelter and feed them.

"Mother, mother, only see the nest full of baby birds which these children have found! It is a good thing that the children have come, for the little birds were all by themselves. Their father and mother had left them. I am so sorry for the poor little things!"

"You are mistaken, my darling; their mother has only gone to find some gnats and worms to feed her babies. She will soon come back. And see, there is the father, sitting near by on the bough of the tree. He is watching his babies so that nothing may harm them while their mother is away. And while the mother seeks food and the father keeps watch, the kind, warm sun peeps into the nest and takes care of the birdies just like the mother herself. Only see how comfortable they are!

"In the branches of the tree is another nest. There are little birds in it, though you cannot see them. Their mother also has gone to seek food for her hungry nestlings. As she flies about she says to herself, 'If I can only find plenty of worms for my babies, how glad I shall be!"

"Sometimes, darling, I am like this bird-mother. I cannot always be close by you; but you must not cry because you do not see me. You are my own dear little child, and wherever

I may be I am thinking of you. Besides, even when I am away from you you are not alone, for you have the dear heavenly Father's sunlight. But remember, the sunbeams do not like a crying child!"

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Blumenkörbchen.
„Such' dem Kindchen zu gestalten,
Was ihm das Gemüth bewegt;
Denn auch des Kindes Lieb' kann alten,
Wird sie innig nicht gepflegt."

XV.

THE FLOWER BASKET.

Welcome each small offering
That a young child's love may bring,
Though perchance he stint himself
Of some childish joy or pelf;
For love grows with being spent,
But starves in its own plenty pent.

The position of the hand is clearly shown in the drawing. The little finger of the right hand is laid upon the index finger of the left, the finger tips of the right hand are placed in the angle between the thumb and index finger of the left; in this position the palms and fingers form a hemispherical hollow. Manifestly the relative positions of the hands may be reversed. In both cases, however, the tips of the thumbs are bent outward. The physical object of the game is to exercise the hand in bending, and thus increase its flexibility. Its spiritual aim is to strengthen the invisible cord by which the child is tethered to his fellows, and it pursues this aim in the simplest and most natural manner by making family relationships and affections its point of departure.

"Why are the children so busy gathering flowers to fill this pretty basket? Why is their mother cutting the beautiful lilies?"

"Let me look at the picture, darling, and I will tell you what I think. It must be their dear father's birthday. Yes, that is just it. Yonder in the summer-house on the hill sits the father, and if I see rightly he has a pencil in his hand. I am sure he is drawing a pretty picture for his children. He wishes to give them a pleasure on his birthday. Perhaps he is drawing the hills in the early morning light, with the beautiful sun rising so quietly. Perhaps it seems to him that this still sunrise is something like the life of his dear children, or like his own life when he was a little child. His youngest daughter seems to have something of the same feeling. She cannot wait until the large basket is filled with flowers. She has filled a little basket all by herself and runs to give it to her father. 'Here, dear papa,' she says, 'here are some flowers for your birthday. Do you like them? Mother and sister and brother have some more flowers for you, and oh, such pretty ones!'

"'Why, my darling,' says her father, 'your little flowers are beautiful, too. They are so fresh and pure. How glad they make me! How glad everything makes me to-day!'"

"Mother, why is the father so glad?"

"My child, he is glad because the sun shines kindly, because the sky is so blue, because the air is so mild, because the birds are singing and twittering so merrily, because the field is so gay with flowers and so sparkling with dew. Even the old tower yonder in the wood looks as if it was trying to say 'Good-morning' and 'Happy

birthday.' All these things help to make the father glad; but he is telling his little girl that they could not make him happy if he had no sweet daughter, and she had no sister and no brother."

"And no dear, good mother. The father is sure to say that, too."

"Yes, of course he is saying that, too; for he loves the mother, and he knows how dearly she loves him, and all her little children. And what else do you think he is saying? 'Do you know, darling,' he asks, 'who I must thank for all these good things?' The little girl thinks to herself: 'Father ought to have everything that is good, because he is so good himself.' But the father says: 'I must thank God who gave me life, God who gives life to all, God who is the Father of all. He gives me the many good things which make me so happy to-day. When mother and sister and brother come we will thank him together.'*

"This is what the father is saying to his little daughter. Shall you and I thank God, too?"

"Mother, when is my father's birthday?"

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* Here Froebel inserts some rhymes, of which Miss Lord gives the following translation:

"Just as the birds all thankful sing,
As larks poise high on fluttering wing,
As swallows praise Him in their flight,
And flowers bloom towards the light;
And, in the lovely early dawn
A happy smile is on the lawn,
All things with a shout and song
Give forth thanks most glad and strong."

Das Taubenhaus.

„Was das Kind im Innern
fühlt,
Gern es auch im Äußern spielt.
Wie 's Täubchen fliegt in 's
Weite,
Macht 's Ausgehn Kindern
Freude;
Wie 's Täubchen kehrt in 's
Haus zurück,
Wend't 's Kindchen heimwärts
bald den Blick.
Zu Haus laß Pfleg' es finden,
Gefundenes zu winden
In einen bunten Kranz;
Was sich getrennt Iteß finden,
Erzählung mag 's verbinden:
So wird das Leben ganz."

XVI.

THE PIGEON HOUSE.

A GAME TO EXERCISE ARMS, HANDS, AND FINGERS.

CHILDREN ever are projecting
Into play the life within,
Like a magic lantern throwing
Pictures on the waiting screen.

Glad outgoing, sweet home-coming,
In this little game they see;
At the real home-comings, mother,
Gather them about your knee;

Ask them of each sight and happening
In the quiet twilight hour;
Help them weave it all together
Like a garland, flower to flower.

With the years, the larger knowledge
Of life's wholeness then will come,
And its twilight hour will find them
With themselves and God at home.

The position of the hands is shown with tolerable clearness in the drawing. The left arm is vertical and represents a pole; the hands so joined as to suggest a quadrangular form make the pigeon house. The fingers of the right hand are extended and bent to show the opening and closing of the pigeon-house door. By various other movements they represent the pigeons. In order

to exercise and develop both arms equally, the right arm may sometimes make the pole on which the pigeon house is set, while the fingers of the left hand represent the opening and closing door and the flying pigeons.

The baby is delighted to watch his mother play the Pigeon House. When he is old enough to play it himself it gives him still greater joy. The source of this joy is that the game helps him "to stretch his own little life" so that it may include something of the great life of Nature. The yearning to inhale the life of Nature awakens early in the human soul. The young child loves to take it in with long, deep breaths. Hence he longs to be out of doors, and especially to watch the quick, free movements of birds and animals. Mother, cherish this longing, and, whenever possible, give your child that intimacy with Nature which he craves; but do not imagine that his craving can be stilled by any merely external experience. His soul seeks the soul of things. His spirit strives, however unconsciously, to penetrate the phenomenal and transitory; to find the absolute and abiding; to recognise in the particular a deep-lying universal; to discern unity and community in what appears detached and solitary. As child of man, or, in other words, as a particular incarnation of generic humanity, as "child of God," a single vital spark of the divine flame, he seeks and must ever seek *Unity*, the Being that is One in and for itself—God. Foster this effort of the soul, and make your child aware of it as a moving impulse even while its source

and meaning are still incomprehensible to him. Dare not to say to yourself that such spiritual nurture may be given too early. Too early! Do you know when, where, and how spiritual life begins? Can you trace the boundary line between its being and its non-being? In God's world, just because it is God's world, all things develop in unbroken continuity. Therefore revere the impulse which stirs within you to fan the first faint sparks of spiritual life. So doing, the impulse itself will grow strong and clear, and what you bear in your heart will manifest itself increasingly in your life.

It is never too early to begin the nurture of spiritual life. Such nurture may, however, be begun in a wrong way. The mistake lies not in the "when" but in the "how." Your baby must learn to step before he can learn to run; he must learn to stand before he can learn to step; he must strengthen and develop his legs, and indeed his whole body, before with ease and pleasure he can learn to stand. If you force him to stand and walk too soon he will have weak bowlegs; if you keep him too long from walking and standing he will be stiff, clumsy, and awkward. In the law of physical evolution you may read the law of spiritual evolution. Force a premature development of spiritual life and it will be weak and distorted; retard it unduly and it will lack freedom, expansiveness, and grace. How many men and women do we, all of us, know who are going through life with dispositions as deformed as the child's bowlegs? How many do we know

whose souls are wholly unfledged, or have at best mere rudimentary wings? Mother, mother, never forget the interdependence of all the separate stages of life; rear your child in harmony with the universal laws of continuity and degree, and adopt as your motto the words, "The earthly destiny of man is to make his own life a whole, and to understand the wholeness of all life."

But we must not forget our Pigeon House nor the simple law of life which it illustrates. This law seems to be alive in the heart of the mother. It is also stirring in the pulses of every child in the picture. The healthy, active, gleeful baby sitting so securely in his mother's arms never once turns away his glance from the pigeons on the ground; he seems to be trying to catch them with his eyes that he may take them home with him. The little boy in front of the mother stands motionless, his enchanted gaze fixed upon a titmouse who is sitting on a tree near by. From this tree a rotten branch has been cut, and in its hollow stump the titmouse has made her home. She longs to slip into the hole where her babies are waiting for her; yet, in order not to betray them, she sits with head averted from her nest. The little boy is so interested in watching her that he forgets the apple in his hand and comes near dropping it. He is afraid of startling the bird, and whispers so gently that he can scarcely be heard: "Mother, look at the tree yonder; do you see where the bough has been cut away? do you see a little hole? I think there is a nest in it." His sympathetic mother begins to

walk more slowly and softly, and turns her glance towards the anxious little mother bird.

The two children who are coming home from a walk must have seen something of real importance to their own lives, for they are evidently completely absorbed in what they are saying to each other about it.

On the right of our picture sits a mother talking with her little son. Let us listen to their conversation.

"Tell me, dear, where you have been."

"In the yard, in the garden, in the field, in the meadow, at the pond, by the brook."

"And what beautiful things did my darling see?"

"Pigeons and chickens; geese and ducks; swallows and sparrows; larks and finches; ravens, magpies, water wagtails and titmice; bees, beetles, butterflies, and humble-bees."

"Where did you see the pigeons and chickens?"

"In the yard, mother; they were picking up grains of wheat and eating them. How fast the little chickens ran whenever they found anything to eat, or when the old rooster called to them that he had found something! The pigeons could not run so fast as the chickens; neither could the ravens I saw in the field. One raven ran almost as a pigeon runs, and the black pigeon when it was running looked like a raven. But how the ravens and magpies could hop! So could the water wagtails and the sparrows. It is such fun to see them hopping about on their little

stiff legs! Oh, mother, you must go with me to the fields some day and let me show them to you. And the geese and ducks, how they swim and dive! They can fly, too, for they flew straight over my head and away to the pond. How they frightened me!"

"Why shouldn't they fly, my child? They are birds, just like the pigeons and chickens, the swallows and sparrows, the finches and the larks."

"Mother, are pigeons and hens birds?"

"My child, haven't they feathers, haven't they wings, haven't they two legs, as all other birds have?"

"But pigeons live in the pigeon house, and chickens don't fly!"

"Chickens have only forgotten how to fly because they fly so little. If we wish not to forget a thing we must always keep on doing it. As for the pigeons, why shouldn't they live in the pigeon house? Sparrows and swallows are birds, and they live in houses and under roofs."

"Mother, are bees and beetles and butterflies birds, too? They have wings, and can fly much higher than chickens and ducks."

"Yes, they can fly, but they have no feathers and build no little nests. Besides, there are many things birds have which bees and butterflies have not. They are *animals*, for they can move as they wish. They also have something which birds have not. Look at this beetle, and then at this little fly. See, they have a notch here, and another there. We call these

notches sections, and the little notched creatures insects." *

"Mother, when I again go out of doors you must go with me."

"I cannot promise to go with you, my darling, for I have much to do. I must put the house in order, cook you something to eat, and make you some little clothes. Out of doors everything is in beautiful order; each thing has its own place, each has its own work, which it does with joy. It seems to me I can hear the dear God who made this beautiful, orderly world saying to me, 'Wife, mother, in your little home everything must be in order, and every person in the house must do his work at the right time.' But this is not all he says to me. He tells me that every person in the whole world must find his right place, and do his right work at the right time. He tells me that while my child is still young and small he may flutter about, exercising his strength as birds exercise their wings. After a while he must be like the firmly rooted apple tree, so that his life may bear healthy fruit. But be sure, dear, when *you* go out of doors to see all you can, so that you may have much to tell me when you come home."

"Mother, to-morrow I am going again to the fields. When I come home I shall have new things to tell you, and you will explain to me again what the dear God is saying."

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* I borrow this translation of *Kerben* and *Kerbthiere* from Miss Lord.

Postscript.—Teaching and learning go on all through man's life. The oldest teacher has much to learn, and must always be ready to let himself be taught by animals, trees, and stones, as well as by men. Here is a lesson I have learned lately from the pigeons: While making a round of visits, I spent some days with a friend who was a great pigeon fancier. My room was near the pigeon house and I often heard the birds talking together, particularly when they had been off for a flight. This experience led to the following addition to my pigeon song:

> And when they get home you will hear them say,
> "'How happy we were out of doors to-day—
> Coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo!'"

The children were pleased to think that the pigeons told each other about their merry flights, and were the more ready to tell all they had themselves seen and heard when out of doors.

Mother, a story told at the right time is a looking-glass for the mind."

XVII.

NAMING THE FINGERS.

Count your baby's rosy fingers,
Name them for him, one by one;
Teach him how to use them deftly,
Ere the dimples are all gone;
So, still gaining skill with service,
All he does will be well done.

Everybody knows how to count on the fingers, and how to hold the hand while so doing. The position of the hand is also shown clearly in the picture. It is necessary, however, to say a few words with regard to the significance of this little play.

The traditional counting games, so well known in every nursery, seemed to me either to be silly and meaningless, or to say many things I would not willingly have children hear. On the other hand, some form of counting game appeared to me important from several points of view. These points of view I have endeavoured to make clear in my little songs and in the mottoes prefixed to them. I have also tried to preserve some echo of the traditional words.

Naming the Fingers, the first of my series of counting plays, directs the child's attention to the names of his fingers (index finger, middle

Das Däumchen ein Pfläumchen.

„Lehr' Dein Kind früh seine Glieder kennen,
Lehr' es sie deutlich auch benennen;
Doch noch mehr, lehr' recht es sie gebrauchen,
Daß, was es einst macht, auch möge taugen."

finger, ring or gold finger, little finger), and suggests how these names arose. I have not thought it necessary to give the genesis of the word thumb, which undoubtedly comes from *dam*, and has been applied to the thumb because it seems to form a dam or barrier.* Simple connections of this kind between word and thing should, whenever possible, be pointed out to children. By noticing them the mind escapes from superficiality and forms habits of comparison and reflection.

The artist has intentionally represented the fingers of the left hand as women and little girls, those of the right hand as men and boys. Is he hinting to us the harmony which should exist between the intellect and the heart? If I understand him aright, he has striven in many ways to suggest that high and noble accord, that cheerful co-operation so necessary in family life and in the larger institutions of civil society and state.

"Look at the mother who is carrying her little daughter on her arm. What is she doing?" "I think she is teaching baby the names of her fingers. She is also trying to teach her how to use them. She hopes that when baby grows older she will be like the two little girls who are busy sewing and spinning; like the two children in the garden who are planting flowers; like the

* Froebel is not reliable in his etymologies. Thumb is from a root signifying to grow large or increase, and so means the *thick* finger.—TRANSLATOR.

sturdy boy who is climbing a tree to get them some plums."

"Mother, may I climb a tree?"

"Yes, when you are stronger, and when you have learned to keep your balance."

XVIII.

THE GREETING.

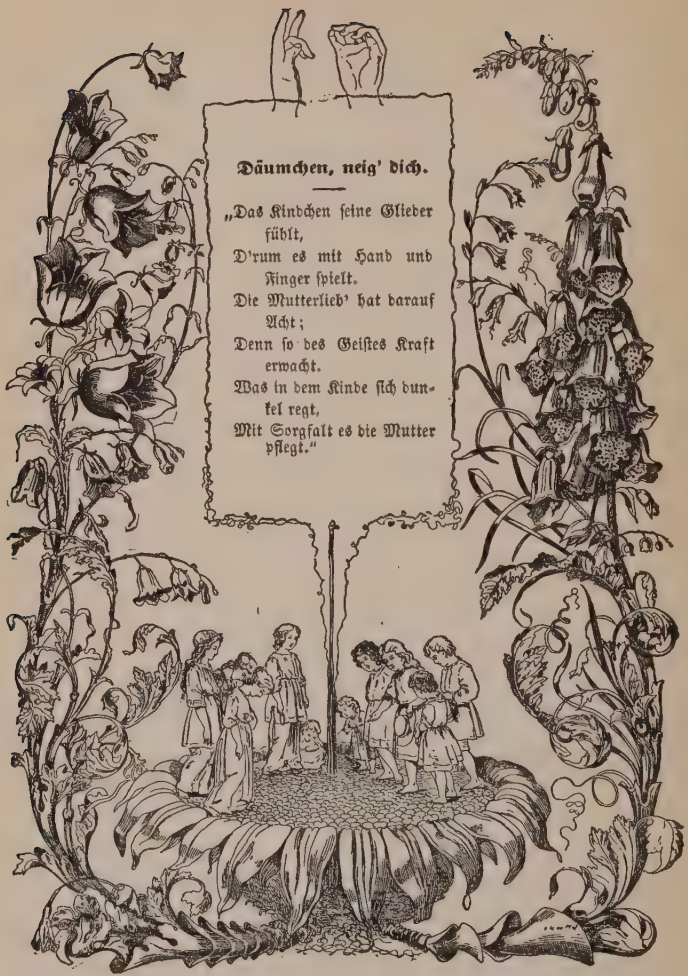
Ah, what a wondrous gift of God
  Our human bodies are,
Still serving us from day to day,
Both in our work and in our play,
  Without a break or jar!

Dear mother, when you see your babe
  Play with his tiny hands,
As though just learning they were his,
Remember, here a lesson is
  For one who understands.

Oh, help him, as his body grows
  To feel it is God-given,
So that in all earth's happy ways,
Through peaceful nights and busy days,
  His life may forecast heaven!

The manner of playing this little game is explained by song and picture. Its inner meaning is disclosed by the motto. It requires, therefore, only a few words by way of commentary.

There is a general and increasing lament over the indelicate actions into which little children in their blindness are prone to fall; and, alas! the most cursory observation proves that the lament is only too widely justified. Experiences of this nature wound the delicacy, destroy the modesty, and stain the purity of the soul. What shall we do to get rid of this sneaking pestilence



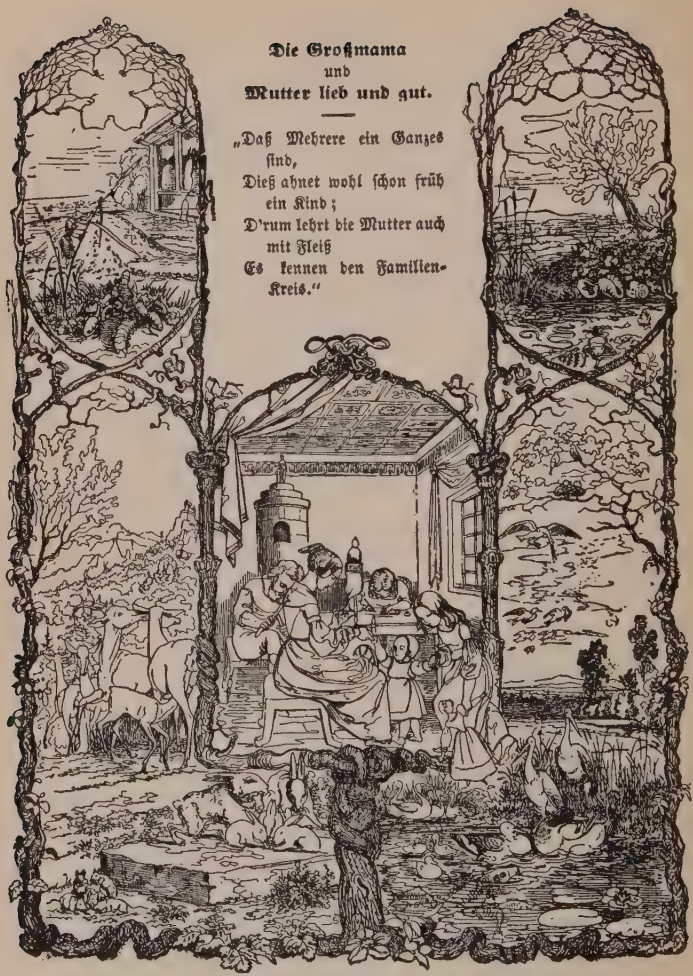
Däumchen, neig' dich.

„Das Kindchen seine Glieder
fühlt,
D'rum es mit Hand und
Finger spielt.
Die Mutterlieb' hat darauf
Acht;
Denn so des Geistes Kraft
erwacht.
Was in dem Kinde sich dun-
kel regt,
Mit Sorgfalt es die Mutter
pflegt."

which poisons all that is noblest in the child, and whose taint continues to infect his later life?

There is but one means of avoiding wrong activity; but rejoice, friends of childhood and humanity, for it is a sure preventive. This preventive is right activity—an activity as persistent as it is fit and lawful; an activity which is not of the body alone, nor yet alone of the heart or head; an activity wherein are blended body and soul, feeling and thought.

To capacitate the child for this pure and complete activity, we must begin in infancy to exercise and discipline hands and fingers. In order to avoid vacuity of mind we must make this exercise a means of opening to the soul the inner life of surrounding objects. To point out how this double aim may be accomplished is one of the prime objects of my nursery plays.



Die Großmama
und
Mutter lieb und gut.

„Daß Mehrere ein Ganzes
sind,
Dieß ahnet wohl schon früh
ein Kind;
D'rum lehrt die Mutter auch
mit Fleiß
Es kennen den Familien-
Kreis."

XIX.

THE FAMILY.

When baby's eyes first open to the light,
The same dear household faces meet his sight,
  Which, as months change to years, he learns to love.
Oh, teach him that the dear ones of his home,
Both now and in the years which are to come,
  Beneath one roof, or wheresoe'er they rove,
Are *one dear family!*—more closely bound
By love than if by iron girded round.

If there is one thing which more than any other demands to be rightly apprehended and reverently cherished it is the life of the family. Family life! Family life! Who shall fathom thy depths? Who shall declare thy meaning? How shall I compress into the few words I may permit myself any idea of thy sacred import?

Thou art the sanctuary of humanity; thou art the temple wherein the flame of divinity is kept alive and burning. Let me be frank and outspoken. Thou art more than school and Church! Thou art greater than all the institutions which necessity has called into being for the protection of life and property! Without the conscience to which thou givest birth, without the reflection which thou dost foster, the school is but a sterile egg—an egg which con-

tains indeed nourishing material but lacks the germ of life. Without thee, what are altar and temple? Thou must anoint thy members with the oil of consecration. Then shall they seek with heart and mind, with love and thought, the altar of the one true God, learn with reverence to understand his revelation, and with strenuous will obey his law. And once more, O family! thou art the security of all institutions, offensive and defensive, whose object is to maintain law and justice. For he who is reared in a family unhallowed by the presence of justice and of law tends to become a scoffer of the one and a rebel against the other.

Therefore, mother, strive to awaken in the soul of your child, even in infancy, some premonition of the nature of a living whole, and particularly some glimpse into the meaning of the family whole. So doing you will lay the foundations for true and vigorous and harmonious life. For where wholeness is there is life, or at least the germ of life; where division is, even if it be only halfness, there is death, or at least the germ of death.

In picturing the family, the relationships of grandfather, grandmother, father, mother, and child should be thrown into clear relief. In the relationship of his parents to his grandparents the child beholds, as in a mirror, his own relationship to father and mother. As he stands to his father and mother, so they stand to his grandfather and grandmother. Conversely, parents behold a reflection of their relationship to their

child in the relationship of his grandparents to themselves. To apprehend the manifold aspects of this double relationship is undoubtedly of the highest importance for the inner life and development of the child. Doubtless our artist felt its significance, for he shows us repeatedly in his picture a living whole of five members, giving us hints of it even in the forms of flowers. In connection with these flowers there seems to have hovered before his mind a fancy which it may be worth while to mention. Not only all kernel and stone fruits, but all plants belonging to the family group they represent, accentuate the number five in their blossoms. Has the pleasant flavour of these fruits anything to do with this pervading law?

Beim Dämmchen sag' ich Eins.

„Welch' große Kunst das Zählen ist,
Nein! der Mensch es nicht ermißt;
Welche Kunst, er ahnet 's kaum,
Sich zu finden in dem Raum.
Ja, das richt'ge Zählen
Lehrt uns Rechtes wählen,
Lehrt uns Schlechtes meiden,
Giebt so echte Freuden."

XX.

NUMBERING THE FINGERS.

THE baby sits upon his mother's knee,
Repeating after her,
  With wide-eyed earnestness
And pretty baby-lisp, his "one—two—three."
  Nor babe nor mother guess
That they have touched the key
Which opens realms of thought wide as eternity!

For without number, where were form or size,
Or measure? lacking which
  All were but chaos here.
Or where proportion? which at length doth rise
  Into the higher sphere
Of thought, to make it wise,
And fit to measure right and wrong with calm, clear eyes.

I lay the thumb in its natural position, the nail resting against the index finger. As I name and count each successive finger I bend it towards my extended palm. I am careful not to close the fingers over the thumb. When all the fingers have been thus bent inward the position of the hands suggests quiet and repose. The song and picture explain that each finger is a sleeping child.

Rest and sleep are expressed in every detail of the picture. The poppies are asleep, so also are the five little birds in the tree. But slumber is

only life in repose. In like manner, life and meaning slumber in our counting game. Without number, as expressed in rhythm, there could be no poem; without number, as expressed in measure and accent, there could be no music. A single false count, a single miscalculation, may impoverish your whole life. Never shall your loss be entirely made good. Only by painful effort can it be in part repaired.

The young child seems to have some inkling of the importance of number. Who does not know how children love to count? Who does not remember how in his own childhood he delighted in all forms of counting games? Let us endeavour to freight this impulse with its true meaning by directing attention to the manifold applications of number, and especially to the relationships between number and form, as manifested in the objects of nature.

XXI.

THE FINGER PIANO.

One—two—three—four—five, you sing;
Baby listens, as you swing
Back and forth with changing numbers,
Till at last the music slumbers
With a folded wing.

Five—four—three—two—as each tone
Marks the rhythm—three—two—one;
Baby eyes your moving fingers
With an eager look that lingers
When the song is done.

For a something in his heart
Answers to your simple art;
And, like silent bells set ringing,
Makes the little song you're singing
Seem of him a part.

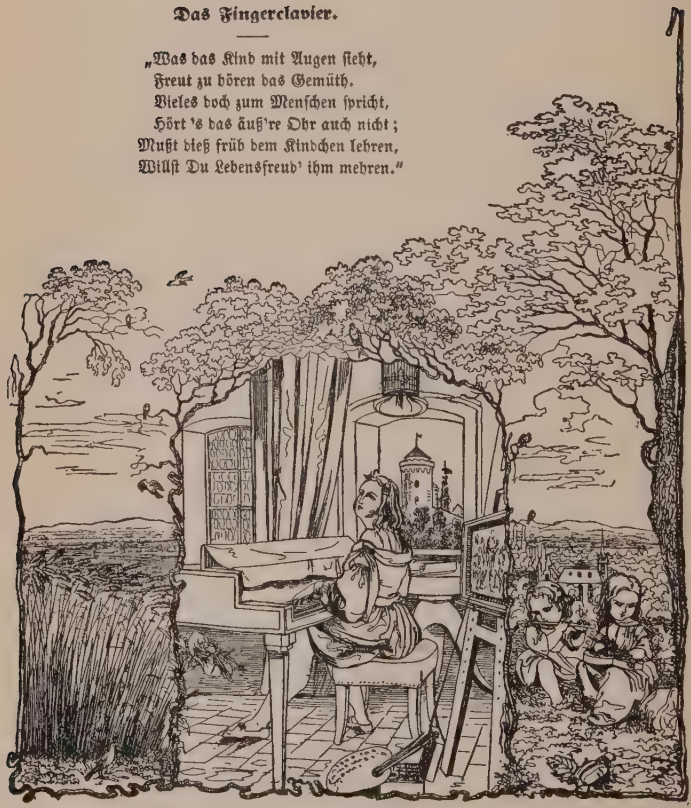
All the music which we hear,
Listening with the outward ear,
Would be powerless to win us,
If there lived not deep within us
Its innate idea.

All the universe seems set
To a measure, when we get
Near enough to hear the beating
Of its heart, and, by repeating,
Learn its alphabet.

Then the soul is often stirred
With some harmony unheard
By the ear—all rhythmic motion,
Blended hues or fair proportion,
Justify this word.

Das Fingerclavier.

„Was das Kind mit Augen sieht,
Freut zu hören das Gemüth.
Vieles doch zum Menschen spricht,
Hört 's das äuß're Ohr auch nicht;
Mußt dieß früh dem Kindchen lehren,
Willst Du Lebensfreud' ihm mehren."



In all Nature is no schism—
When we have received this chrism,
Flower bells chime for sunny weather,
And the colours sing together
In the trembling prism.

The fingers of the left hand represent the keys of a piano. They are slightly bent at the middle joint, and thus gain a certain elasticity. The fingers of the right hand press upon them as in the act of playing on the piano.

In the commentary to the preceding song I alluded to the relationship between number and music. Through playing the finger piano the child wins from his practical experience some remote idea of the relationship of number not only to melody and time, but also to that organisation of movement which we call measure.

Have you ever reflected upon the important bearings of measure, rhythm, and proportion upon man's daily life? He who in all things obeys the law of measure is a man of tact. Do you wish to develop this fine tact in your child? Do you desire that his life shall be a musical and harmonious one? If so, cultivate his love of song and his ability to sing.

A teacher of my acquaintance complains that, as compared with the Italians, we Germans lack musical ear and have untrained vocal organs. She attributes these defects to the fact that we give no adequate training in singing either to our children or our youth. Through this defect in our education we practically close the gates of the glad free world of song.

Mother, retrieve this error in the education of your dear child. Then, by the influence which from song radiates upon his whole life, you will perceive with what a jewel you have enriched him. Moreover, in cultivating your child's power of song you will yourself learn to sing, or at the very least to enjoy and appreciate singing.

Higher and more important than the cultivation of man's outer ear is the culture of that inner sense of harmony whereby the soul learns to perceive sweet accord in soundless things, and to discern within itself harmonies and discords. The importance of wakening the inner ear to this music of the soul can scarcely be exaggerated. Learning to hear it within, the child will strive to give it outer form and expression; and even if in such effort he is only partially successful, he will gain thereby the power to appreciate the more successful effort of others. Thus enriching his own life by the life of others, he solves the problem of development. How else were it possible within the quickly fleeting hours of mortal life to develop our being in all directions, to fathom its depths, scale its heights, measure its boundaries? What we are, what we would be, we must learn to recognise in the mirror of all other lives. By the effort of each and the recognition of all the divine man is revealed in humanity.

And now may I say just a word about the charming picture which illustrates this play? Mother, try to make your child feel its music. The whole picture is melody. Everything in it is singing, or listening to song. The swaying

wheat sings. The lark in its midst listens. The fragrance of the convolvulus is sweet music to the bees, and they accompany it with their whirring wings. The many-coloured bird perched in the bushy tree above the head of the musician has flown near the head of the sound-stream in order that not one of its waves may escape him. The canary in the cage flutters and twitters, as if trying to say, "Recognise in least and smallest things the great Creator's might." How sweetly yonder little brother and sister are playing! And how absorbed they are in the music they are making! This is what I call harmony of life. The artist could not have pictured it more beautifully. The little birds above the boy's head have flown as near as possible so that they may hear well. The lark, that master of song, cannot refrain from joining in the music and making its rhythm visible in the movement of his wings. Even the dull-eared beetle forsakes the leaf he has been nibbling in order to get nearer to the music. The colours say, "We, too, must take part in the symphony," and their glowing and accordant hues make music for the eye. The heads of wheat paint themselves with gold. The lark takes on the colour of the earth, in order that earth's sheltering furrows may protect her from capture. The faithful cornflower reflects the azure sky. The home-loving bee dons a suit of workaday brown. Pink are the cheeks of the children, golden brown the boy's curling locks, while the flaxen hair of the little girl makes a fair setting for her bright blue eyes. Round

them all the atmosphere throws its veil of misty blue. Through it streams the golden sunlight, that the green of hope may clothe the children of earth. The beetle stays his droning flight, and lo! upon his broad back the colours meet as upon a painter's palette.

XXII.

HAPPY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Dear mother, when the busy day is done,
And sleeping lies each tired little one,
Then fold your own hands on a heart at rest,
And sleep with them upon God's loving breast.

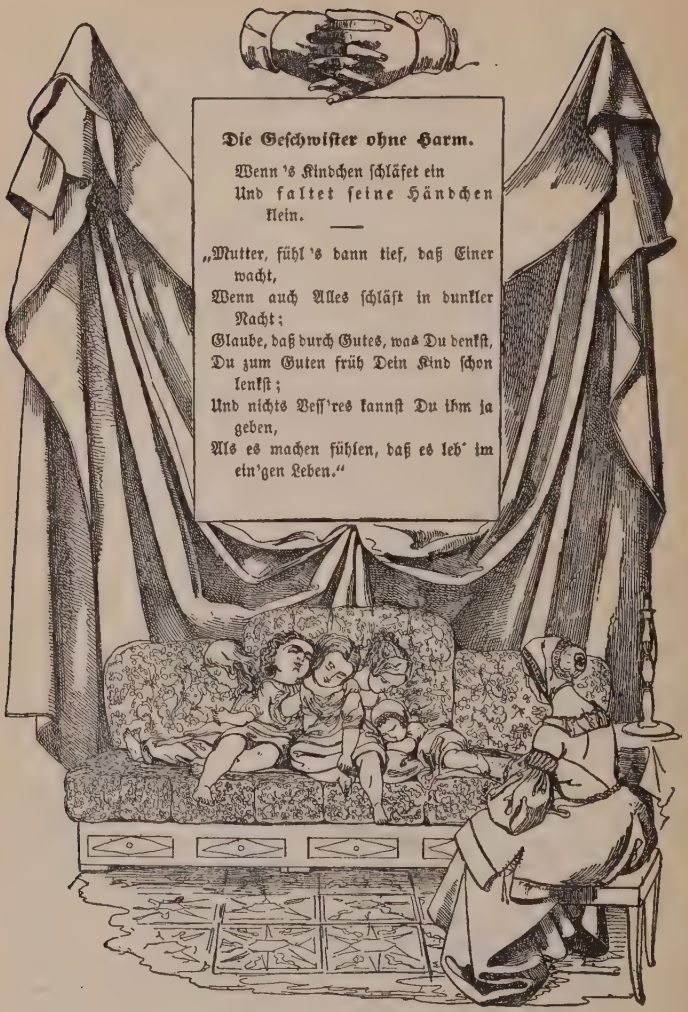
The love that gave you such a sacred charge
Is passing tender and exceeding large!
Oh, trust it utterly, and it will pour
Into each crevice of your life its store.

Then things unworthy shall no more find room,
And like a sweet contagion in your home
Your life shall be. A life that's hid in God
Tells its great secret without spoken word.

The gesture which accompanies this song is perfectly simple. It is shown clearly in the drawing. I need only mention that, in conformity with the idea and evolution of the song, the fingers should be very slowly intertwined.

No phase of the process of nurture is more tender, more important, and more difficult than the nurture of that hidden life of the heart and the prescient imagination out of which proceeds all that is highest and holiest in individual man and in humanity, and whose perfect blossom is a soul at one with God in thought, word, and deed.

We have already asked ourselves when and how this inner life begins. It is like the seed



Die Geschwister ohne Harm.

Wenn 's Kindchen schläfet ein
Und faltet seine Händchen klein.

„Mutter, fühl 's dann tief, daß Einer wacht,
Wenn auch Alles schläft in dunkler Nacht;
Glaube, daß durch Gutes, was Du denkst,
Du zum Guten früh Dein Kind schon lenkst;
Und nichts Bess'res kannst Du ihm ja geben,
Als es machen fühlen, daß es leb' im ein'gen Leben."

which germinates in darkness, and which is growing long before its growth is outwardly visible. It is like the stars which astronomers tell us are shining long before their beams fall upon our eyes.

We cannot catch the first faint breaths of spiritual life, and the moment when the tendency towards God is born passes silent and unnoticed. To nurture this tendency prematurely is like exposing a seed too early to nourishing moisture and developing light. If, on the other hand, spiritual nurture is tardy or feeble, the result must likewise be a dwarfed or abortive growth.

What, then, shall we do? Let me answer this question by asking another: How does the life of the spirit make itself outwardly visible? With what gesture do we associate its birth and development? What act seems to us to be its physical analogue? In a word, do we not, each and all of us, connect devout feeling with clasped or folded hands?

And yet, what possible correspondence can there be between folded hands and the inner life? Is not this gesture merely accidental or conventional? How can that which is accidental or conventional have any necessary connection with man's inner life?

Between the inner life and its outward expression the connection must be a necessary one, and if this be so we should be able to discover some common characteristic. What, then, is the quality common to the devout mind and the

folded hands? I answer, "It is collectedness, the gathering together of the forces of life." The folding of the hands is therefore no accidental phenomenon. It is the outward and visible sign of an inward collectedness, and, as such, is rooted in the depths of the universal heart. Much might be said on this subject were it permissible for me to discuss it in more detail. But enough!

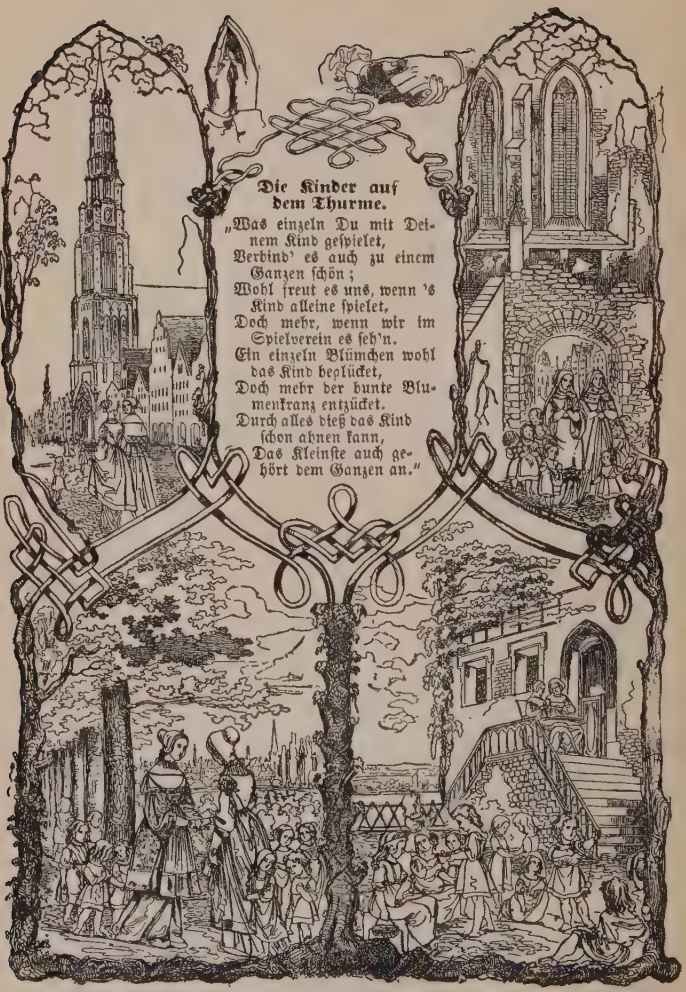
Recognising the correspondence between the two orders of life, we may mark the moment when the soul begins to collect her force and thus win a point of departure for the culture of spiritual life. For who has not noticed that at a certain period of development little children love to fold their hands, and that when they do this of themselves their attitude and expression prove that out of disjointed fragments of feeling, thought, and will, they have gathered themselves together in a living unity. We need have no fear that a tender nurture of this collectedness will prove injurious, for without collectedness the soul can neither strengthen nor unfold her powers.

In the conviction I have expressed is rooted the song we are now considering. The motto accompanying it points out that the mother must possess in herself the inner unity of life which she would cherish in her child.

In calling the fingers children, and not only children, but brothers and sisters, we simply take a forward step upon an already broken path. We should also by this time be familiar with the thought that children love to see their

own inner life mirrored in a life which is alien to them. To behold these reflections is a help always, a hindrance never, to the growth of the soul.

Therefore, when your darling shows you that he has reached the requisite plane of development, let him look quietly at the sweet faces of the children in this picture and at their devout and gentle mother.



Die Kinder auf dem Thurme.

„Was einzeln Du mit Deinem Kind gespielet,
Verbind' es auch zu einem Ganzen schön;
Wohl freut es uns, wenn 's Kind alleine spielet,
Doch mehr, wenn wir im Spielverein es seh'n.
Ein einzeln Blümchen wohl das Kind beglücket,
Doch mehr der bunte Blumenkranz entzücket.
Durch alles dieß das Kind schon ahnen kann,
Das Kleinste auch gehört dem Ganzen an."

XXIII.

THE CHILDREN ON THE TOWER.

A CHILD at play we think a pretty sight;
A band of playmates gives us more delight.
The child may love a blossom, red or white,
But more a wreath in which all hues unite.

And so, dear mother, weave these little plays
Which have beguiled your baby's happy days.
Many in one he sees; and through the maze
Of his young mind a great truth sends its rays.

That this play is a grouping together of all the games which precede it is suggested in the motto. In the beginning of the game the hands are held apart; at the words, "A-visiting now they come," they are clapped together. The song itself, taken in connection with those which precede it, will suggest all other requisite positions and gestures.

The position of the hands and fingers, representing the grandmothers going into the church, and the gesture expressive of thanks, may both be seen in the illustration which accompanies this song. The gesture of prayer is well known. Nevertheless, I have thought it well to picture it in the illustration to the song of "Happy Brothers and Sisters."

The four divisions of the picture which illustrates the play now under consideration interpret

themselves, and you will have no difficulty in explaining them to your questioning child. The group in the lower left-hand picture shows the visiting fingers. Each group of children is led by a grandmother. The lower right-hand picture shows the children chatting together about the flower basket, the bird's nest, the egg, the pigeon house, the ball. The grandmothers sitting quietly on a balcony rejoice in the happy play of the children. In the third picture the two grandmothers are going to church, and the children are climbing or preparing to climb the tower. The fourth picture shows the fallen tower, while from the church emerge unharmed and grateful the grandmothers and all the little children.

Studying this play and picture you will learn much which will be helpful to you in your efforts to cherish the inner life of your child. Such suggestions, however, spring so easily and naturally from the play itself, and from a consideration of its relationship to all preceding plays, that further comments would merely cramp and fetter you.

NOTE.—With the Children on the Tower ends what may be called Part I of the Mother Play. It is a review game wherein preceding plays are brought together, and the heart of the child is stirred with some faint premonition of his own life as a process of becoming. The games which follow it respond to an ever-increasing consciousness of self and an ever-deepening sense of social relationship.

Each of these main divisions of the Mother Play is again divided into two parts. In the first division the break is marked by the game of The Target; in the second, by the game of The Knights and the Good Child. For an explanation of the inner significance of these transitions, see my book on Symbolic Education, pages 157–163.

Das Kind und der Mond.

Komm, Kindchen, schau den Mond,
Der dort am Himmel wohnt.
„Komm, Mond, komm doch geschwind
Herber zum lieben Kind!“
„Wohl käm' ich zu Dir gern,
Doch wohn' ich gar zu fern,
Kann aus dem blauen Haus
Hier oben nicht heraus.
Weil ich kann kommen nicht,
Send' ich mein helles Licht;
Um 's Kindchen zu erfreun,
Schick' ich dem milden Schein;
Und bin ich auch nicht nah,
Bin ich in Lieb' doch da.
Sei, Kindchen, nur recht fromm,
Von Zeit zu Zeit ich komm.
Und freundlich ich dann schicke
Dir meine Liebesblicke;
Wir grüßen uns dann beide,
Gemeinsam uns zur Freude.“
„Leb' wohl, leb' wohl! mein Mond
Mit Liebe, Liebe lohnt.“

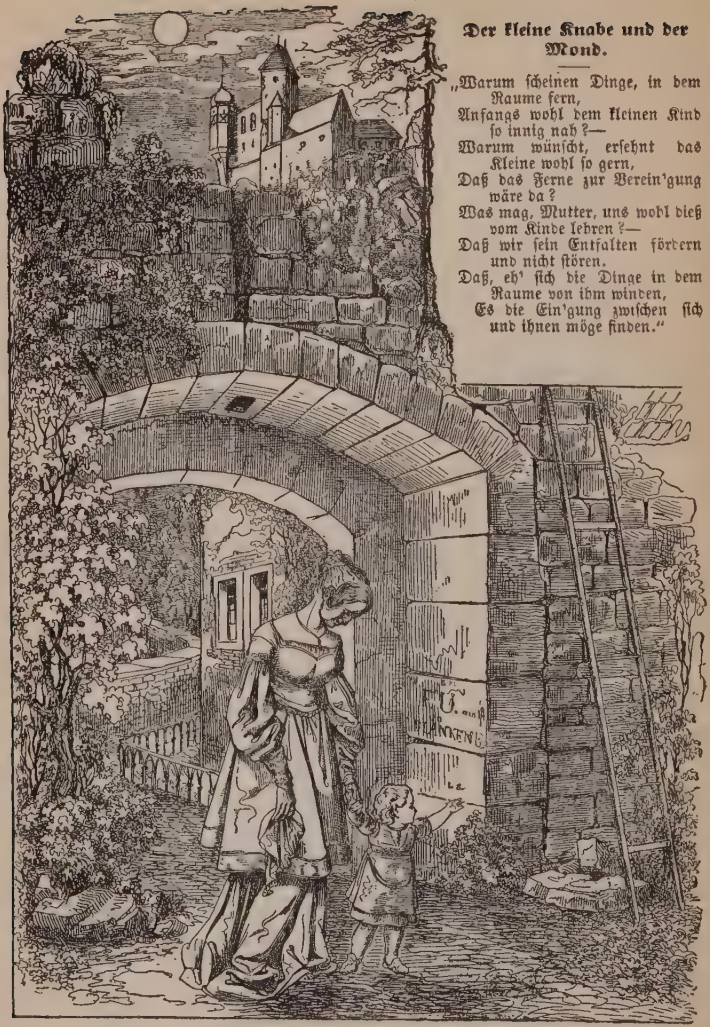
XXIV.

THE CHILD AND THE MOON.

This song requires no interpretation. What mother is ignorant of the attraction of the moon for the child? What mother does not know that this attraction is so great that it often renders him insensible to pain?

As the child is drawn by the moon, so in maturer years our souls are drawn by spiritual light. As the sight of the moon stills the child's pain, so the vision of the heavenly light makes man oblivious of all earthly ills.

This little song is intended simply to illustrate to you how you may make the moon's attraction a point of departure for the development of that spiritual attraction of which it is but the vanishing symbol.



Der kleine Knabe und der Mond.

„Warum scheinen Dinge, in dem Raume fern,
Anfangs wohl dem kleinen Kind so innig nah?—
Warum wünscht, ersehnt das Kleine wohl so gern,
Daß das Ferne zur Verein'gung wäre da?
Was mag, Mutter, uns wohl dieß vom Kinde lehren?—
Daß wir sein Entfalten fördern und nicht stören,
Daß, eh' sich die Dinge in dem Raume von ihm winden,
Es die Ein'gung zwischen sich und ihnen möge finden."

XXV.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE MOON.

Why does the white moon, floating far
  In distant realms of blue,
And shedding thence its lustre mild,
Seem so much nearer to your child
  Than e'er it seems to you?

It is not that he sees amiss,
  Or that your eyes are dim:
Herein a higher truth is taught—
Make it a part of your own thought,
  Then give it back to him!

He stretches now a baby hand
  To grasp the heavenly light.
Oh, may no barrier ever rise
To make him with the years less wise,
  Or dim his longing sight!

Then hasten not to break the spell
  Which holds him in sweet thrall;
Translate it rather, that it seem
In years to come no childish dream
  To be at one with all!

This song was suggested by an incident from real life. The motto explains the symbolic import of a phenomenon which is recurrent in child, and especially in boy, life. We too often ignore the child's wonder at the moon and the starry heavens. Hence it collapses into formless and empty astonishment. We should recognise in

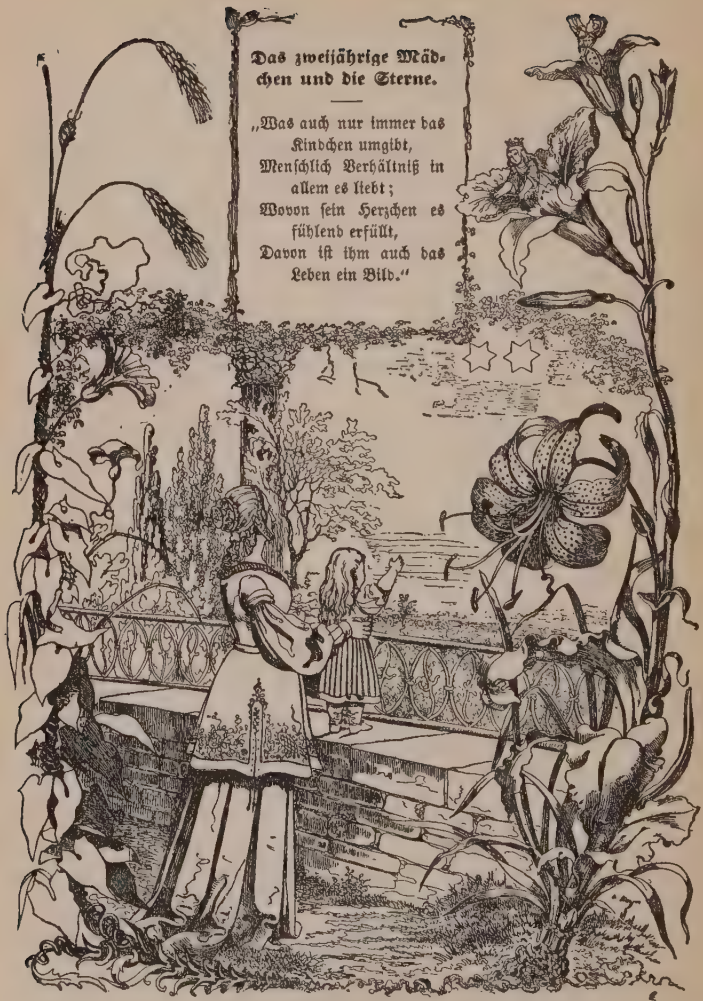
such wonder a question asked by the soul, and should so answer it as to prepare the child for a true apperception of the heavenly bodies. Thus it is easy to direct the attention of even very young children to the way in which the moon seems to swim through the clouds, and to her often clearly perceptible spherical form.

The wonder of the soul in presence of the heavenly lights also opens for us a path over which we may guide the child towards some inner apprehension of the being of their Creator. In an age when all detached and outward phenomena are instinctively grasped in identity with an inner and unifying life, it is easy to direct imagination from the heavens to Him whose glory they declare. A hint as to the method of doing this will, however, be given in our next song.

Confronted by objects whose nature he is not able to apprehend, the child accepts with simple faith the explanations of his elders. Whether such explanations be true or false he believes them with equal ease, and this is especially the case when they are connected with and seemingly verified by his own perceptions. Hence, by false explanations the child may be led to conceive the moon as a man and the stars as gold pins or burning lamps. On the other hand, by means of true though necessarily partial explanations, he may recognise in the former a beautiful, shining, swimming ball, and in the latter great blazing suns which look so tiny only because they are so far off.

The one way of looking at moon and stars de-

spite its apparent life is barren and lifeless; the other bears within it a seed of thought which may later develop into rational insight. Why should we withhold from the child the living and life-giving explanation and weigh him down with a dead one? Truth is harmful never; error is harmful always, even though it may sometimes lead to the truth.



Das zweijährige Mädchen und die Sterne.

„Was auch nur immer das
Kindchen umgibt,
Menschlich Verhältniß in
allem es liebt;
Wovon sein Herzchen es
fühlend erfüllt,
Davon ist ihm auch das
Leben ein Bild."

XXVI.

THE LITTLE MAIDEN AND THE STARS.

The young child loves in phantasy to see
Human relationships in star or tree,
Or anything that may about him be.

Nature and life around him seem a glass,
To mirror that which fills his heart. Alas,
That with the years the childish dream should pass!

But break it not, until its hidden thought
Into more lasting meaning has been caught.
Once gone, with pain and tears it must be bought.

All that is noble in your child is stirred,
And every energy to action spurred
By Nature's silent, oft-repeated word.

He sees the moon glide on her silver way;
He sees the stars return with closing day;
He sees each plant some hidden law obey.

No wonder that he thinks an inner spring
Of love creative lives in everything,
And bids it to his life an offering bring.

And as the bright unbroken chain returns
In beauty on itself, his spirit yearns
Towards that great love which dimly he discerns.

A child's conceit? Nay, larger truth indeed,
Which shall sustain him in his later need—
A faith too deep for any written creed.

Like its predecessor, this song was suggested by an actual occurrence. Two bright planets were in near conjunction. A little two-year-

old girl, looking at them, exclaimed with joy, "Father-and-mother stars!"

We all know the tendency of childhood to impute to inanimate objects human life and human relationships. The incident just recorded is, however, a striking illustration of this tendency, for no one knew how the little girl had fallen upon the comparison and connection of ideas which her cry implied.

Thus much is sure: the inner life of childhood may be deepened and strengthened by cherishing the impulse to impute personal life to inanimate objects. Loyally obeying the hint thrown out by the soul, we may aid its struggle towards the insight that it is one spirit which lives in all and works through all.

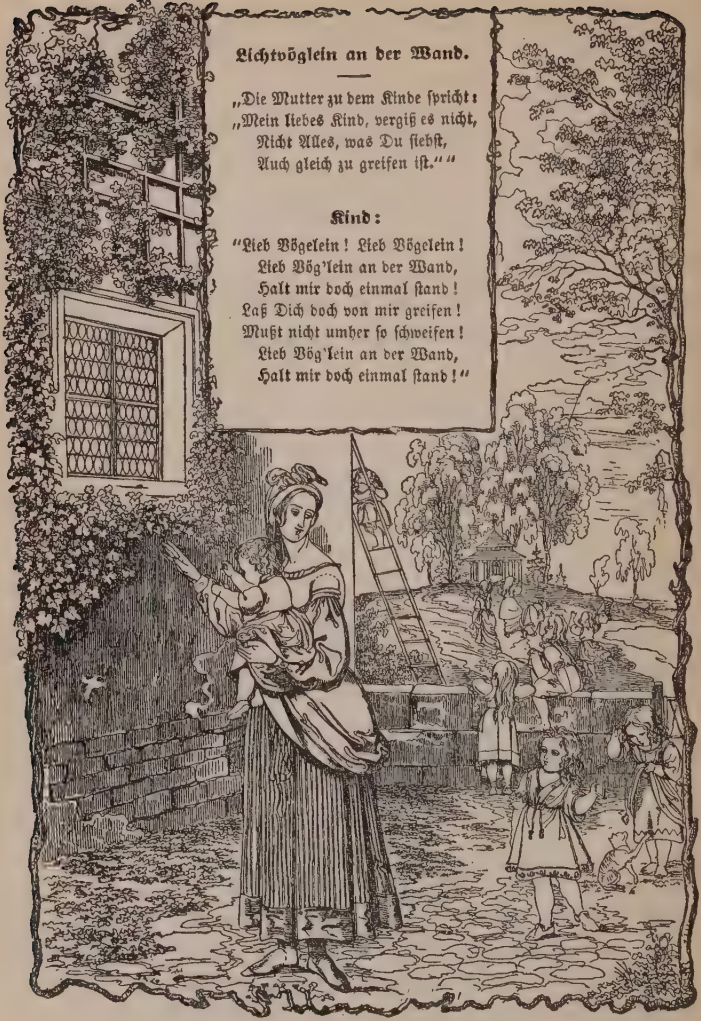
XXVII.

THE LIGHT-BIRD.

We most do own what we own not,
  But which is free to all.
The sunset light upon the sea,
A passing strain of melody,
  Are ours beyond recall.

The soul has many capacities, yet it is a single and indivisible unit. The child's first knowledge is a knowledge of his own being as an undifferentiated totality. It is of the utmost importance to his inner and outer development—and, indeed, to the whole course of his life—that his feeling of the unity of his being should be a strong and living one before he descends into the consciousness and culture of specific powers. The manifestations of infancy prove beyond dispute that the order of development is from the universal to the particular, and that all distinctions in thought and feeling arise through a process of specification.

How different are the motor activities from the activities of sense, yet how each reacts upon the other! Each one of our little plays has shown us either the recoil of movement upon sensation or the recoil of sensation upon movement. Even our very simple Play with the Limbs incited to



Lichtvöglein an der Wand.

„Die Mutter zu dem Kinde spricht:
„Mein liebes Kind, vergiß es nicht,
Nicht Alles, was Du siehst,
Auch gleich zu greifen ist.“ “

Kind:

“Lieb Vögelein! Lieb Vögelein!
Lieb Vög'lein an der Wand,
Halt mir doch einmal stand!
Laß Dich doch von mir greifen!
Mußt nicht umher so schweifen!
Lieb Vög'lein an der Wand,
Halt mir doch einmal stand!“

activity the sense of sight, while conversely we learned from the song of The Boy and the Moon how the sensation of sight reacts upon the activity of body and limbs.

Not only is there a reaction between motor activity and the energy of sense, but the activity of one sense excites the activity of the other senses. The reaction of hearing upon sight will be evident to any one who will notice how much more strongly visible things appeal to the child when interpreted by word and tone. Hence the instinctive mother always links object and word, and clothes the word with a garment of song. On the other hand, vision reacts upon and incites to activity the organ of hearing. The original implicit unity of the different senses is further shown by the fact that what the baby sees and feels he also tries to taste, and everything his hands can grasp is promptly carried to his mouth.

Very early in the development of the child, however, the sense of sight asserts its supremacy. Sight is the regnant sense. It tests and orders the results of all the other senses. In the sense of sight the nature of man as a *seer* and discerner is symbolically declared. Hence you say to your child, "Through your dear eyes, my darling, I can look into your soul." Hence also we demand of children that they shall use their eyes aright. We bid them "look before and around them." We chide them for seeing and hearing nothing. Rising to higher analogies, we speak of the "healthy eye," and of the single eye through

which the whole body is full of light. Ponder even these few examples of the connection between physical and spiritual seeing, and you will begin to realise that a wise culture of the sense of sight is of paramount importance to the outer and inner welfare of your child; that it is indeed the axis about which revolve the energies of mind—the fountain source of spiritual experience, the very nucleus of the embryonic life of the soul.

With the recognition of this truth, dear mother, we penetrate to the heart of our common endeavour; we find the core of our inmost thought; we touch the ultimate presupposition of all the songs and plays in this little book. We desire for the child a serene and unimpeded development. Our ideal demands, on the one hand, that he shall exert with tranquil power all the specific energies of his soul, and, on the other, that he shall preserve intact his central consciousness of the unity of his selfhood. We can be satisfied neither with thought divorced from feeling, nor with any feelings save such as imply an inner though perchance unconscious collectedness of thought. Our heart's desire for the child is, that in the deepest and most inclusive sense of the word he may become a *seeing* being. We know that such seeing does not exclude, but include, feeling; for seeing and feeling are related to each other, as light and heat. God is at once light and love; or, rather, he is love, because he is light, and light because he is love. Vision of the whole implies love for the whole,

and this loving omniscience, or omniscient love, is our highest definition of the eternal and overruling life of God.

Let us therefore follow with confidence the path we have been treading; but let our future steps be taken with clearer eyes, with deeper insight, with fuller consecration of soul; for we know now that over this same path we may travel safely through the whole wide realm of child culture. We are sure that we have learned how to foster the creative impulse, and how to fortify and satisfy all the inmost cravings of the soul.

And now to our little play, with regard to which I must not omit to say that I have found it in all grades of social life. Moreover, it grew up with and in me, for as a small child I saw it played by older members of my family, and as I grew into boyhood I myself played it to the delight of my younger brothers and sisters.

From the illuminated surface of a mirror we throw upon a shaded wall a flash of light. The same effect may be produced by using, instead of a mirror, the surface of water in a glass or cup.

The deeper import of The Light-Bird is hinted in the song and motto. Beware, however, of the thought that the import thus suggested is the only one contained in the play. Not only The Light-Bird but all of the plays which precede and follow it have many meanings. Neither must it be supposed that the meaning suggested by me is, if not the *sole*, at least the highest one. My songs, mottoes, and commentaries are offered

simply with the hope that they may aid you to recognise and hold fast some part of what you yourself feel while playing these games, and to suggest to you how you may waken corresponding feelings in your child.

"Mother, what has the boy in his hand?"

"It is a little looking-glass."

"What does he want with it?"

"He wants the sun to shine on it."

"But why?"

"Because when the sun shines on the looking-glass it will make a bright spot on the wall, and this will please his little brother."

"Oh, yes! I see the bright spot. It looks like a little bird."

"The little brother thinks, as you do, that it looks like a little bird. I do believe he is trying to catch it."

"Mother, give me a looking-glass; I want to make a light-bird."

"Here is a cup of water—it will do just as well; but be careful not to break it."

"Mother, see, I can make a bird!"

"Why should you not?"

"Now, mother, will you make the bird? I want to catch it."

"Here it is; catch it, if you can."

"Oh, mother! the pretty light-bird won't let itself be caught. When I think I have it under my hand, it shines on top of it."

"Yes, the light-bird is just 'shine.' You can't catch it. You must not expect to catch everything."

"Mother, *you* can't catch *me!* Just try if you can."

"There! I have caught you, darling. You must run fast if you don't want to be caught. Now let us look again at the picture. Do you see the little girl who is playing with her kitten? She has tied a piece of paper to a string, and dangles it just within reach of kitty's claws. But when kitty tries to catch it she jerks it high in the air."

"Mother, what are these other children doing?"

"They are trying to catch butterflies. Two of the little girls have a net; another girl tries to catch the butterfly with her hand; and the child who is kneeling thinks she can throw her handkerchief over the lovely flying creature. But the butterflies will not let themselves be caught."

"Mother, I see a little girl standing by the wall. What is she doing?"

"Look at her carefully. She has raised herself on tiptoe as high as she can. She would like to chase butterflies too, but can't get over the wall."

"Mother, the boy can get over the wall, and so could I. Why doesn't he get quite over?"

"He is watching his brother, who has climbed the high ladder you see leaning against the wall. He thought he could catch the little swallow he saw under the eaves. But the swallow has flown away."

"There are two more little children in the picture, mother. One is standing and the other

is sitting. How still they are! *They* are not trying to catch anything."

"Yes, they, too, want to catch and hold something. Can you guess what it is?"

"I can't guess what it is, but please tell me."

"Yonder, across the two little lakes, the sun is setting. These children want to catch and keep his beautiful golden rays. Do you think they can, my son?"

"Mother, what are you thinking about? Why, the sun is ever so far off—it is away behind the hill; and even if it wasn't so far off, the rays are nothing but 'shine!' They are just like the light-bird."

"Yet the children catch them and keep them."

"No, no, mother, they can never do that!"

"Yes, dear, they catch them with their eyes and they keep them in their hearts. Don't you remember how father looked when he said good-bye to you the last time he went away on a trip? Don't you remember his loving eyes and his dear smile? You *do* remember, for you have told me all about it lately. Didn't you seem to see dear father when you asked me if he would soon be home?"

"Yes, mother—yes, I see father all the time. Dear, dear father!"

XXVIII.

THE SHADOW RABBIT.

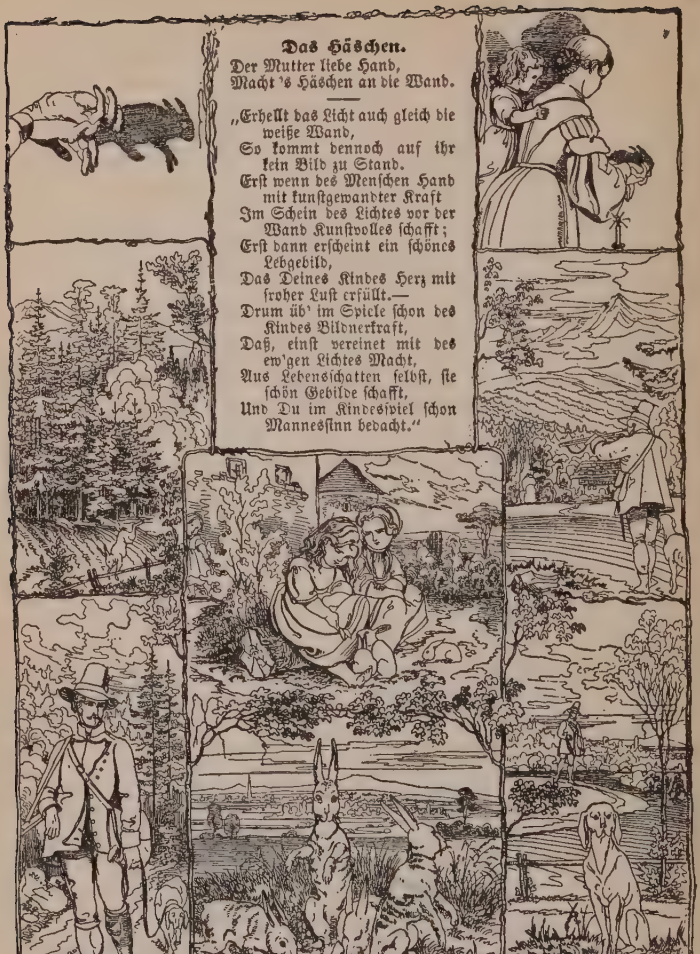
THE mother calls her child to see
A shadow on the wall.
What is it? Why, a rabbit, dear—
Mouth, ears and feet, and all!

The light may lie in splendour on the wall,
And yet without man's skill that light is all.
The light alone no picture can produce;
Our hands without it are of little use.
Together, they can make a picture fine,
While baby's eyes with happy wonder shine.

Now turn we to the lines of deeper thought
With which the baby's picture-show is fraught.
Let *him* upon the white wall try to throw
Some shadow whose rude semblance you may know,
And let him do it often, o'er and o'er,
Until a thought is born not his before:
The thought that he creates—and that his will
Must guide his hand if he would work with skill.

And when, with pensive love, in years to come,
His thoughts turn backward to his childhood's home,
Its scenes so distant trying to recall,
Perchance he'll see the rabbit on the wall;
And to his heart at last will come this word:
Who would God's comfort find must work with God.
Even life's shadows beautiful may grow,
If with Heaven's light we work to make them so.

Shadow games are everywhere familiar. The manner of playing them has, moreover, been so successfully indicated by our artist that no words



Das Häschen.

Der Mutter liebe Hand,
Macht 's Häschen an die Wand.

„Erhellt das Licht auch gleich die weiße Wand,
So kommt dennoch auf ihr kein Bild zu Stand.
Erst wenn des Menschen Hand mit kunstgewandter Kraft
Im Schein des Lichtes vor der Wand Kunstvolles schafft;
Erst dann erscheint ein schönes Lebgebild,
Das Deines Kindes Herz mit froher Lust erfüllt.—
Drum üb' im Spiele schon des Kindes Bildnerkraft,
Daß, einst vereinet mit des ew'gen Lichtes Macht,
Aus Lebensschatten selbst, sie schön Gebilde schafft,
Und Du im Kindesspiel schon Mannessinn bedacht."

of explanation are needed. It goes without saying that they exercise the sense of sight, and that, as they are most easily produced by means of artificial light, the best time for playing them is in the evening. Under favouring conditions, good shadow pictures may, however, be produced by using the early morning or late afternoon sunlight. Owing to the great variety of their forms, positions, and movements, these moving shadows never fail to fascinate alike little children and older boys and girls. The latter are especially delighted when they can make the shadow pictures themselves.

It is my firm conviction that whatever yields the child a pure and persistent pleasure has at its root some spiritual truth of the highest import. I do not wish to force this conviction upon any other person. I am sure it will harm no one who freely makes it his own. More than this, I believe that its general recognition will result in richly blessing the rising generation, and, indeed, the whole of humanity.

What causes the rabbit to appear upon the wall?

Between the bright light which shines on the smooth, white wall is thrust a dark object, and straightway appears the form which so delights the child. This is the outward fact; what is the truth which through this fact is dimly hinted to the prophetic mind? Is it not the creative and transforming power of light, that power which brings form and colour out of chaos, and makes the beauty which gladdens our hearts? Is it not

more than this—a foreshadowing, perhaps, of the spiritual fact that our darkest experiences may project themselves in forms that will delight and bless, if in our hearts shines the light of God? The sternest crags, the most forbidding chasms, are beautiful in the mellow sunshine, while the fairest landscape loses all charm, and indeed ceases to be, when the light which created it is withdrawn. Is it not thus also with our lives? Yesterday, touched by the light of enthusiastic emotion, all our relationships seemed beautiful and blessed; to-day, when the glow of enthusiasm has faded, they oppress and repulse us. Only the conviction that it is the darkness within us which makes the darkness without, can restore the lost peace of our souls. Be it therefore, O mother, your sacred duty to make your darling early feel the working both of the outer and inner light. Let him see in one the symbol of the other, and, tracing light and colour to their source in the sun, may he learn to trace the beauty and meaning of his life to their source in God.

The object of this little play is to point out to you how you may give your child some revealing hint of the working both of natural and spiritual light. It gains additional charm when two persons, with hands of different sizes, represent at the same time two rabbits differing in size and position. The picture, or rather the group of pictures, is self-explanatory. Nevertheless, your sympathetic word will add more life and meaning.

XXIX.

WOLF AND WILD-PIG.

The interest a young child gives
To every animal that lives,
Dear mother, is an open door
Through which unbounded good may pour,
Filling his mind with knowledge manifold,
Of Nature's wondrous laws, so new, so old.

But watch! lest by this selfsame way
Into his soul some ill may stray,
And, while your eyes look other where,
Make for itself a lodgment there.
Watch, and with noble thoughts so fill his mind
That passing evil may no shelter find.

Picture, song, and motto are reciprocally explanatory; hence few words are needed by way of commentary. This shadow picture is made by laying the hands together, palm against palm and finger against finger, and then alternately parting and joining them. The thumbs are so held as to make shadows somewhat resembling ears. It may require practice to produce this picture. In our illustration the hands are too widely open, therefore the shadow is not correct.

The lower passions are often conspicuously displayed by animals. Hence, if the child's imagination is to be kept pure and his delicacy of feeling unimpaired, his curiosity about animals

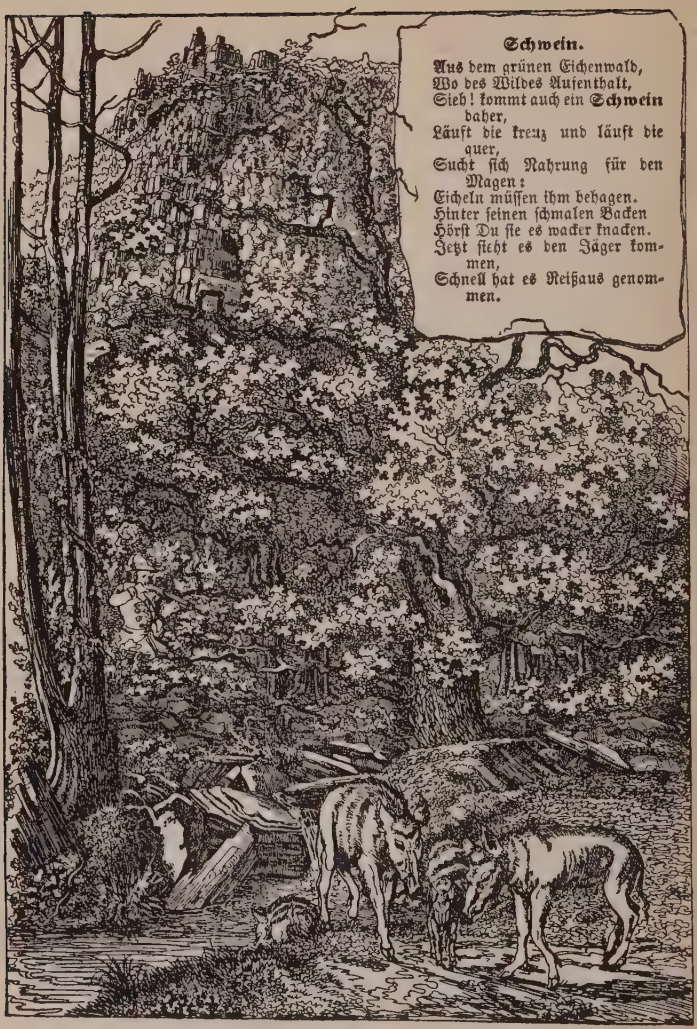
Wolf und Schwein.

„Was nur das Kind umgiebt,
Das Kind im Bilde liebt:
Sei **Wolf** es, sei es **Schwein**,
Das Kind kann es erfreun;
Zu sehn des Thieres Weise,
Lauscht 's Kind gar gern und leise.
Doch theuer Dir dabei
Des Kindes Reinheit sei."

must be hedged and guarded. With children whose nerves have been overstimulated, it is particularly important to preserve the purity of phantasy, and neither to wound nor blunt the sense of shame. Even when nothing has occurred to make special precaution necessary, it is important to avoid those careless words which waken premature curiosity and suspicion. Preserving unblemished the purity of his heart, the innocent child will be unscathed by the guiltless phenomena of Nature, easily explaining them to himself by the thought that "animals know no better."

Man, however, is no animal—or, rather, he is more than the animal. Man knows what he does, or, at least, he should know. Even a child should have this knowledge. Therefore, mother, call his attention to the fact that in Nature every creature conforms to the stage of being it has attained, and lives and develops in harmony with the demands of its total environment. An illustration of this harmony was given you in my commentary upon The Bird's Nest. Because the life of animals is thus adapted to environment it is healthy and happy. The same is true of the life of plants. Like flower and tree, like beast and bird, the human being should respond to his environment, and be pliant to the demands of each successive stage of development.

Injudicious interference with the natural process of development cripples the powers and retards the progress of the soul. On the other hand, each stage of development makes specific claims, which it is fatal to disregard. To awaken



Schwein.

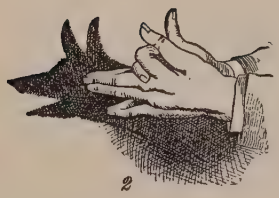
Aus dem grünen Eichenwald,
Wo des Wildes Aufenthalt,
Sieh! kommt auch ein **Schwein** daher,
Läuft die kreuz und läuft die quer,
Sucht sich Nahrung für den Magen:
Eicheln müssen ihm behagen.
Hinter seinen schmalen Backen
Hörst Du sie es wacker knacken.
Jetzt sieht es den Jäger kommen,
Schnell hat es Reißaus genommen.

in the child a lively sense of these claims and a desire to meet them, is to fit him for the rounded life born of an all-sided fulfilment of duty.

To each age is confided something which it alone can cherish. Hence each age has duties from whose performance it may not be released. Childhood forms no exception to this general law. Happy the child who is led, even though unconsciously, to act in accordance with its claims.

Duties are not burdens but privileges. The path of duty leads to light and to all the blessings conferred by light. Therefore, each normal and healthy child gladly fulfils duties. Such duties, however, must be genuine, clear, definite, and, above all, inexorable.

The fulfilment of duty strengthens body and soul. The sense of duty done gives self-reliance. Mother! father! observe how happy your child is in the performance of duty, and how he seems to feel himself therein allied to you. Guard these feelings sacredly, for in them are the seeds of blessedness. He who wins inner collectedness, who views his life as a whole, and who respects this wholeness of life in each particular deed, shall find at last the "peace which subsists at the heart of endless agitation."



SHADOW PICTURES.

From Theoretisches und Praktisches Handbuch der Froebelschen Erziehungslehre. B. von Mannholz Bülow. Publisher, Georg H. Wigand, Kassel.

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SHADOW PICTURES.

Das Fensterlein.

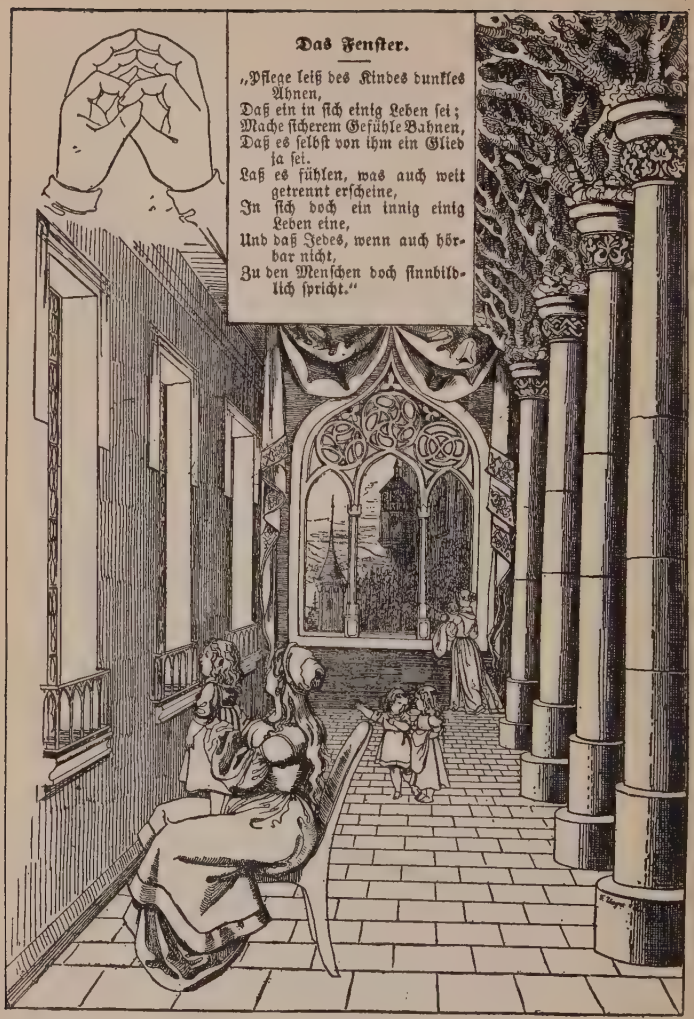
„Wie kann, durch's Fenster
das Licht zu erblicken,
Des Kindes Herz doch so früh
schon beglücken?—
Aus Klarheit ja das Leben
erblüht:
Mit klarem Leben
Das Kind zu umgeben,
Sei, Mutter, bemüht."

XXX.

THE LITTLE WINDOW.

A LITTLE baby seeks the light
  Not with intelligent intent;
  It is his native element,
And heaven-born instinct guides his sight.

My meaning, mother, can you read?
  A token this by which we know
  His soul, too, in the light must grow.
Oh, may God help you meet this need!


Das Fenster.
„Pflege leiß des Kindes dunkles Ahnen,
Daß ein in sich einig Leben sei;
Mache sicherem Gefühle Bahnen,
Daß es selbst von ihm ein Glied ja sei.
Laß es fühlen, was auch weit getrennt erscheine,
In sich doch ein innig einig Leben eine,
Und daß Jedes, wenn auch hörbar nicht,
Zu den Menschen doch sinnbildlich spricht."

XXXI.

THE WINDOW.

Sometimes there stirs within a young child's soul
A dim forecasting, hardly yet a thought,
Of his place in the Universal Whole.
Oh, foster it! Let it not pass for naught;
Meet every question. Help him still to see
And trust the inner 'neath the outward show.
Teach him that things apart in space may be
United in his thought. Help him to know
That to the heart attent all things may speak.
So shall he, listening, learn to understand;
And all the clinging mists at length shall break,
And joyfully he'll live as God has planned.

THE TWO WINDOWS.

The two Window plays originated in my mind as a response to the suggestion thrown out by children in their fondness for peeping at light through a pinhole, through the opening made by laying the slightly parted fingers of one hand across the slightly parted fingers of the other hand, or through any very small inclosed space. I seemed to recognise in this phenomenon a symbolic import. In order that spiritual light may not merely dazzle, it must at first enter the heart and mind, as it were, through chinks. Only as the spiritual eye gains strength can it bear the fuller blaze of truth.

By studying the pictures which illustrate

these two plays you may easily learn the manner of playing them. It is self-evident that they may be played either by daylight or by lamplight.

The Window plays are counterparts to the Shadow plays. The aim of the Shadow plays is to suggest how we may avoid wakening the child's lower instincts. The aim of the Window plays is to rouse and quicken his sympathy for what is high and noble.

In the commentaries to the Tick-tack and the Fishes, I urged you, dear mother, to cultivate in your child a love for all that is clean and pure and clear. Let me now entreat you to cherish and foster his delight in all that is shining, transparent, luminous, and illuminating.

Observe the absorption of yonder little children in the beloved phenomena of light. What should more quickly attract and more strongly rivet the child's attention than that which is luminous and illuminating? He inhales the light as he inhales the air. Light is the atmosphere of the soul. Purity of heart is the illuminated summit of character, which wise men discern and wiser men achieve. Mother, exercise your child's strength that he may have power to climb this height. Father, reach him from above your helping hand.

"Mother, why does the little boy who is standing in the window look so serious?"

"He is watching the lovely colours which the sunlight makes in the water."

"Mother, father, come here! Come quickly! See, sister has set a glass of clean water in the window! Look at the beautiful bright-coloured circles and rays! They are just like the rainbow and the dewdrops. Oh, mother, how pretty they are! The colours play with each other when sister moves the glass, just as you play 'catch' with us."

As the child rejoices in this play of colour, the noble man rejoices in that "rainbow flowering" of the soul which is the rich reward of a wise and tender spiritual nurture. Mother, see to it that the youth and maiden enshrine and preserve the pure visions of childhood.

"But why is the little boy crying?"

"Oh, dear! He has carelessly broken the bright glass in the window, and now, if he doesn't want to shut the light out of the room with a board or piece of paper, he must go to the glazier, who lives a long way off, and ask him to put in a new pane. Sometimes we are like this little boy: we do something which keeps light from getting into our hearts. Then, what a sad time we have in the dark, and how much trouble we have to take before we can get the light again! But do you see the little girl in the picture, who has opened the door so that light may get into the dark cellar? Be like her, darling: open all the doors and windows of your heart to the dear light; then everything within will be clear, and everything without will be fair. The world will be all beautiful to you, as it is to the little boy who

stands in his mother's lap, watching for the coming of the sun. The baby the other mother has in her arms loves to look at the sun too. The little boy who is pointing towards the window says to his sister, "Come, let us ask mother if we may go for a while into the garden; it is so lovely out of doors." "Yes, children," answers the mother, "you may go; and be sure to try to be like the shining, kindly light which makes all this loveliness."

XXXII.

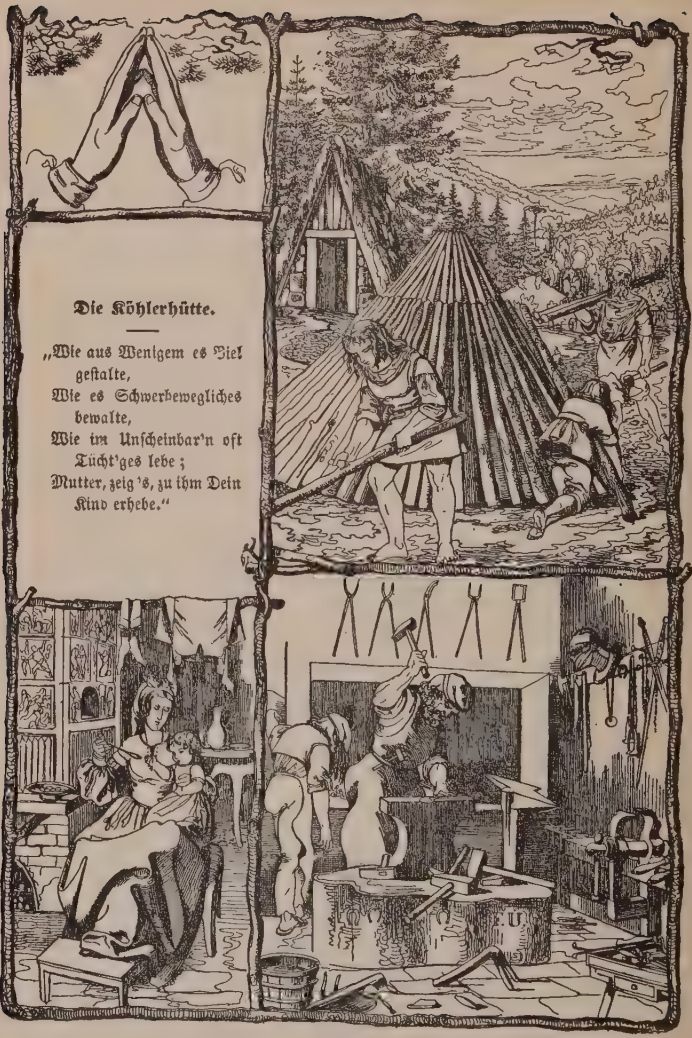
THE CHARCOAL-BURNER.

THAT smallest seeming causes power may wield—
That firmest matter to man's strength must yield—
That under aspect mean great good may hide—
In your child's mind plant these truths side by side.

The picture shows the position of the hands. The wrist rests upon some object (e. g., a table) which represents the ground.

We have recognised the eye as a mediator between man's inner being and the spiritual world. Conversely, the hand mediates man's inner being and the material world. Furthermore, it mediates the objects of sense-perception and the higher forms of thought. This mediatorial function of the hand is not confined to mature life. It is active and effective even within the narrow limits of childish play.

Man has but two hands and two times four fingers. The fingers of each hand correspond with those of the other. The two thumbs, set opposite to each other, act as a mole or dam to the fingers. Such is the instrument with which so many things may be done—with which, to the delight of the child, so many objects may be *represented.*



Die Köhlerhütte.

„Wie aus Wenigem es Viel gestalte,
Wie es Schwerbewegliches bewalte,
Wie im Unscheinbar'n oft Tücht'ges lebe;
Mutter, zeig's, zu ihm Dein Kind erhebe."

By using his hands, the child learns how much may be done with the few things within his grasp, or, in other words, how much he may accomplish without reaching beyond the narrow boundaries of his own little life. That Englishman was perfectly right who wrote a whole book to prove that the hand is a witness of God's fatherly love and goodness.* Mother, seek to form in your child the habit of looking at his hand from this point of view, in order that he may never injure either it or himself by its misuse, but may through productive and creative activity rise into the image of God.

And as you teach your child to respect his own hand, teach him also to respect those who work with their hands. Waken his gratitude towards, and consideration for, those through whose labour he is blessed with food, clothing, and shelter. Teach him to honour each "toil-worn craftsman," however humble his calling, who wards off danger from individuals and communities, and whose labour directly furthers the welfare of mankind.

Without the charcoal burner, where were most of our technical arts? Without his patient labour, where were those chemical researches

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* The book to which Froebel refers is presumably The Hand: Its Mechanism and Vital Endowments, as evincing Design, and Illustrating the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, by Sir Charles Bell. Published as one of the Bridgewater Treatises, 1832; ninth edition, 1874 (George Bell & Sons, Covent Garden). (From Miss Lord's note to this commentary.)

which have solved so many of the secrets of Nature?*

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* At the close of his commentary on this game, Froebel suggests that older children be told how charcoal burners saved little German princes from death, or from a captivity worse than death. From Miss Lord's notes to the Mother Play I borrow the following account of the story which Froebel had in mind:

"Frederick, Elector of Saxony, had two sons. Always at war, his enemies at length sent Kunz von Kauffingen with other soldiers to the Castle of Altenburg, July 7, 1455, to carry the two boys away. Kunz went off with Albert, Mosen with Ernest. Kunz neared the Bohemian border by noon on July 8th, but, as Albert was thirsty, stopped to pick bilberries in the wood. A charcoal burner suddenly appeared, and at once guessed this was the boy about whom alarm-bells were ringing throughout Saxony. He fought Kunz with his long poking pole (Schürbaum) till help came, or, as he expressed it to the Electress, when she thanked him, "Hab ihn weidlich getrillt"; and he is called merely "Triller" in the legal documents conveying to him and his heirs rights in the Saxon forest for ever. This Albert is ancestor of the present Saxon house. Prince Ernest was rescued on July 11th. Twelfth in direct descent from him was Albert, the late Prince Consort; the Prince of Wales is thus thirteenth.

"See (brief account) Aunt Charlotte's Stories of German History, by Charlotte M. Yonge (Marcus Ward, 1878), p. 182; (most lively account) Thomas Carlyle (Works) an essay, The Prinzenraub: A Glimpse of Saxon History, in the Westminster Review, January, 1855."

XXXIII.

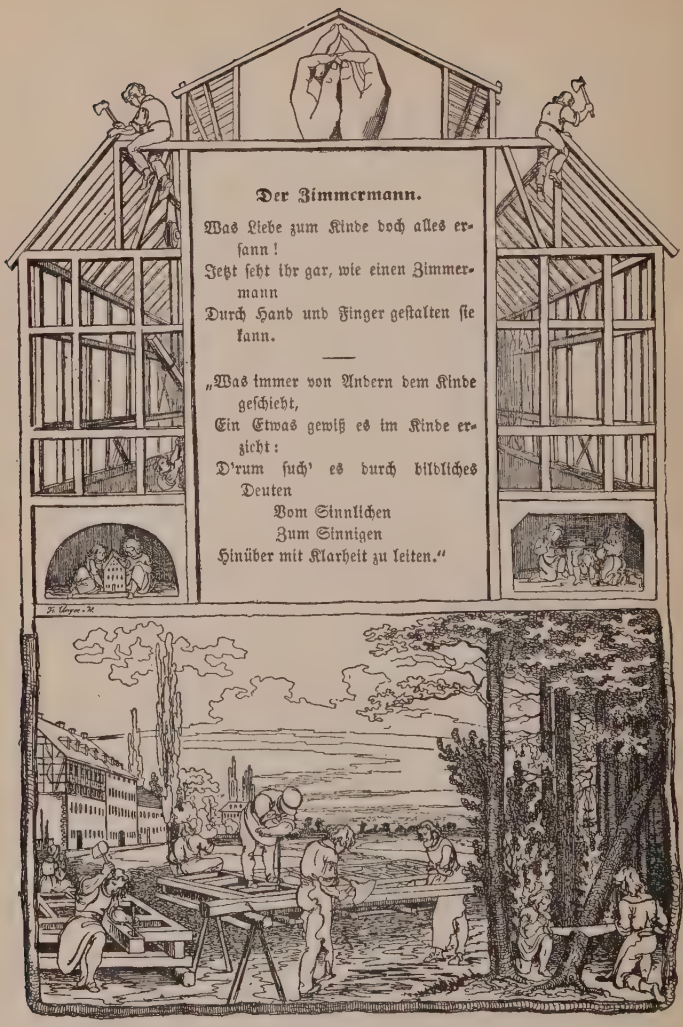
THE CARPENTER.

How many things can love invent
To catch a baby's sight!
Now see his mother, with her hands
Making a carpenter who stands
Working with all his might.

In mother's arms is baby's school,
His books these little plays;
Within each one she leads his mind
The germ of some great thought to find,
And treasure all his days.

The successive gestures in this play are difficult to describe. They should be seen in order to be understood. However, I will explain them as clearly as possible.

The position of the hands, with which the representations begin, resembles that which made the charcoal-burner's hut. The hands are, however, held more freely. The tips of the little fingers, ring fingers, and middle fingers meet. The forefingers are free. The forefinger of the left hand represents a tree. The forefinger of the right hand is a woodman. A sawing movement indicates that he is felling the tree. When this movement has been made several times the tree is supposed to have fallen, and the left forefinger is held in a horizontal position with its tip touching



Der Zimmermann.

Was Liebe zum Kinde doch alles ersann!
Jetzt seht ihr gar, wie einen Zimmermann
Durch Hand und Finger gestalten sie kann.

„Was immer von Andern dem Kinde geschieht,
Ein Etwas gewiß es im Kinde erzieht:
D'rum such' es durch bildliches Deuten
Vom Sinnlichen
Zum Sinnigen
Hinüber mit Klarheit zu leiten."

the knuckle or base of the right forefinger. The now bent forefinger of the right hand first indicates by a chopping movement that the woodman is hacking the trunk from the stump; then, by a sawing movement, that he is cutting it into logs of different lengths. The position of the hands which represents the house is clearly shown in the drawing, wherein gable, window, and street door may be easily recognised. The door has, however, been made rather too small.

By cleanliness of body, by neat and suitable apparel, and by the development and right use of his physical and mental powers, each member of a family contributes to the activity and happiness of its corporate life. In like manner, the house should contribute by its plan, structure, and furniture to the ease with which all domestic duties may be fulfilled. What the skin is to the body, the house is to the family, whose life it environs, protects, and within certain limits determines. Can we exaggerate the influence of a wisely planned and well-ordered house, either upon the health, the comfort, or the happiness of its inmates? May it be that children love to build little houses because they have a presentiment that the house shelters and nurtures that family life which is the high and holy exemplar of corporate living? Doubt not that all that is serious and significant in the life of humanity thrills as premonitions in the breast of the child. Unfortunately, he does not understand his own obscure feelings. Even less, alas, are they understood and fostered by those who surround him!

What a difference it would make to childhood, to youth, to humanity, in all stages of development and in all relationships, if these prescient stirrings of the soul were nurtured, strengthened, developed, and finally lifted into the clear light of consciousness!

The priceless blessing of a happy home can be won only by struggle, endurance, and self-sacrifice. Is some prophetic sense of this truth stirring the pulses of the little lad in our picture? Is this why he is letting himself be sawed as if he were a tree?

And the two dear little sisters sitting so thoughtfully by the house they have built—are their hearts illuminated by a foregleam of the sanctity of the home?

What may not the little heads be thinking, the little hearts feeling?

Thus much at least the young child realizes—that it is pleasant to have a pretty, cosy home. Perhaps, too, within the depths of feeling may float an unconscious faith that from such a home stream the meaning, the sanctity, the blessedness of life.

The mother who sits below on the left seems to be trying to impress upon her child that he should respect the carpenter and his labour. "Where," she asks, "could mother live, where could baby live, were it not for the kind carpenter who builds them a house?"

XXXIV.

THE BRIDGE.

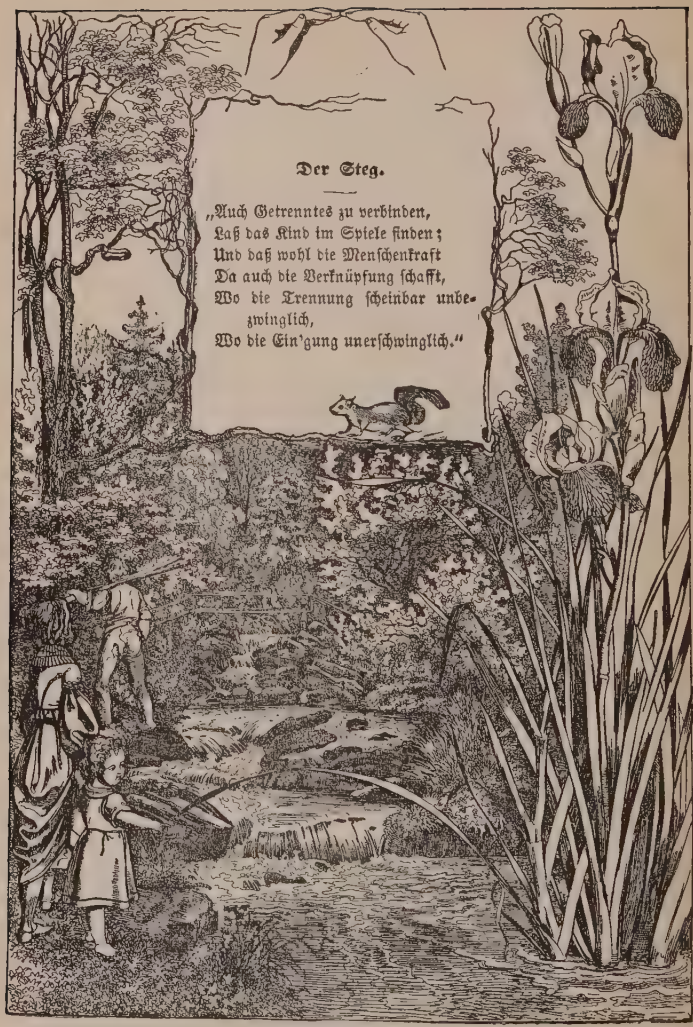
Let your child build mimic bridges
As his hands move to and fro;
Germs of thought are being planted
Which in after years will grow.

Face to face, but never meeting,
Frown the river's ancient walls;
To the far divine, the human
Through the ages faintly calls.

Banks are fixed, but man can join them,
Conquering stubborn space with skill;
And despite life's contradictions,
Love at last learns God's dear will.

The Bridge is produced by a slight modification of the House, or of the Charcoal-burner's Hut. The two thumbs make the piers, the finger-tips of the right and left hands meet to form the bridge. The tip of one middle finger is placed under that of the other.

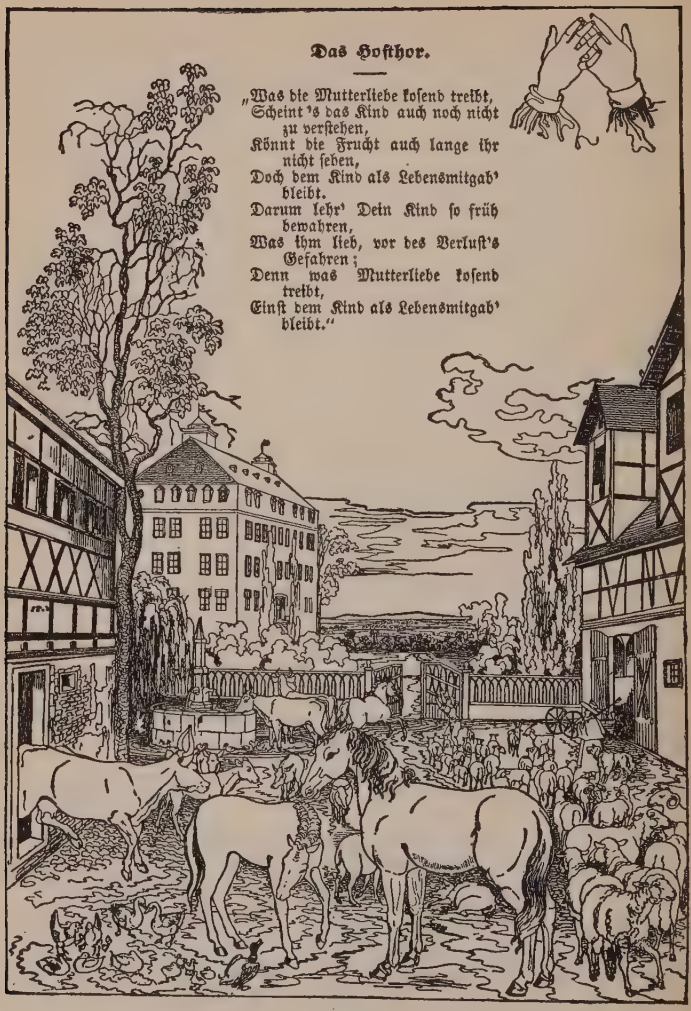
To find or create a bond of union between seemingly opposed and even antagonistic objects is always a beneficent and rewarding deed. Mother, be it your care to afford your child early and recurrent experiences of this truth. No one feels more deeply than you the bitter pain born of apparently insoluble contradictions, or the joy which springs out of unhoped-for reconciliations.


Der Steg.
„Auch Getrenntes zu verbinden,
Laß das Kind im Spiele finden;
Und daß wohl die Menschenkraft
Da auch die Verknüpfung schafft,
Wo die Trennung scheinbar unbe-
zwinglich,
Wo die Ein'gung unerschwinglich."

Through such reconciliations the peace of heaven descends into human hearts and homes.

Family and home are themselves a mediation of opposites, a reconciliation of contrasts. They bridge that deepest of all chasms which separates earth from heaven. Teach your child, therefore, to recognise the inner in the outer; to discern in the house the symbol and safeguard of family life; to revere in him who creates the visible sign a type of Him who confers the spiritual blessing. In a word, make his gratitude towards the carpenter a point of departure for wakening his gratitude towards Him who sent the carpenter's son to live on earth, in order that the sternest contradictions of life might be solved and the abodes of men become homes of peace and joy and divine indwelling.

With this ideal in mind, lead your child to build, in play, the reconciling bridge, and thus through a uniting deed to gain his first foreboding of the truth that *in himself* and through his own self-activity he must find the solution of all contradictions, the mediation of all apparently irreconcilable opposition. Show him this truth again in your own life, and, above all, in the mediatorial life and teaching of Him who on earth was the carpenter's son. So shall the visible bridge which the child carpenter builds be one link in the chain of experience by which he spans the gulf between things seen and things unseen, and learns to recognise in the carpenter's son the beloved Son of God, the All-Father, and the Mediator between him and man.


Das Hofthor.
„Was die Mutterliebe kosend treibt,
Scheint's das Kind auch noch nicht zu verstehen,
Könnt die Frucht auch lange ihr nicht sehen,
Doch dem Kind als Lebensmitgab' bleibt.
Darum lehr' Dein Kind so früh bewahren,
Was ihm lieb, vor des Verlust's Gefahren;
Denn was Mutterliebe kosend treibt,
Einst dem Kind als Lebensmitgab' bleibt."

XXXV.

THE FARMYARD GATE.

Dear mother, try in all your baby's plays
To sow some little seed for later days.
If for his pets he learns a tender care,
The planted thought unlooked-for fruit may bear.
An impulse given, in widening circles moves:
He'll learn, ere long, to cherish all he loves.

Your gentle words he may not seem to heed,
But they shall live to serve him in his need;
They float now on the surface of his mind,
But by-and-bye they shall safe harbour find!
"My mother's words!" he to his heart shall say,
"Oh, fold them in your tenderest depths away."

Das Gartenthor.

„Was soll das sein?—
Ein **Thor** in den **Garten**,
Worinne die Gärtner
Die Blümelein warten,
Von mancherlei Arten:
Die duft'gen und zarten,
Oft sanfte behaarten,
In Knöspchen verwahrten,
Auch paarweis gepaarten,
Gleich Schäfchen geschaarten.
Das Thor muß wohl verschlossen sein,
Daß nichts mir stört die Blümchen fein."

THE TWO GATES.

The position of the hands which represents the Garden Gate is more accurately pictured than the position which represents the Farmyard Gate. Even the former picture, however, is defective, for the hands should be somewhat differently inclined in order to suggest a gate.

Each of these little games embodies an important thought. The idea suggested in the Farmyard Gate is that the child should be taught to prize and protect what he has acquired. The thought illustrated in the Garden Gate is that he should be led to recognise and name the different objects in his environment.

In your attempt to carry out the latter idea be careful to begin with the things which the child sees around him in the house, the yard, the garden, and the meadow. From these advance to the naming of objects in the pasture and the wood.

Teach your child not only to recognise and name objects, but also to recognise and name qualities. Direct his attention both to the characteristic activities of things and to their characteristic states and conditions. Have you not noticed how such experiences attract and delight him? Do you not know that at a certain stage of development he finds or invents, as if by magic, words expressive both of active and passive qualities? With what delight he distinguishes what is smooth, woolly, hairy, spark-

ling, round! With what eagerness he notices and names such activities as rolling, creeping, hopping! With what almost miraculous ease he seizes and unites precept, concept, and name!

Obey the hint thrown out by the child. Preserve and cherish his tendency to notice and name objects and their attributes. For as through disuse a magnet becomes rusty and loses its power, so the mind loses capacities which are not sufficiently and increasingly exercised.

The precious wine in a broken glass must be enjoyed at once or lost forever. So, power not instantly exercised is wasted, and effort which finds no corresponding object weakens and dies.

In flowers alone how many qualities there are which it interests the child to discover and name! He loves to distinguish motley coloured from simply coloured blossoms; delicate and tender hues from brilliant ones. He gladly notices the forms of flowers, and identifies them as round, bell-shaped, star-shaped, wheel-shaped, funnel-shaped. He is attracted by the different kinds of inflorescence, and observes with pleasure that some flowers grow singly, some in pairs, some in bunches or heads, while some spread out like umbrellas. But why go into more detail? Use your own eyes. Help your child to use his. He will quickly learn or find names for all that he really perceives. Waste not the fleeting moments. In them germinates the seed which shall one day grow into a great tree of life—a tree which will comfort you with its shade and refresh you with its fruit.

XXXVI.

THE LITTLE GARDENER.

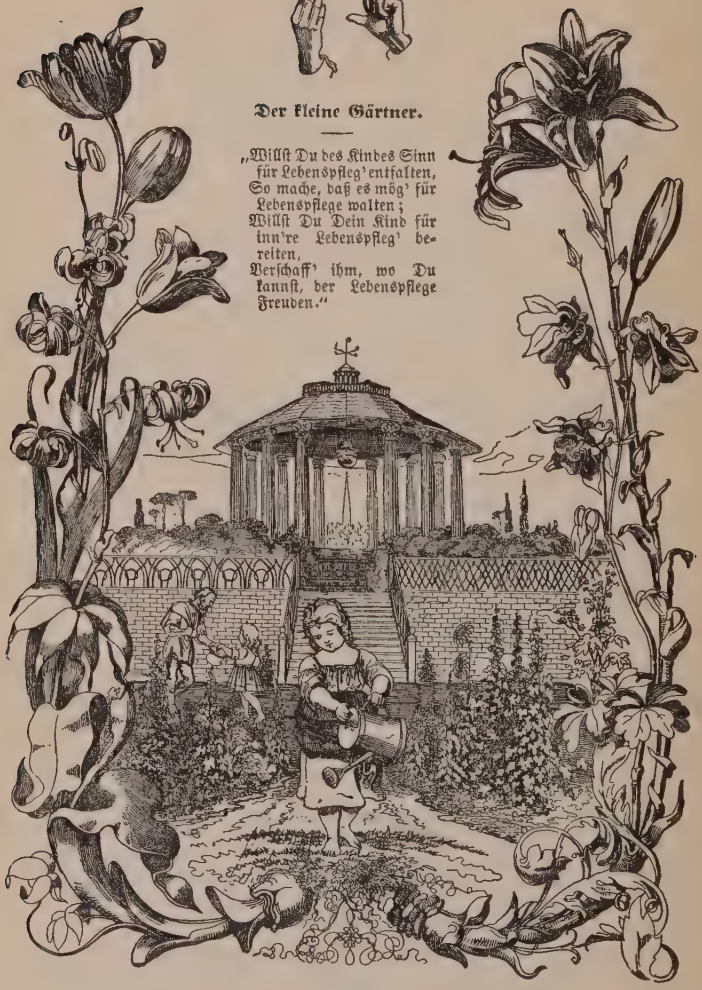
If to a child's sole care is left
Something which, of that care bereft,
  Would quickly pine and fade,
The joy of nurture he will learn;
A rich experience, which will turn
  His inner life to aid.

Mother, fold the fingers of your left hand so that they somewhat resemble a flower (e. g., the bud of a lily). With the fingers of your right hand make a watering can. Let your thumb represent the spout. Go through the movement of watering a flower, and while doing so gradually open the fingers of your left hand to simulate the unfolding of a bud into a blossom.

When you have made these movements a few times in the presence of your child he will begin to imitate you, for whatever mother love does a child gladly repeats. This imitative activity should be carefully cultivated. Rightly directed, it will lighten by more than half the work of education. Utilised at the proper stage of development, it will enable you to accomplish by a touch light as a feather what later you cannot do with a hundredweight of words. Believe that I am right before I am justified by painful expe-

Der kleine Gärtner.

„Willst Du des Kindes Sinn
für Lebenspfleg' entfalten,
So mache, daß es mög' für
Lebenspflege walten;
Willst Du Dein Kind für
inn're Lebenspfleg' be-
reiten,
Verschaff' ihm, wo Du
kannst, der Lebenspflege
Freuden."



rience; otherwise insight will only feed your self-reproach.

But we must not forget our little gardeners, for one of the fairest and most instructive manifestations of child life is love of "gardening."

Cherish! Nurture! Care for! These, dear mother, are words which we have had occasion to repeat many times in our communings with each other, and in our common attention to and participation in child life. Great must be, great assuredly is, their importance to the development of our darlings. Answer me but one question: What is the supreme gift you would bestow on the children who are the life of your life, the soul of your soul? Would you not above all other things render them capable of giving nurture? Would you not endow them with the courage and constancy which the ability to give nurture implies? Mother, father, has not our common effort been directed towards just this end? Have we not been trying to break a path towards this blessed life? Has not our inmost longing been to capacitate our children for this inexpressible privilege? Assuredly this is what we have been trying to do—what we are doing even now through our little Garden play. And because you, dear parents, are planting the love of nurture in the breasts of your children, you may securely hope that they will lovingly and gratefully cherish you in age.*

* Here I omit a line. Froebel says: "You will be cherished by your grateful children, just as yonder boy is bestowing a gift upon the old man he scarcely knows."

To give wise care, we must consider time and place. Thus all plants cannot bear to be watered directly on their roots. This is particularly the case with lilies, which easily rot if it is done.

The little gardener in our picture says to us by her thoughtful mien, "In giving care, respect place." In like manner, the swiftly turning weather vane on the top of the garden house which commands so wide a view, says, "Consider time."

Watering in the hot noonday does plants harm instead of good, for the tired leaves have no strength to utilise the kindly shower.

In the sunlit garden,
Through the glad spring day,
Watch the happy little folks
Turning work to play.

Guarding, watering, tending,
With such pretty zeal,
Doing from their little hearts,
As if the flowers could feel.

Such work does not tire them,
For they love it so;
And are thanked in measure full,
If the flowers grow.

Dear little children, we will learn from you;
Gardens *we'll* make, and you the flowers shall be;
Our care shall seem no tedious drudgery—
Only a happy trust that's ever new.

We'll guard you from the great world's strife and din;
  But, ah, our chiefest, gladdest care shall be
  To *give you your own selves!* to help you see
The meaning of each opening power within.

Oh, blessed thought, that God to us has given
  The finishing of that which he has planned;
  And as we help your young souls to expand,
Our own, in the sweet task, shall grow toward heaven.

Der Wagner.

„Daß der Mensch die Hände viel
gebrauchen kann,
Sieht ein Kind auch bald mit
Lust und Freuden an.“

„Kind, wir woll'n zum Wagner
gehn,
Was er macht, genau besehn.
Sieh nur, sieh nur, sieh!
Viel giebt er sich Müh',
Daß der Bohrer grade geh',
Und ein schönes Loch entsteh.
Was er wollt', ist fertig nun,
Kann das Rad zur Berre thun.“

XXXVII.

THE WHEELWRIGHT.

Why will a child desert his play
The craftsman's work to see?
Something within him, latent still,
Stirs at each stroke of strength or skill,
Whisp'ring, "Work waits for me!"

The hands held in a vertical position, with the fingers closed, move horizontally as though describing semicircles, thus simulating the action of a wheelwright who is boring a hole.

At the words "Round it goes!" the movement is changed, and the two fists go round and round each other like a rolling wheel.

Said the wise man, "Thou art a man, therefore let nothing which concerns man be indifferent to thee." Here, as in many other cases, the practice of the simple child conforms to the insight of the sage. He is interested in everything done by grown-up people. The activities of handicraftsmen in particular attract his attention. We have already seen how important is the hand, how important are the products of the hand. Therefore, mother, foster and encourage your child's interest in watching the works of the skilled labourer, and find in it a "point of departure" for the development of his own pro-

ductive power. Raise his pleasure in *seeing* work to pleasure in *doing* work, in order that later he may lead the truly human life of creative activity; for upon the thoughtfully creative life is bestowed the guerdon of peace and joy.

My little play of The Wheelwright is a means towards this end. The illustration accompanying it is freighted with rich suggestions. Every essential use of the wheel, so far as it relates to vehicles, is indicated, and from the wheel of the child's barrow we rise to the wheel in the chariot of the gods. Surely our artist wishes to impress upon us the importance of the wheel in all departments of life. What would become of the human race, in the stage of civilisation it has now attained, if it were forced to dispense with the wheel? Need we wonder, therefore, that everything in the likeness of a wheel so attracts the child?*

A knowledge of the qualities and uses of the wheel is likewise important because of its analogical implications. It is also well that the child should be familiar with objects allied to the wheel in form, such as the hoop, the circle, the wreath. Wishing to stir our souls with some sense of the spiritual significance of the circular

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* Here I omit a passage in which Froebel plays upon the German words *Rad* = a wheel and *Rath*, advice, contrasting the difficult motion which, in the case of the wheel, is produced by a slight momentum, with the reluctance of youth to follow the advice of maturity, and suggesting that by noticing the former the child may be incited to a more ready compliance with the latter.

form, our artist shows us two boys who, bowling their hoops around a circle in opposite directions, are nevertheless sure in the end to come, though perhaps unexpectedly, and even unwillingly, to the same spot. Is he teaching us that all the different paths of life are bent by the Higher Power towards one common goal ?

But why does our picture point us to the mythical age of gods and heroes ? The true artist does nothing by chance. It seems to me he is trying to tell us that by loyal attention and response to the hints thrown out by childhood, and by an education consonant with the needs of childhood, we may revive the mythic period of human history, with its dross cleansed, its darkness illumined, its aims and ideals purified.

Shall we scorn the artist's fancies ? Shall we scout his hopes that they may be realised ?

Der Tischler.
"Daß Jedes seine Sprache spricht,
Entgeht so leicht dem Kinde nicht:
Doch was uns leicht, wir achten 's
nicht,
Legt, Eltern, drauf das rechte
Gewicht."

XXXVIII.

THE JOINER.

Each thing around us speaks
A language all its own.
And though we may have grown
Hardened and dull of ear,
The little children hear.

But, ah, they cannot know
How blest such hearing is,
Until, alas, it flies!
Then let us help them keep
The gift whose loss we weep.

In this game the fists, by a sliding movement over a flat surface, represent the act of planing. The strokes should be sometimes long and sometimes short.

To what truths does this simple game point? What is its inner sense? What relationship has it to life?

Through the play of The Finger Piano the child's attention was directed to the connection between tone, movement, and number, or, in a word, to the characteristic phenomena of sound included under the general form of time. But sound is connected also with the phenomena of space, for if any material substance be stretched to a great length its tone is deep; while, on the other hand, if the length stretched be short and thin, the tone will be high. The concepts long and short are therefore mediatorial between the phenomena of space and those of time.

That these concepts have likewise important bearings upon child life is self-evident. How often, for example, must you say to your little ones: "You may stay out of doors, but not too long." "You must work now, but only for a short time," etc.

As the play of The Fishes gave you occasion to suggest both the literal and analogical meanings of straight and crooked, so the play of The Joiner offers a point of departure for the evolution of the literal and analogical meanings of long and short. As the picture accompanying the former play gave varied illustrations of straight and crooked, so the picture of The Joiner gives varied illustrations of long and short. It will delight your child to seek these different illustrations and discover their contrasts and connections.

The goal of this play is the discovery that outward size does not presuppose inward greatness. The contrast between the great giant Goliath and the stripling David suggests to the imagination an inverse ratio between the physically and spiritually great. Hence the former is in the child world a comic character, while with dear little David each embryo hero feels the keenest sympathy.*

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* Froebel closes this commentary by quoting two lines of a little poem probably familiar to most of his German readers:

"Giant Goliath was once alive,
A very dangerous man."

This poem was written by Matthias Claudius (1740–1815), and printed in the Wandsbecker Bote, a periodical published about a hundred years ago in Holstein. (Miss Lord's note.)

XXXIX.

THE KNIGHTS AND THE GOOD CHILD.

The truth that no life stands alone,
Lies hid in baby's soul;
Long ere he learns its pain and strife,
He feels th' encircling touch of life,
And yields to its control.

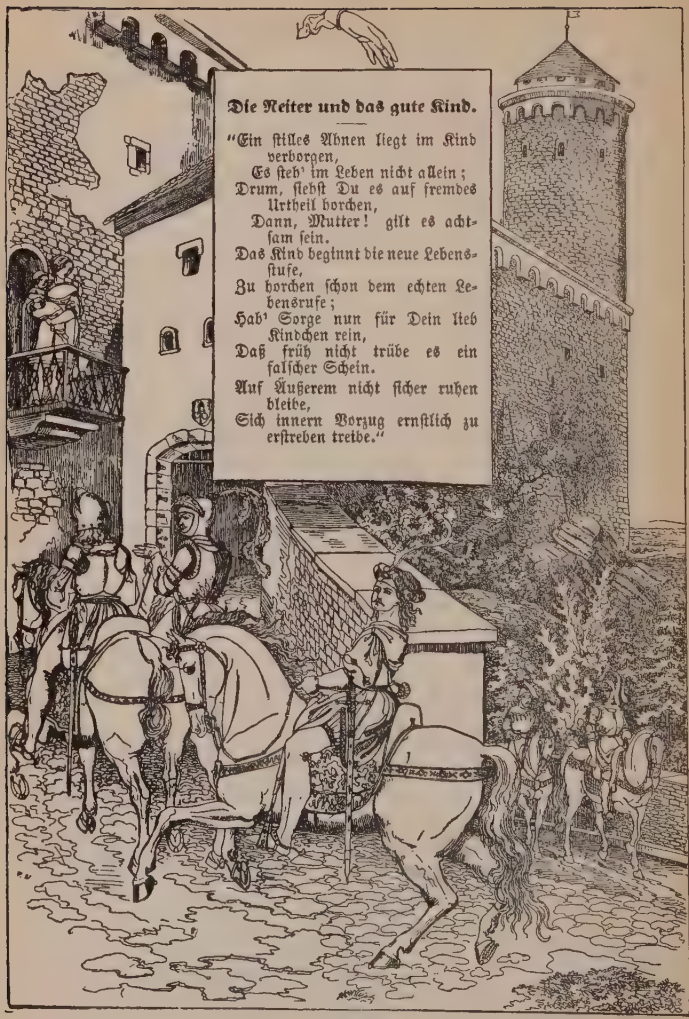
But, mother, when the love of praise
First stirs a wistful thought—
When disapproval gives him pain—
His little life has reached a plane
With subtlest danger fraught.

Oh, guide him with a love clear-eyed,
That he may not confuse
Merit with praise! Help him to care
Rather to be than to appear,
E'en though the praise he lose.*

So shall the touch of other lives
Help and uplift his own.
Strong in himself he'll learn to be,
Yet glad that human sympathy
May bind all hearts in one.

Your child sits in your lap. Your left arm is thrown gently around him. The fingers of your right hand (beginning with the little finger and going towards the thumb) trot or gallop one after the other, first towards the child and then away

* This stanza does not render Froebel's exact thought. See prose translation in appendix.—Fr.



Die Reiter und das gute Kind.

"Ein stilles Ahnen liegt im Kind verborgen,
Es steh' im Leben nicht allein;
Drum, siehst Du es auf fremdes Urtheil horchen,
Dann, Mutter! gilt es achtsam sein.
Das Kind beginnt die neue Lebensstufe,
Zu horchen schon dem echten Lebensrufe;
Hab' Sorge nun für Dein lieb Kindchen rein,
Daß früh nicht trübe es ein falscher Schein.
Auf Äußerem nicht sicher ruhen bleibe,
Sich innern Vorzug ernstlich zu erstreben treibe."

from him. These advancing and retiring fingers simulate the approach, arrival, and departure of mounted knights.

With this song and those which follow it we rise to a new and higher plane of development. What has hitherto been done to fashion the will and build the character has been incidental—as it were, a thing aside. What is now to be done must be with clear intention and deliberate aim.

The mounted knight expresses free self-determination, free mastery of the will. Through his control of his steed he also presents symbolically the mastery of the rude powers of Nature. Hence, in the prescient phantasy of childhood the knight stands out a clear-cut image of ideal freedom and beauty.

Since the knight is thus in a certain sense the embodied ideal of childhood, boy and girl alike will value what he values and strive to be the thing he commends. In this relationship of childhood to the ideal knight or hero are rooted this little play and its two immediate successors.

The motto to this song warns us that we have risen to a new plane of development, and that upon this higher level we are confronted by great dangers. The child has discriminated between himself and another [an ideal self], hence he measures, weighs, compares. His power of discrimination is, however, feeble, therefore he is prone to confound what he may become with what he is, and to believe himself already the thing he would like to be. This confusion of the ideal and the actual is heightened by our own

thoughtless folly, for, seeing in the child some leaning towards the good, loving him for some budding promise of character, we treat him as if his possible achievement were a present reality, and thus feed his vanity and relax his will. Let us be clear with ourselves on this point, for too often our own confusion of the real and the potential works permanent injury to the children committed to our care.

Through the attitude of others towards himself the recognition of what is good should be awakened in the child, and his desire to be good should be strengthened and developed. Evidently this result will be attained only if he understands that he must be good in order to be respected and loved. Therefore, mother, let your behaviour be such that your darling may early realise that your approval is given not to his visible, small person, nor to his visible deeds, but to his true self—that you care for him for his soul's sake, and that your love is fed by actions which express his inner life and aspiration. Let him understand, too, that you love him not only for what he is, but for what you hope he will grow to be, and that whenever he lessens your hope he attacks your affection.

These thoughts seem to me so important that I will restate them. When your child begins to be attentive to the judgment of others concerning himself, you must solve a double problem. First, you must clearly discriminate what he is from what he may become, and through your conduct towards him must make him aware of

this distinction. Second, you must clearly discriminate between his visible actions and their inner grounds or motives, otherwise you will foster in him a false conception of his own individuality. The distinction of the ideal and potential from the real—the distinction of the inner motive from the visible act—these are cardinal points of the moral life. Upon his success or failure to apprehend them it will depend whether your child lives and strives for being or appearance, for what is seen and temporal or for what is unseen and eternal. During the periods of infancy and early childhood it is in your power to give direction to his aspiration. The stream of his life is then but a tiny rill whose channel may be turned at pleasure. Later it will become a flood whose course is beyond all control.

One more point must be mentioned. The child is incited towards pursuit of the good, not only or even chiefly by the recognition accorded himself, but by the respect, consideration, and honour shown to the good in others. Every distinction bestowed upon another—which seems to the child a merited distinction—rouses him to emulation, spurs him to effort.

"What was the song that the brave knights sang?
I wish I could hear it too!"
"Then, darling, sit quietly here in my lap,
And I will sing it to you."

SONG.

Come, children, and hear the song that we sing—
The song of a child who is good;
We saw him to-day, as we rode on our way
Through valley and meadow and wood.

Like a flower in its calyx he seemed to our eyes,
As his mother's arms folded him round;
But better by far than a hundred flowers are
Was this good little child that we found.

He built us a nice little house with his blocks;
He ran, with a step strong and free,
To pick up what fell, and restore it as well,
To the owner whoever he be.

We thought that the angels had taught him to play,
All his plays were so happy and true;
But we learned in a while that his dear mother's smile
Was the only angel he knew.

Her gentle caresses were dearer to him
Than aught else below or above,
And all that he had he was eager and glad
To give her as proof of his love.

No pleasure was full till he shared it with her,
And at last, when the long day was done,
And he sat on her lap, safe from harm or mishap,
He told of his plays one by one.

Then she sang to him softly until his eyes closed,
And his pretty head sank on her breast;
Then laid him, instead, in his own little bed,
As warm as a bird in its nest.

With tenderest touch the covers she spread,
And whispered a prayer the while.
No song did we hear, but angels were near,
We knew by the baby's sweet smile.

"Oh the song was so pretty—but I too am tired."
"Then lay your head here on my arm
And sleep sweetly, dear, for mamma is near,
To shelter her baby from harm." *

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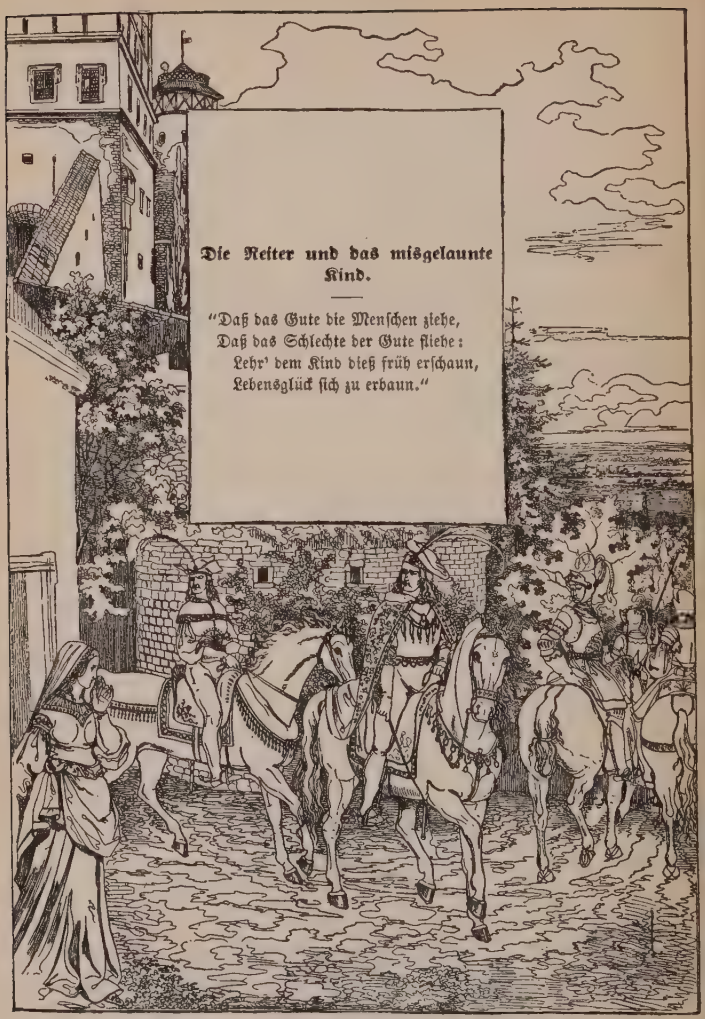
* Henrietta R. Eliot.



Die Reiter und das misgelaunte Kind.

"Daß das Gute die Menschen ziehe,
Daß das Schlechte der Gute fliehe:
Lehr' dem Kind dieß früh erschaun,
Lebensglück sich zu erbaun."

XL.

THE KNIGHTS AND THE BAD CHILD.

E'EN as a magnet, goodness draws the good;
A magnet does not plot, in scheming mood;
It simply *is*, and so attracts.
Oh, help your child to feel this in his heart:
Evil repels, but goodness without art,
Still, but resistless, like a magnet acts!

On its external side this game resembles its predecessor.

When little children are cross and sulky we often try to divert them by attracting their attention to something that is noisy and even deafening. This practice rarely attains its end. Nevertheless, there is an element of truth in the impulse out of which it springs, and it fails of its end just because it does not clearly recognise this latent truth or comply with its demands.

Discontent, crossness, and sulkiness, when not due to bodily ailment, are often caused by some excessive and one-sided excitement of the feelings —an excitement which, just because it is *one-sided*, renders the child powerless to free himself from it by his own effort. The little victim, who cannot help himself, and who is keenly suffering from his bad temper, needs all the help a wise and tender nurture can give. The best way to help him is to attract his glance quickly to some

unexpected object whose appearance is likely to allure and hold his attention. This object should not be a noisy one, for noise will tend only to augment his nervous excitement. It should, however, be something which is unexpected, surprising, and impressive. I have seen little children, whose excitement no one could soothe, calmed at once by being carried into another room and given an unexpected peep at the moon. I have seen the same result produced in the daytime, by carrying the overstrained child quickly out of doors and attracting his attention to running chickens or flying birds. The sight of something which unexpectedly disappears will also tend to distract the mind and calm the nerves.

The game now offered to you will attract your child, because it brings before him once again the knights who so captivate his imagination. The unexpected withdrawal of the knights will also direct his thoughts into new channels.

Motto and song interpret each other. The conclusion of the commentary on The Knights and the Good Child will also throw light upon the spirit of this little game.

XLI.

THE KNIGHTS AND THE MOTHER.

Teach your child that every one
Loves him when he's good and true;
But that, though so dear to others,
He is doubly dear to you.

So far as the movements of the fingers are concerned, this play is identical with the two which precede it. In how many ways your child may hide himself—or, rather, may fancy himself hidden—no one need suggest to you.

The spirit which inspires this game is one with the spirit of the two preceding games, in so far as all three relate to the bond of union between the child and other human beings. This new game, however, penetrates even more deeply into his inner life, since it aims to make him conscious of the peculiar tie between his own heart and the heart of his mother.

It is of the utmost importance alike to the child and to the common life and intercourse of mother and child that the tie between them should be defined to the consciousness of the latter, through the same mediating symbol * which

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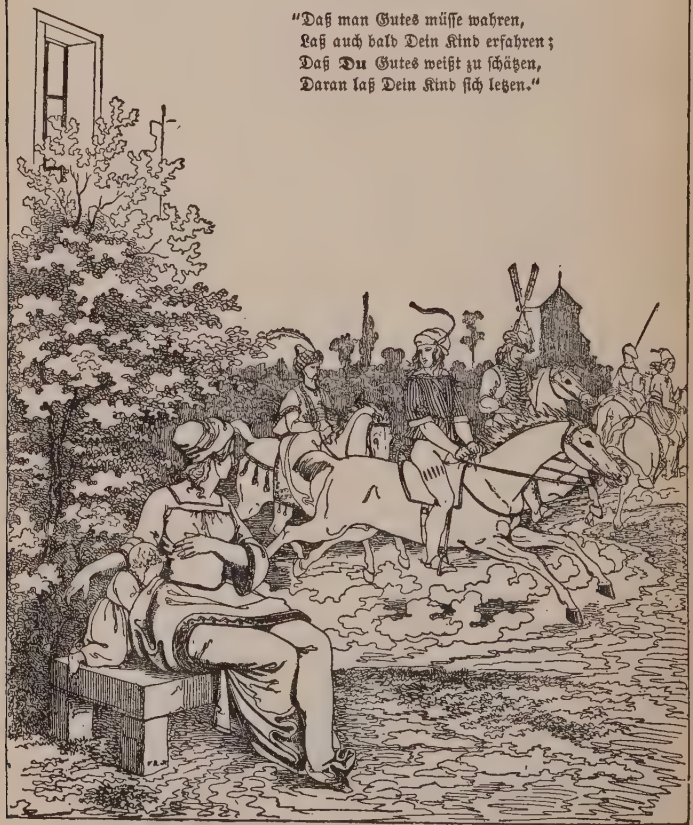
* E. g., The Play of the Knights.

Kindchen, verstecke Dich!

"Daß man Gutes müsse wahren,
Laß auch bald Dein Kind erfahren;
Daß **Du** Gutes weißt zu schätzen,
Daran laß Dein Kind sich letzen."



wakens his sense of the link between himself and human beings in general. Otherwise the relationship between mother and child may deteriorate into a merely physical one, and this is injurious to both, whether from the point of view of bodily health, intellectual growth, or moral effort.

Another thought, dear mother, presses upon our consideration. It has been casually alluded to and illustrated in preceding plays and mottoes. But if we wish to be enlightened educators, we must give it our direct and full attention. The most active and influential force in the education of your children is your own true character. What you really are in yourself; what you really think about the dispositions, deeds, and aims of your children; what you really approve and condemn; why you approve and why you condemn; what you prize and why you prize it; how you guard and cherish the things you prize—in a single word, what you show yourself to be in yourself, in your home, and to your family: this is the power which will most influence your children, and that even when they are so small that you may imagine them incapable of understanding or even feeling it.

How often is it said that mother and child are all in all to each other! All-in-all! Mother, ponder these words. Be all in all to your child, not only in your feeling but with insight and assured deliberate deed. Feeling misunderstood becomes inordinate, and overflows its protecting banks.

Then, instead of a blessing, it becomes an injury alike to mother and child.*

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* Students of Froebel will observe that I have omitted the conversation and rhyme which close this commentary. They will also observe that in Volume II I give two versions of the song for the child.

In the original song the mother is represented as hiding her child from the knights, who wish to carry him away. This has troubled the minds of many kindergartners, while by others it is believed to be the one feature of the game which more than any other tends to strengthen the bond of union between mother and child. It has therefore seemed well to me to give two versions of the song, and in order to harmonise the commentary with both versions to make the omissions indicated above.

The omitted conversation and poem are rendered as follows in Miss Lord's version of the Mother Play:

"Mother, why did the knights want to have the little child?"

"Why, you see, because it was a good, dear little child. That is why the knights wanted to have it too; only its mother loved it so much because it was good, and did not give it to the knights. She would not even let them see it at all."

"And you, my child, are very dear,
And very precious too;
God sent indeed a treasure here
When his love sent me you.
And if you're only good, my pet,
A gentle child, and always kind,
Your heart by happy courage set,
Gladness and merriment to find,
The bond between us two will stay,
That makes us love each other so;
And when the knights come by this way,
And want you, I shall say, 'Oh, no!
It's right to guard such gifts; so ride away!'"

"I will be good—yes, mother dear, I want to stay with you;
Only please love me just as much, and be good to me too."

A slight alteration of the conversation will harmonise it with the alternative version of the song:

"Mother, why did the knights want to take the child a-riding?"

"Because he was a dear, good little boy. That was why his mother, too, loved him so dearly, and could only spare him to the knights for a little while."

Having referred several times informally to Miss Lord's version of Mother Play, I give here the correct title of the book: Mother's Songs, Games and Stories, Froebel's Mutter und Kose Lieder, rendered in English by Frances and Emily Lord.

Verstecken des Kindes.

„Warum mag wohl das Kindchen mein
Versteckenspiel so sehr erfreun?„—
"Es ist das Gefühl der Persönlichkeit,
Was jetzt schon Dein Kindchen so hoch erfreut:
Es ist das Gefühl, sich selbst zu erkennen,
Wenn 's höret seinen Namen nennen;
D'rum wenn zum Versteckspiel Dein Kindchen sich neigt.
Hat 's neue Entwickelungsstufe erreicht.
Von jetzt an mußt Du es nun sorglich bewahren;
Denn diese Gefühle umschweben Gefahren.—
Kannst Sinnigkeit und Sittigkeit
Und so Vertraun und Offenheit
Du jetzt schon in dem Kind erwecken,
Daß sie bleiben,
Wurzeln treiben,
Nie wird es je sein Thun vor Dir verstecken."

XLII.

HIDE AND SEEK.

Why does my little one laugh so, and crow
With pretty, exultant pride,
When I find him at last, after feigning long
To look for him far and wide?

Ah, well may a note of exulting be heard
In the laugh of the sweet little elf!
He triumphs not only because he is found,
But because he is *finding himself*.

He feels that his being is something apart
From the people and things that surround;
He knows who is meant when his name is called out;
When he hides, that 'tis *he* must be found.

Play on, gentle mother—play on with thy child,
But his deeper life never forget;
He has reached a new stage, with new need of thy care
To guard where new dangers beset.

With reverent love greet each wakening power,
And turn its glad eyes to the light;
He hides now in sport, but he never will hide
His opening soul from thy sight.

Is there anywhere a mother who does not know Hide and Seek? Can there be a mother whose baby has not hidden himself on her breast, beneath her arm, in her lap, under her kerchief? Hiding, indeed, seems to have an inexhaustible charm alike for baby and for his somewhat older brothers and sisters, and hiding games

never fail to arise in and develop with childhood. Their universality proves them to be deeply rooted in human nature, and suggests that they must have significant recoils upon development and education.

We have recognised that the natural and original unity of feeling between mother and child may become inordinate and injurious. But if unity misunderstood works evil, how much greater evil must spring from separation and estrangement when these are either half-understood or wholly misinterpreted?

In view of the dangers of estrangement, is it not surprising that with unhesitating instinct you invite your darling to hide from you? Is it not passing strange that hiding should give him delight?

Nay, mother, nay! Well is it for you, well is it for your child, that the original incitement to separation should spring from your heart. All giving is linked with receiving, or rather, let me say, all giving blossoms out of receiving. This is the clue to your instinctive procedure. Make it clear to your consciousness that you may justify the promptings of your love, and avoid the dangers into which all blind impulses are so easily betrayed.

You incite your child to hide from you. He enjoys hiding from you. It is a keen excitement to him to be so concealed that for long minutes you cannot see him and are not able to find him. Herein undoubtedly lurks a germ of danger. Beware lest he find such pleasure in concealment

that he is willing to hide longer and longer, and that in the end he becomes indifferent to being found. Be watchful lest his impulse to hide himself be distorted into an impulse to hide his actions. Be careful, above all, that the pure play impulse of hiding be not corrupted by some chance deed done while hidden!

The possibility of such a deed is the germ of evil alluded to above; for therein lurks the danger that he may begin to hide his actions, and increasingly seek to conceal what he knows you cannot approve, what he fears you may condemn and punish.

I will not torture your feelings by tracing in detail the transition from concealment to evasion, from evasion to distortion of facts, from such distortion to wilful falsehood. Rather will I try to answer the question which is sounding in your heart, and tell you how you may avoid the dangers incident to the play which yields your child such pure delight, and which is so intimately allied with his free and joyous development.

Ponder the game itself. Observe the child as he plays it. Notice particularly how his eyes sparkle with joy when he is found. However safely he hides himself, how still soever he keeps while hidden, his one anxiety is that he may be found; the single source of his pleasure is anticipation of the moment when his hiding place shall be discovered.

But why, then, does he hide at all? He might lie unhidden in your arms, upon your knee, close to your heart, and, looking into your eyes, see you

looking lovingly back at him. Does he hide himself in order to conceal himself from you? Does he wish to be separated from you? God forbid! He seeks through physical separation to heighten his sense of spiritual union. The length of time he enjoys being hidden measures the rising tides of his consciousness. The delight of finding you again, the joy of being again found and seen by you, increase just in proportion as his thought submerged in feeling rises out of darkness into the light.

In order, therefore, to guard your child from the possibility of pleasure in concealment, cherish his desire to be found, heighten his joy in reunion. Then from the point where danger seemed to threaten will come the help you need, and instead of sorrow you will win access of joy.

So is it, so must it always be, in God's world. A threatening danger is an offered help. The longing for physical separation is the mark of a craving for spiritual union. Understand this impulse, and respond to the need it indicates. So shall you solve a knotty problem; so shall you win safety, blessing, peace, and joy.

The goal of life is unity. The yearning for estrangement merely points to the path by which unity may be attained.

XLIII.

THE CUCKOO.

The mother calls "Cuckoo!" to baby now,
But there shall come erelong another call,
  Hidden, yet near,
And oh so soft and low,
  The child must listen well if he would hear!

At first it seems a call from other where,
But, heeded well, it enters the child's soul,
  A dweller meet;
And ever thenceforth there
  Mingles its mandates with his heart's life-beat.

"But wherefore, then, The Cuckoo game?" asks some one who has never pondered the deep meanings which lie hidden in childish play. Is it not exactly like Hide and Seek, only that one calls out "Cuckoo" to the hiding child?

Consider the two games carefully, and you will see that, though nearly allied, they differ widely. The Cuckoo is an expansion, or, more precisely, a higher evolution, of Hide and Seek, and makes its appearance at a later stage of development. What, then, is the difference between the two plays? Through what contrasting feature does The Cuckoo show an advance upon its predecessor?

Observe each game closely, thoughtful mother, and you will easily discover their differences. In the one, separation and union are thrown into relief by contrast, in order that each may be more

Guckguck!

"Was auf dieser Kindesstufe
Ist dem Kind der Mutter Guckguckruf,
Ist auf höherer Entwicklungsstufe
Einst dem Kindchen der Gewissensruf:
Hört 's den leisen Schlag,
Folgt ihm willig nach,
Läßt 's sein Herzchen nicht allein:
Fröhlich wird 's dann stets mit ihm beisammen sein,
Als das schönste Lebens-Ein."

consciously felt; in the other, these contrasts are mediated by the cuckoo call. The salient characteristic of The Cuckoo play is union in separation, and separation in union. In this peculiarity lies the secret of its abiding charm. Since the consciousness of union in separation, and of separation (i. e., personality) in union, is the root of conscience, the child's delight in this little game shows us that his spiritual ear is becoming sensitive to her still small voice.

Well for the child, well for the man, to whom throughout life the voice of conscience is the prophecy and pledge of an abiding union with God!

Above the heads of the mother and children in our picture the sun is rising. Is our artist hinting to us the rise of that great spiritual Sun in whose light they shall learn their abiding distinction and their indissoluble union?

"What is it, mother, sometimes speaks to me,
Like something dear and sweet I cannot see?
That seems to smile when I am all alone,
With love as kind and gentle as your own."

"Child, when your mother's face you cannot see,
There is a loving presence still with thee;
And when your mother's voice you cannot hear,
There still is something whispering in your ear:
'Be good, be glad, be thankful for the love
That never leaves, but smiles from heaven above!'
Within thy heart abides that presence bright,
The gift of God to guide my child aright."*

* Emily Huntington Miller.

Der Kaufmann und das Mädchen.

„Das Kind erfreun des Kaufmanns Gaben,
Am Kinde die Mutter möcht' Freude haben."

XLIV.

THE TOYMAN AND THE MAIDEN.

The child, with prescience of life's complex joys,
Looks with delight upon the shopman's toys.
The mother, in whose heart those joys have smiled,
With present gladness looks upon her child.

THE TOYMAN AND THE BOY.

The toyman spreads his wares with skilful hand,
  While in the boy's mind, all unbid, arise
Vague stirrings which he cannot understand—
  Strange newborn yearnings towards life's great emprise;
Yearnings which, wisely trained, will grow at length
To motive power, still strengthening with his strength.

The position of the hands in these little plays is simple and familiar. It is likewise clearly shown in the picture of The Toyman and the Boy. The middle and ring fingers of each hand touching at their tips represent the toyshop. The forefingers lying one above the other suggest a counter. The two little fingers are salesmen standing behind the counter; the two thumbs are buyers standing before it. These buyers are, in one case, a mother and daughter; in the other, a father and son.

The mart of life has its claims and its lessons. When either a child or a man has become in-

Der Kaufmann und der Knabe.

"Die Hand den Kaufmann zeigt gewandt;
Leicht zieht das Kind auch diese Hand,
Wenn sie früh lenkt mit Liebessinn
Das Kindchen schon zum Guten hin."

wardly clear to himself, and has gained the mastery over himself, he may go to this mart with pleasure and profit. There he will find hundreds of things to be set not only in physical but in spiritual relations to himself and to others. In the needs of man revealed by the products of man he may behold human nature and human life reflected as in a mirror. Gazing into this mirror, he will learn to recognise his own genuine needs, and grow able to choose for himself both the things which are outwardly useful and those which will edify and gladden his soul. Frequenting thus the great mart of life, he wins from it a really pious joy.

Such a joy the child is blindly seeking when he longs to go to the market and the shop. He feels its premonitory thrill as he gazes at the motley stalls of the one and the brilliant counters of the other.

In the rich mart of life each person may choose for himself useful and beautiful things. Special choices will be determined by age, sex, and vocation. The little girl, the maiden, the mother, the housewife, will desire things which serve and adorn the home—things which lighten the duties and augment the charm of family life. The boy, the youth, the man, the father, will wish to protect his home, and his choices will be influenced by this desire. The woman will prefer beautiful things; the man strong things. Blending in harmonious union, the strong and the beautiful produce the good. Understanding that they complement each other, man and woman are transfigured

from external counterparts into a spiritual unity, and with their mutual recognition life becomes one, whole, complete.

A prescient feeling of the inner in the outer; of similarity in distinction; of unity in the manifold; of the universal in the particular—such is the impulsive power which drives the child to the market and the shop. He longs to look at life in a mirror, to find himself through looking, and to win from this rich experience the power and the means of embodying his own deep selfhood.

Hence your child, if he be truly childlike, will not crave physical possession of all the things he sees. His heart's desire will be fully satisfied by a doll or a cart, a whistle or a sheep, provided only that in and through his toy he finds and represents himself and his little world.

XLV.

THE CHURCH.

When to the church a little child is brought,
Its sacred service stirs within his thought
Strange yearnings—dim, but with deep meaning fraught.

He sees unnumbered heads, all bowed in prayer,
Asking one Father's guidance, help, and care,
While all the words of one petition share.

And when the organ's deep, melodious tone
Preludes some hymn by all long loved and known,
He hears unnumbered voices rise as one.

The meaning of it all he can not tell,
And yet the praying throng, the hymn's rich swell,
Hold him as in a sweetly solemn spell.

Seize the swift mood, dear mother, that its glow
May warm the seed of truth which you would sow;
Thus planted in his life, 'twill root and grow.

For even as one mastering thought can thrill
A thousand differing minds and hearts until
They move with one desire, have but one will:

So in each life one consecrated aim,
One high endeavour, like a chemist's flame,
Melts and reshapes each lesser thought or claim.

But, ah! this truth you must yourself first prove
Ere you can teach it to the child you love.
Once learned, he'll value it all else above.

Think not that he is all too young to teach:
His little heart will like a magnet reach
And touch the truth for which you find no speech.

Kirchenthür mit Fenster.

„Wo sich Einklang in der Mehrheit zeiget,
Wo er in Gestalt und Tönen spricht,
Da sich früh des Kindes Sinn hinneiget,
Dieß zu pflegen, Eltern, säumet nicht:
Laßt vor Allem früh das Kindchen ahnen,
Daß ein höchstes Streben alle eint.
Höchstes Lebensglück früh anzubahnen,
Nicht so schwer ist 's, wie Ihr meint.
Doch muß dieser Sinn selbst in Euch leben,
Seele sein, von Allem, was Ihr thut;
Höchstes habt Ihr so dem Kind gegeben,
Schützend nun es in sich selber ruht.—
Nichts ist mehr im Stand, es ihm zu rauben,
Innig eins ist 's im Gemüth und Geist.
Gebt dem Kinde, Eltern! solchen Glauben,
Es Euch durch sein ganzes Leben preist.
Meinet nicht, dazu sei 's noch zu kleine,
Ein Magnet im kleinsten Kinde liegt,
Der ihm zeigt, wo Lebenseingung eine,
Und auch welcher Sinn durch Trennung trügt."

Already Nature has your task begun,
For see how discord even now he'll shun,
But love to stay where all things are at one.

If you would bind your little one to you,
Bind your own soul to all that's high and true,
And let its light shine clear through all you do.

The forearms held in a vertical position represent doorposts. The hands bent towards each other make the arch of the door. The four fingers of one hand spread out over the four fingers of the other hand suggest a window over the door. The thumbs stand above like little belfries.

All free expressions of child life are symbolic and point to an inward ground. Hence their spiritual magnetism and charm.

Dimly and unconsciously the child feels the unity of life. Because his feeling is blind he often misunderstands it. Because it is living, he rejoices in all its outward incarnations. This is the reason why, at the stage of development described in my commentary on The Toyman, he delights to frequent the places where men meet together and take counsel with each other.

In all families where churchgoing has any real meaning, stands in any real relation to corporate and individual life, the children are anxious to go to church, and count an occasional participation in its services a great privilege and joy. This joy, in the first instance, springs not from any understanding of what is said or sung, but from the simple fact that with inner collectedness and devotion all the worshipping congregation sing the same hymns, unite in the

same prayers. The child knows that a common thought is stirring many minds, a common feeling throbbing in many hearts. By this recognition his own presentiment of the unity and harmony of life is fed and strengthened. Hence his joy in churchgoing.

But a time will come when he will ask what mean the words which all are saying, the songs which all are singing. His question must be answered in a way corresponding to the stage of development he has attained and to the degree and range of his spiritual experience. In my song of The Church I have endeavoured to suggest how this may be done. Study this song, and you will find that it points to two distinct stages of spiritual evolution: a narrower and a wider, an earlier and a later. Choose from it what you need for your child. Develop its hints, follow the path it opens. In all that you do, however, make it your chief aim to satisfy, fulfil, and strengthen the prophesies of the soul. So doing, you will open the child's inner ear to the harmonies which sound through and are echoed from his heart. Then shall he learn to recognise these harmonies in Nature and in life,*

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* "Truth seek we both: thou, in the world without thee and around;
I, in the world within; by both alike may truth be found.
The healthy eye may through the world the great Creator track;
The healthy heart is but the glass that gives creation back."
SCHILLER.

and shall find at last his own accord with him who is

"The life of all life,
The light of all light,
The love of all love,
The good of all good—
God."

Der kleine Zeichner.

Ei! das Kindchen klein
Möcht' schon Zeichner sein.

Fast ein Nichts erscheint des Kindes Kraft,
Mindestens noch unbedeutend klein;
Aber was ist wohl, das allweg Großes schafft:
Findest es im allerkleinsten Klein.
Alles, alles, was nur um Dich her entsteht,
Sei es noch so unermeßlich groß,
Alles aus dem Kleinsten stets hervor nur geht.
Was das ganze All birgt in dem Schoß,
Aus dem, Sinnen kaum Wahrnehmbar'n, geht's hervor.
Darum ist ja Gott so göttlich groß!
Ströme, deren Rauschen ganz betäubt Dein Ohr,
Wie die Sonnen haben gleiches Los:
Aus dem Nichts hervorrief Gott sie, der sie schuf!
Sprach Er nicht: Sei auch im Kleinsten treu?!
Und Du wolltest nicht im Kind verstehn den Ruf?
Meinest Du, daß hier es anders sei?
Darum, Eltern, macht es Euch zum wichtigsten Geschäfte,
Treu zu pflegen Eures Kindes unscheinbare Kräfte.

XLVI.

THE LITTLE ARTIST.

The things a child can make
  May crude and worthless be;
It is his *impulse to create*
    Should gladden thee!

The greatest things have grown
  All slowly to their prime;
From least beginnings, vaguely known,
    In farthest time.

The river, whose strong tide
  No bridge may safely span,
Can be traced back to the small spring
    Where it began.

The steadfast earth we tread,
  The moon, the stars, the sun,
Were called from nothing ere yet time
    Had been begun.

No—rather were they born
  From the enfolding All,
Whose method only is to bring
    Great things from small.

His method, which still reigns
  Through all the wondrous whole—
The outward universe—the race,
    Each human soul.

"Be faithful in the least!"
  O wise, sweet words for all,
But sweetest on a mother's ear
    They seem to fall—

Throwing a sacred light
On each weak putting forth
Of her child's soul, and giving it
Prophetic worth.

Your child sits, as he so loves to do, upon your lap. With the index finger of your right hand, or with his index finger, you draw in the air outlines suggestive of simple objects. Such outlines may also be traced in sand spread out upon a tray, or, again, when the child is older, upon a slate. Finally, you may, if you prefer, begin by drawing in sand, advance from this to drawing on the slate, and end by describing outlines in the air. Good reasons may be given for pursuing either of these plans. The tracing of outlines in the air delights very young children, because it is a definite and suggestive movement.

In any and all of its forms drawing is pleasing to children. The grounds of such pleasure are obvious. Drawing attests the mind's creative power, and offers a seemingly simple form for its exertion. How, then, can it fail to be delightful, especially upon the plane of development to which we have now ascended?

The child's mind has a relatively rich and varied content. He has, moreover, begun to feel the unity in manifoldness, and through his soul flit shadowy suggestions of the identity of all life. In a word, he bears within himself a little world. He must therefore strive in some simple way, and by the means at his command, to recreate this world.

Through drawing, the child advances from

perception to picture. What he has learned from life he passes in review before his soul. It would seem as if he were trying to get a survey of his experience as a whole, in order that he may be able to understand its nature, discriminate its permanent and essential from its accidental and vanishing elements, and thus learn to choose what is good and avoid what is evil.

Above all, however, drawing, as a creative activity, throws light upon the being of the Creator. He who would know the Creator must exercise his own creative power. Moreover, he must exercise it consciously for the production and representation of the good. The doing of what is good is the tie between Creator and creature. To do good with insight and intention makes this tie a conscious one. Therein is the living union of man and God—the union of individuals with God—the union of all humanity with God. With this discovery we understand at last the point of departure for all true education, and the goal towards which it strives.

APPENDIX.

NOTE I.

Illustrated Title-Page (see page v).

Surrounded by her children is a mother whose whole being is penetrated by a sense of the dignity and solemnity of her vocation. In her loyal and loving heart echo the words, "Come, let us live with our children." Through song she seeks to reach the hearts of her little ones, and to prepare them for an all-sided harmony of life.

Attracted by this active motherliness, other children—the children, perhaps, of relatives and friends—flock towards the joyous circle. Although sure of a welcome, they approach with modest diffidence; for the spirit of harmonious development hovers over this family group, and in the presence of such a spirit who does not feel shyness and reverence?

Those whose souls are thrilled by the musical accord of life will revere that which *is*, will guard that which is *possessed*, will nurture that which is *in process of becoming*. Hence the little girl in our picture is impelled to care for the growing plants. Most of all she loves to water the lily, the flower of childhood, the stainless type of childhood's innocence. The vigorous boy, on

the contrary, is prompted by the feeling of life's inner harmony to the observation of activity and growth, and his eager and wondering gaze is fixed upon a bird's nest, or rather upon the fledgelings within the nest, who are so rapidly gaining the strength which shall enable them to fly high in the air.

The plays of childhood become the realities of later life. Our little boy has grown into a vigorous youth, our little girl into a fair and gentle maiden. They seek in Nature for an object which shall be, as it were, a counterpart to their own inmost life. The fragrance of the lily stills the heart-yearning of the youth. Its form, at once strong and delicate, appeals to the sentiment of the maiden. The latter rests securely in her harmoniously developed and still developing feelings; the former finds his support in the intellect, whose strife and aspiration are for clearness of vision. Hence our picture shows us the maiden poised on the sphere which *implicitly* contains all the archetypes of form; while the youth stands upon the cube, which manifests with clearness the simple laws that govern and determine form.

The lily, so faithfully tended by childish hands has burst into blossoms, which, while clinging to their stalk, look upward to the universal life-giver, the sun. In like manner, out of the lily-root of childish mirth and innocence have blossomed the love and joy of souls aspiring towards the great spiritual Sun, the one source and fountain of all spiritual life.

By day and by night Nature bestows her blessing upon such activities and upon such nurture. She pours it down upon the rays of the sun. She sheds it from Ariadne's crown. She says to every mother, to every woman who has a motherly heart: "Meditate and educate. Nurture the coming happy race. This work you can do, and you alone."

The dwellers in heaven send their messenger to bear to this motherly, child-cherishing, humanity-nurturing life, the olive branch of peace. The Holy Spirit, in the form of a dove, hovers over it, giving it highest consecration. Out of the clouds comes a voice: "This is the nurture of my children in the garden of life; in it I am well pleased."

NOTE II (See page 22).

It may help the reader to catch the genetic idea of the Mother Play if I indicate a few stages in the evolution of one great insight from its first appearance as a typical fact in nursery rhyme to its comprehensive presentation in Shakespeare. As the Mother Play is largely concerned with the relationship between the particular self and the universal self, I choose as my point of departure the mental perturbations of the little woman so badly treated by the peddler Stout:

> "There was a little woman, as I've heard tell,
> She went to market her eggs for to sell:

She went to market all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

"There came a little peddler, his name was Stout;
He cut off her petticoats round about;
He cut off her petticoats up to her knees,
And the poor little woman began for to freeze.

"She began to shiver, and she began to cry;
'Lawk-a-mercy on me! sure it isn't I!
But if it be I, as I think it ought to be,
I've got a little dog at home, and he knows me!'"

The psychologic point of the rhyme is given in the closing lines. The little old woman depends upon the recognition of her dog to be sure she is herself. This is, of course, the mere inarticulate babble of infant reason. In Grimm's story of Clever Alice we hear her childish lisp. Hans and Alice had been married some time; then, one morning, Hans said:

"Wife, I will go out to work and earn some money; do you go into the field and gather some corn wherewith to make bread."

"Yes," she answered, "I will do so, dear Hans." And when he was gone, she cooked herself a nice mess of pottage to take with her. As she came to the field, she said to herself: "What shall I do? Shall I cut first, or eat first? Ay, I will eat first." Then she ate up the contents of her pot, and when it was finished she thought to herself: "Now, shall I reap first, or sleep first? Well, I think I will have a nap." And so she laid herself down among the corn and went to sleep. Meanwhile Hans returned home, but Alice did not come, and

so he said: "Oh, what a prudent Alice I have! she is so industrious that she does not even come home to eat anything." By-and-bye, however, evening came on and still she did not return; so Hans went out to see how much she had reaped; but, behold, nothing at all, and there lay Alice fast asleep among the corn. So home he ran very fast, and brought a net with little bells hanging on it, which he threw over her head while she still slept on. When he had done this he went back again and shut to the house door, and, seating himself on his stool, began working very industriously.

At last, when it was quite dark, the Clever Alice awoke, and as soon as she stood up the net fell all over her hair and the bells jingled at every step she took. This frightened her, and she began to doubt whether she were really Clever Alice, and said to herself, "Am I she, or am I not?" This question she could not answer, and she stood still a long while considering. At last she thought she would go home and ask if she were really herself, supposing they would be able to tell. When she came to the house door it was shut, so she tapped at the window, and asked, "Hans, is Alice within?" "Yes," he replied, "she is." Now she was really terrified, and exclaiming, "Ah, heaven, then I am not Alice!" she ran up to another house; but as soon as the folks within heard the jingling of the bells they would not open their doors, and so nobody would receive her. Then she ran straight away from the village, and no one has ever seen her since.

In the Hitopadesa the truth implicit in these two stories rises into somewhat clearer consciousness.

"A Brahman, who had vowed a sacrifice, went to market to buy a goat. Three thieves saw him, and wanted to get hold of the goat. They stationed themselves at intervals on the high road. When the Brahman, who carried the goat on his back, approached the first thief, the thief said, 'Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?' The Brahman replied, 'It is not a dog, it is a goat.' A little while after, he was accosted by the second thief, who said, 'Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?' The Brahman felt perplexed, put the goat down, examined it, took it up again, and walked on. Soon after, he was stopped by the third thief, who said, 'Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?' Then the Brahman was frightened, threw down the goat, and walked home to perform his ablutions for having touched an unclean animal. The thieves took the goat and ate it." *

Readers of the Arabian Nights will recall the story of Abou Hassan, the young spendthrift of Bagdad, who was conveyed in his sleep to the palace of Haroun-Al-Raschid, and by the honours shown him on waking made to believe himself Sultan. Many analogous tales may be found both in Oriental and Occidental literature, but it is needless to multiply illustrations, and I will only remind my readers of the scene in the Tam-

* Cited in Myths and Myth Makers. John Fiske.

ing of the Shrew, wherein Christopher Sly, the drunken tinker, wakes to find himself transformed into a lord (Act I, Scene 2).

The presupposition latent in all these stories is that the individual cannot know anything, least of all himself, until such knowledge is reflected to him from others. In Troilus and Cressida this psychologic truth finds explicit statement. Achilles has quarrelled with Agamemnon and deserted the cause of his people. Ulysses suggests that while he stands in the entrance to his tent general and princes shall "pass strangely by him, as if he were forgot." He himself will come last and medicine his pride. The plan is carried out, and the following conversation takes place between Ulysses and Achilles:

Achilles. How now, Ulysses?
Ulysses. Now, great Thetis' son!
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.
Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself—
That most pure spirit of sense—behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form.

For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travelled, and is arrived there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.
Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift;
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves,
That no man is the lord of anything
(Though in and of him there be much consisting)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat."

Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Scene 3.

In this marvellous statement the truth that man knows himself through others is complemented by the truth that he must communicate himself to others. The individual lives in and through his relations with other individuals. Man is husband, father, son, brother, friend, an actor in the realm of civil society, a patriot, the hero of a great cause, the member of a universal society. Inner life is created and maintained by outer life, and isolating himself from his spiritual environment, the human being ceases to exist. Hence altruism is the principle of spiritual life, and the shallowest and vainest of all self-deceivers are those who fondly hug the delusion that their "inner life" is higher and better than their deeds. He who loves no one is not loving. He who is loved by no one is not lovable. He who

gives nothing is not generous. He who is constantly protecting himself against others cannot be helper or hero.*

NOTE III (See page 24).

In an autobiographical letter to the Duke of Meiningen, Froebel gives an account of his first day at school, and the impression it left upon his mind. This record of his own experience stands in such vital relation to what he has attempted to do for childhood that, despite the fact that it must be familiar to many of my readers, I venture to quote it in full:

"At the time of my childhood, church and school generally stood in strict mutual relationship. . . . The school children had their special places in church, and not only were they obliged to attend church, but each child had to repeat to the teacher, at a special class held for the purpose every Monday, some passage of Scripture used by the minister in his sermon of the day before, as a proof of attention to the service. From these passages, that one which seemed most suitable to children was then chosen for the little ones to master, or to learn by heart, and for that purpose one of the older children had during the whole week, at certain times each day, to repeat the

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* See Mr. D. J. Snider's Shakespearean Drama. A Commentary Histories, pp. 77–80.

passage to the little children, sentence by sentence. The little ones, all standing up, had then to repeat the text, sentence by sentence, in like manner, until it was thoroughly imprinted on their memories.

"I came into school on a Monday. The passage chosen for that week was, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.' I heard these words every day, in the calm, serious, somewhat sing-song voices of the children, sometimes repeated by one child, sometimes by the whole number. And the text made an impression upon me, such as none had ever done before, and none ever did after. Indeed, this impression was so vigorous and permanent that to this day every word spoken with the special tone and expression then given to it is still vivid in my mind. And yet that is now nearly forty years ago! Perhaps, even then, the simple boy's heart felt that these words would be the foundation and the salvation of his life, bringing to him that conviction which was to become later on to the working and striving man a source of unconquerable courage, of unflinching, ever-ready, and cheerful self-sacrifice. In short, my introduction into that school was the birth of my higher spiritual life." *

Froebel was of an introspective nature, and seems to have been more than usually conscious of the fertilising experiences of his life. The hazelnut blossom, from which, in early child-

* Autobiography of Friedrich Froebel, translated by E. Michaelis and H. Keatley Moore, p. 82.

hood, he gained his first presentiment of the import of sex; the tiny unnamed flowcret into whose heart he peered with a haunting sense of the mystery of development; the story of Samuel Lawill, whose magic ring apprised him by a prick that he was doing wrong; a theological discussion between his rigidly orthodox father and a brother inclined towards speculation which first wakened in his consciousness an idea of the pendulum-like vibration of thought; a table showing the relationship between different alphabets and their derivation from old Phœnician characters, which astounded him with its suggestion of unity under variety; Winckelmann's Letters, which roused his feeling for art; and an abridged translation of the Zend-Avesta, which opened his eyes to the historic evolution of religion—are all mentioned by him with full recognition of their influence upon his thought and character.

His ideal of education is to fertilise the seeds of thought which are indigenous to the soil of the mind, and when they begin to grow to supply them with nourishment of the right kind and in the right amount.

He shows his wisdom by presenting truth in æsthetic forms, which allure the imagination and rouse no antagonism by direct effort to coerce the will.

NOTE IV (See page 32).

SINCE the publication in 1890 of M. Tarde's book Les Lois de L'Imitation there has been an observable tendency to define all the phenomena of mind in terms of this once despised faculty. As Dr. Harris has pointed out,* such definitions are fruitful and suggestive, because they throw into relief a real continuity of function. It is better, however, to define imitation as an initial form of reflection † than to define reflection as a higher potency of imitation. In general, lower activities should be defined by higher, and not higher activities by lower. The heresy underlying atomic theories is the outcome of an attempt to explain all things from the point of view of sense-perception, which attributes self-existence and independence to finite and dependent objects. The heresy underlying the presentation of spiritual relationships under images borrowed from vital organisms is the result of looking at all things from the point of view of the understanding, which, while perceiving universal relativity, does not perceive that this implies self-relation. The attempt to explain all mental phenomena as forms of imitation is interesting, because it points to the infinite self-communication of the divine mind as the final explanation of the universe. ‡

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* See his article on The Imitative Faculty in Education. New York Independent, August 2, 1894.

† Using reflection in the sense of mirroring.

‡ See Educational Psychology, Dr. Harris, pp. 11–16.

The most illuminating passage in Les Lois de L'Imitation is in a note on page 397, which may be translated as follows:

"To confess my deepest thought with regard to the unknown and unknowable source of universal repetitions (or imitations) I must admit that an infinite ambition does not suffice to account for them. There are days when another explanation hovers before my mind. I suspect that the delight in indefinite and indefatigable self-repetition may be a sign of love—for in life and in art the characteristic mark of love is to repeat forever the same thing, to depict again and again the same subject. Then I ask myself if the universe, which seems to delight in monotonous repetitions—does not reveal thereby rather an infinite heart of love than an infinite ambition. I cannot avoid the conjecture that all things, notwithstanding their warfare with each other, have been created *con amore*, and that thereby alone can we explain the beauty which subsists, despite evil and pain."

NOTE V.

PROSE TRANSLATION OF FROEBEL'S MOTTOES.

Play with the Limbs.

When the child amuses himself by striking out with his arms and legs the impulse to play with him stirs in the mother.

This impulse is bestowed upon her by the Creator. It hints to her how through the outer

she may nurture the inner life—how through play and playful tricks she may awaken feelings, presentiments, and yearnings.

Falling! Falling!

In each instinctive mother play there lurks a deep unconscious thought.

Even so simple a game as Falling! Falling! has a profound motive.

Always and through all she does, the mother strives to nurture the child's intellect and augment his force. She wishes to make him both strong and vigilant, so that when he begins to stand, walk, and run he may know how to avoid a fall.

Weather-vane.

Do you desire that your child shall understand another's deed? Then let him do a similar deed.

Herein is grounded his desire to imitate the activities of persons and things about him.

All Gone.

How does the baby explain to himself All gone?

Some meaning he must find therein, or it would not attract him.

What he just saw he sees no more; what was above is below; what was before him has disappeared.

Where has it gone?

Some one has taken it.

See, one thing is in both.

Therefore is the child content.

Taste Song.

Through the senses Nature speaks clearly to the child.

Mother, see to it that he finds the latter (Nature) through the former (the senses).

Through the senses the gate of the invisible realm is opened.

Only the spirit, however, can bring this invisible realm to light.

In the senses the child's soul lies open.

Nurture the senses aright, and you may securely hope that your child will later escape much pain and suffering.

Through such nurture, moreover, he is prepared for clearness and joy of soul.

For in all that Nature declares to us we may find traces of the fatherly love of God.

You must early awaken in the child the tendency to seek the inner in the outer.

If the child finds this connection (i. e., the connection between the inner and outer, between the seen and temporal and the unseen and eternal) he will thereby break for himself a path towards the goal of life.

For he to whom Nature announces a law from God will find in his own soul the peace of God.

Flower Song.

Early give your child experience of the fact that in all living things there is revealed an essence which is struggling towards existence. Thus, in each plant *one* distinctive type of life

is expressed alike in form, colour, and fragrance, because one energy brought into existence these several qualities.

Tick! Tack!

Each thing prospers only when in all its doings it keeps true time.

Therefore, if you would have your child thrive, give him an orderly life and an orderly environment.

He who finds order repulsive loses many joys.

Therefore, mother, win your child to love order.

Order is surely a great boon to the child.

Mowing Grass.

Whatever you may be doing for or with your child, see to it that you remain in the unity of life.

Do nothing unrelatedly with your child. Otherwise you may easily render him incapable of education.

How my meaning is to be understood you will learn from this little game of Mowing Grass.

Beckoning the Chickens.

What is more charming than the baby's little trick of beckoning with his tiny finger?

It is the expression of life's living feeling that it is not alone in life.

Beckoning the Pigeons.

The mother sees in baby's eye what gives him delight.

What the child darkly and dimly feels, the mother tenderly and thoughtfully nurtures.

The Fish in the Brook.

Thither turn the child's eye, where active life is found.

When such active life is in a clear transparent element, the child's heart swells with waves of joy.

Mother, seek to cherish and preserve the feeling whence springs delight in the fresh and clear.

The Target.

However meaningless this play may seem, there is latent in it more than one might imagine.

It is like the rough gem which only needs to be cut and polished in order to delight the eye with rainbow colours.

It points to the truth, that distinct and even widely separated objects may come together in a harmonious unity.

Those who love to behold truth wreathed in play will discover in this game many other meanings.

The young child's soul is stirred with presentiments of these deeper meanings of play. Such presentiments break for him a path towards insight.

The fruition of activity is a living whole.

Work should have its due wage. Nothing is arbitrary: facts reciprocally determine each other.

Proportion is ever striving to manifest itself in and through all things.

Help your child in feeling to apprehend these truths, and he will not fail to exhibit measure and proportion in his life.

Pat-a-cake.

Can it be that a high import is latent even in Pat-a-cake?

Yes, indeed, meaning lies hid therein.

Willingly must each one do his part at the right time.

Only thus can the joint work succeed.

The Bird's Nest.

To behold in a symbolic picture the love of children for their mother delights the child.

Would you bless your child, renew this picture often.

By such renewal, what is true in life will become clear to his heart.

The Flower Basket.

Seek to give outward form to the feelings which stir the child's heart.

Even the child's love may fade and die if it be not cherished.

The Pigeon House.

What the child feels in his heart he gladly expresses in play.

As pigeons love a distant flight, the child loves to go away from home. As pigeons fly home, the child soon turns his glance homeward.

In the home let him find nurture.

Teach him to weave into a single glowing wreath his many detached experiences.

A story may bind together that which has been found apart.

Thus, binding together detached experiences, life becomes a living whole.

Naming the Fingers.

Teach your child early to know the different members of his body.

Teach him to name them distinctly.

Teach him still more carefully to use them aright, so that when he becomes capable of productive activity, the objects he produces may have real worth.

The Greeting.

The child begins to be conscious of his different limbs.

Therefore he loves to play with his hands and fingers.

Mother love responds to this indication.

Through such play the spirit shows that it is awaking.

What stirs darkly in the child the mother nurtures with care.

The Family.

Very early in his life the child has prescience of the fact that many different things may be one whole.

Therefore the mother diligently teaches him to know the members of the family circle.

Numbering the Fingers.

Man does not appreciate how great is the art of counting.

He scarcely suspects the magnitude of his achievement in making himself at home in space.

In its higher sense, correct counting teaches us to choose what is good and to avoid what is evil.

Hence it gives us true joys.

The Finger Piano.

What the child's eye sees his heart would fain hear.

Many things speak to man which the outer ear cannot hear.

If you would increase the joy of life give the child an early prescience of this truth.

Happy Brothers and Sisters.

When the child folds his little hands and seems ready for sleep, then, mother, feel it deeply that One is watching while all things sleep in the quiet night.

Believe that through the good you think you are leading your child to the good.

Nothing better can you give your child than the assurance that in the One True Life he also lives.

THE CHILDREN ON THE TOWER.

Bind into a beautiful whole all that you have played singly with your child.

It rejoices us to behold a child at play. It rejoices us still more to watch a group of playing children.

A single flower delights the child, but he finds greater pleasure in the variegated wreath.

From such experiences the child may win a presentiment of the truth that the least thing belongs to the great whole.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE MOON.

Why does the young child feel so intimately related to things far off in space?

Why does he so ardently desire contact and union with what is distant?

Mother, what shall we learn from these feelings of the child? How shall they teach us not to hinder, but help his developing life?

Let our endeavour be to help him find the inner unity before he loses the outer, so that as objects retreat in space they may approach his spirit.

Through such fostering care let us make for the child a ladder over which he may securely climb towards spiritual union with Nature.

Disturb not your little one's blessed dream of unity with the great World-whole—that dream in which he stretches forth his hand to grasp the

heavenly lights—that dream in which he knows of no barrier between himself and heaven.

The Little Maiden and the Stars.

With whatever the child's heart is full he fills his environment, and all life is to him a picture of his soul.

Hence he delights to impute to all objects human relationships.

Parents, if you wish your child when older to heed your loving teaching do not interfere with this tendency of childhood.

Your children will be devoutly active just in proportion as their hearts are penetrated by the feeling that the loving, creative throes of Spirit are the source of all the activity which struggles for self-expression in Nature, and whose faithful and gentle working is manifested throughout Nature.

Because they feel it to be spiritual, children are at one with life. Let life give back to them love for love.

The Light-bird.

The mother speaks to her child: "My darling, always remember that you must not grasp everything you see."

The Hare.

Though light illuminate the white wall, it can make no picture upon it.

But let the skilful hand intervene between the light and the wall, and lo! a picture which delights the baby's heart.

Exercise in play your child's creative power, in order that, united with the power of the Eternal Light, it may turn the shadows of life into beautiful pictures.

The Wolf and the Wild Pig.

The child loves to see pictures of objects with which he is familiar.

Even pictures of a wolf or a pig give him pleasure.

The young child curiously observes the ways of animals.

Mother, see to it that through his curiosity his purity of soul receive no stain.

The Little Window.

Why is it that the child loves to look through the window pane at the bright light ?*

May it not be because out of clearness (or purity) blossoms a beautiful life ?

Mother, strive to surround your child with clear, pure life.

The Window.

Gently nurture the child's obscure presentiment of a great life at one with itself.

Help him to make a secure pathway through feeling to the conviction that he is himself a member of, or participant in, this one life.

Help him to behold the inner in the outer, and to trust in the inner and not the outer.

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* Froebel is thinking of the small old-fashioned panes. See picture and commentary.

Teach him to feel that even things which are farthest apart in space are inwardly one, because they participate in one life.

Stir his soul with a premonition of the fact that each thing and all things speak to man, though their speech is inaudible to the outer ear, and create in him the lively faith that he who understands aright this symbolic language will pursue his life course with peace and joy.

The Charcoal Burner.

Mother, early teach your child that much may be done and many things may be made with few resources.

Teach him how unwieldy matter may be mastered; help him to understand that humble and apparently insignificant callings imply aptitudes and skill.

The Carpenter.

Whatever the child sees done by others calls forth something in himself.

Therefore seek through symbolic suggestion to lead him with clearness from the sensible to the spiritual.

The Bridge.

Let the child discover in play how to unite separated things.

Give him hints of the fact that human power is able to find or make connections even where the obstacles to union seem insuperable, and separation appears to be an invincible fact.

The Farmyard Gate.

Early teach your child through play to guard that which is dear to him from the danger of loss.

He will not understand the truth you seek to hint to him through your playful devices.

Nevertheless, the seed sown in his heart will germinate and grow, and its fruit, though long in ripening, will be sure to come.

The Little Gardener.

Would you develop in your child the love of nurture?

Give him something to nourish.

Would you prepare him for the higher and more spiritual forms of nurture?

Grant him, wherever you can, the joy which comes of cherishing life.

The Wheelwright.

The child sees with delight in how many ways man can use his hands.

The Joiner.

That each thing has a speech of its own does not escape the notice of the child.

But what is easily apprehended is often not appreciated.

Therefore, parents, place due emphasis on this important truth.

The Knights and the Good Child.

A still presentiment lies hid within the soul of the child that he is not alone in life.

Therefore he listens eagerly to what others say of him.

Mother, when you notice that your child begins to be attentive to what others say of him it behooves you to be watchful and careful.

He has mounted to a new plane of life.

He has begun to hear and heed the true call of life.

Sacredly guard his simplicity and purity of soul.

Protect him from the illusion of false appearance.

Teach him not to rest in mere outward show. Help him earnestly to strive for and win inward excellence.*

The Knights and the Bad Child.

Break for your child a path towards the highest happiness of life by teaching him that all men are attracted by what is good, and that the good flee from what is evil.

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* The thought in this motto is that only through the recognition of the good by others can the child learn to know the good. Froebel does not bid the mother teach her child to discriminate between true and false praise. He appeals to her to protect the child from false praise and by wise praise teach him to recognize and love the good.

The Knights and the Mother.

Let your child early have the experience that what is good must be protected.

Let his heart be rejoiced by the knowledge that *you* value and guard what is good.

Hide and Seek.

Why does your child delight in Hide and Seek ?

In the dawning sense of personality lies the secret of his joy.

He begins to recognise himself when he hears his name called.

When, therefore, he begins to love hiding games he has attained a new stage of development.

From this time forward you must increase your loving care, for upon this higher plane of development he is confronted with new dangers.

Let your effort be to awaken thoughtfulness, and to stir ideals of modesty; for if the roots of his life be pure and deliberate deeds, he will never feel the impulse to hide from you anything he does.

Cuckoo.

What the mother's cuckoo call is to the young child the call of conscience is to the child of larger growth.

Hearing and heeding the gentle voice, the child awakens to the sense of community, and knows that his is no isolated life.

Joyfully, thenceforward, will conscience dwell with him, a beautiful mediator between himself and the Universal and Divine.

The Toyman and the Maiden.

The child is rejoiced by the toyman's wares.
The mother rejoices in her child.

The Toyman and the Little Boy.

The toyman skilfully displays his wares.

The child will be attracted by this display, and through toys may be guided by a wise love towards what is good.

The Church.

Wherever there is harmony in the manifold, and especially where such harmony is expressed in forms and tones, thither turns the child's soul with prescient yearning.

Parents, fail not to cherish this attraction.

Above all, help your loved child early to a prescience of the truth, that a high aspiration unites all souls.

To break a path towards the purest joy of life is not so difficult as you may suppose. But the truth whence such joy springs must live in you, and be the soul of all you do.

By stirring the consciousness of this selfsame truth in your child, you will give him the highest and most precious of all gifts—a gift which will remain in his soul a protective power, of which he cannot be robbed; a gift through which he

will become at one with himself, in heart and intellect.

Parents, inspire your child with this precious faith, and he will bless you for it so long as he lives.

Think not he is too young to feel such faith. A magnet is hidden in the depths of his soul, which points him ever towards the unity of life, and by its repulsion shows him that all seeming isolation is illusion.

If you desire to bind him to you, let your own union with the One shine through all you do.

The Little Artist.

How insignificant, how almost nonexistent is the young child's productive power!

Yet, mother, in least things dwells the power which creates greatest things.

Whatever *becomes*, however immeasurably great, must have an apparently insignificant beginning.

From life imperceptible, hidden in the womb of the great Whole, all things proceed.

Therefore is God so godlike, great!

From nothing God called forth the torrents whose roar deafens your ear.

From nothing he called forth the celestial lights.

Has he not said: "Be faithful in the least"? And will you ignore the appeal of the least in your child?

Do you imagine that in the child alone small powers are insignificant?

Believe it not; but let your most earnest effort be to nurture your child's almost imperceptible powers.*

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* Students will have observed that the original mottoes are printed above the pictures. As The Child and Moon, The Wild Pig, and The Garden Gate lacked mottoes, the space above each of these pictures has been filled by the poem for the child. Owing to lack of space, several mottoes have been given only in part. These are here printed in full.

Der kleine Knabe und der Mond.

Warum ſcheinen Dinge, in dem Raume fern,
Anfangs wohl dem kleinen Kind ſo innig nah?—
Warum wünſcht, erſehnt das Kleine wohl ſo gern,
Daß das Ferne zur Verein'gung wäre da?
Was mag, Mutter, uns wohl dieß vom Kinde lehren?—
Daß wir ſein Entfalten fördern und nicht ſtören.
Daß, eh' ſich die Dinge in dem Raume von ihm winden,
Es die Ein'gung zwiſchen ſich und ihnen möge finden;
Daß die innre Einigung zu pflegen, zu erkennen,
Ehe äußerlich die Dinge ſich vom Kinde trennen.
Laß durch ſolch' Beachten uns dem Kind bereiten
Eine feſte Leiter, ſicher fortzuſchreiten.—
Darum ſtört das Kindlein nicht in ſeinem ſüßen Traume,
Sich mit Allem Eins zu fühl'n im großen Weltenraume;
Wo 's noch froh den Arm entgegenſtreckt dem Himmelslicht,
Wo 's noch keine Schranke kennt,
Die es von dem Himmel trennt;
Drum in dieſem ſel'gen Traume ſtört das Kindlein nicht.

Das kaum zweijährige Mädchen und die Sterne.

Was auch nur immer das Kindchen umgibt,
Menſchlich Verhältniß in allem es liebt;
Wovon ſein Herzchen es fühlend erfüllt,
Davon iſt ihm auch das Leben ein Bild.
Eltern, wollet ja des Kindes Sinn nicht ſtören,
Soll es künftig Eurer Liebe Lehre hören.

NOTE VI (See page 98).

In the rhymes here given in prose translation, the child is supposed to be speaking to the flowers. Manifestly, however, the poem is intended for the mother, and expresses feelings which stir in the *unconscious* depths of the child's soul.

"Dear flowers, you teach me what is good, and warn me of what is evil.

Denn nur dadurch wird das Handeln ihnen wichtig;
Dadurch werden Kinder einzig lebenstüchtig,
Wenn sie klar und innig das Gefühl durchdringt,
Was in allem still mit Kraft hervor sich ringt:
Was in allem leis, doch treu sie wirken sehen,
Das sei eines Geistes liebend schaffend Wehen.
Innig einig schauen sie darum ins Leben,
Inn'ge Liebe soll es ihnen wiedergeben.

Das Fenster.

Pflege leis des Kindes dunkles Ahnen,
  Daß ein in sich einig Leben sei;
Mache sicherem Gefühle Bahnen,
  Daß es selbst von ihm ein Glied ja sei.
Mache es im Äußern Inn'res schauen,
Auf das Inn're, nicht auf Äuß'res trauen.
Laß es fühlen, was auch weit getrennt erscheine,
In sich doch ein innig einig Leben eine,
Und daß jedes, wenn auch hörbar nicht,
Zu dem Menschen doch sinnbildlich spricht:
Daß, wer diese Sprache recht versteht,
Friedig, freudig durch das Leben geht.

Kirchenthür mit Fenster.

Willst Du nun Dein Kind Dir innig einen,
Laß in allem Deine Ein'gung mit dem Einigen durchscheinen.

"My heart beats with joy when you bend towards me, and show me all that you hide in your glowing cups.

"I know that you long to give me everything which can foster my life, protect me from danger, guard my innocence of soul.

"Let me know more than your names.

"Teach me also your language. Help me to understand what you say in colour, in form, and in the fragrance with which you fill the air.

"Ah! I know what you are saying. 'Love the truth. Avoid the pleasures which bring forth pain.'

"I know that you wish to exercise all my

Der kleine Zeichner.

Doch wie nennt' ich all' die ſchönen Sachen,
Die mein Kindchen zeichnend ſchon kann machen?—
Was entſteht, zwar Alles wieder ſchwindet,
Doch die Schaffens-Kraft ſich ihm verbindet.

* * *

„Wenn Dein Kind von dem, was er ſich ſchuf,
Auch nur wenig um ſich her erſchaut,
Hat 's doch, folgend ſeinem Schaffens-Ruf,
Eine reiche Welt in ſich erbaut."

In the original these lines are printed at the end of the poem for the child. They are, however, intended for the mother. They may be translated as follows:

"But how shall I name all the pretty things my child can make. What he produces will disappear, but by producing it he increases his creative power."

. . . . . .

Mother, though your child preserves externally but little of what he has made, he has by following his creative impulse built a world within himself.

senses, so that I may learn to recognise and love the good.

"I know that you desire to strengthen my will, so that my deeds may be like yours—i. e., in accord with my nature and destiny.

"Dear flowers, how small soever you may be, in each one of you an angel dwells. Or, rather, you yourselves are little angels, and having you I am never alone.

"You long to touch my heart. You wish to lead me to the Father who through his love called both you and me into being.

"Something else you do for me. You let me gather you and give you to my dear parents.

"You are glad to fade and die, in order to let me have the joy of giving back love for love.

"Surely in you is pictured the love of parents, who are always giving themselves to their little children.

"Is there any mystery you cannot explain? I think not. Every question we little children ask, you dear flowers can answer.

"Never can I tell all the good things Love teaches me through you. But I can listen to her voice and heed her lessons.

"Never will I break your stalks in wanton play. Should I do so, thorns of remorse would pierce my heart."

NOTE VII.

Closing Thoughts.

Prose translation of Froebel's poem printed in the original of Mother Play after the Songs and Mottoes:

I.

Let us now weave our single flowers into one fragrant wreath.

Let us bind our isolated plays into one living whole.

Let us ask ourselves what our little child has gained from his plays.

Let us furthermore make clear to our minds the truths which we ourselves have come to recognise through play.

Finally, let us seek to apprehend the import of these truths and their relationship to the life within and without us.

If we desire to bless the child with a wise nurture, if we wish to guide him towards the true goal of life, if we aspire to prepare him for life-unity and harmony, we must from time to time cast a retrospective glance at our own procedure.

He who does not look backward is unable to move forward with assurance and safety.

Therefore let the wreath appear which shall bind in one whole our separate flowers.

II.

Life and its forces first stirred within the baby. He moved his limbs (Play with the Limbs).

Through his senses he sucked food for his soul (Taste and Flower Songs).

He learned to know objects and their qualities even before he was able to name them.

He tried in different ways to bring distant things near him, and to remove near things from him, so that he might inwardly apprehend them (Falling! Falling! Calling Chickens, Fishes, Child and Moon, Boy and Moon).

III.

Next the child tried to join together separated things, and to find some tie between differing things (Target, Finger Songs, Family, Grass-mowing, Pat-a-cake, Carpenter, etc.).

He began to distinguish himself from others, to appropriate things which were pleasant to him, and to repel and avoid things unpleasant. In his plays he revealed a dawning self-consciousness (Light Songs).

He learned to seek for causes and energies, and to distinguish between grounds and consequences (Weather-vane, Bird's Nest, Trade Songs, etc.).

He showed traces of thought, power to draw conclusions, ability to discriminate between many different objects and to choose and appropriate

those he liked (Toyman and Maiden, Toyman and Boy).

He began to relate the words and deeds of others to himself (Knights), and to order all his separate experiences into a little world of his own making (Children on the Tower, Little Artist).

IV.

Through a nurture responsive to these indications and re-enforced by some inevitable stripes and pain the child will learn the great lesson of life—the lesson that he cannot be permitted to indulge in arbitrary caprice—the lesson that he is both a free being and a dependent being. In a word, he will come to understand that a great Power reigns in the universe, and that this great Power gives and creates true freedom.

With premonition of this truth the child begins to care for what his elders think of him (Songs of the Knights). When he attains this stage of development, then, mother, it is in your power to lead him in the path of right. You may allure him to so love the good that by self-impulsion he will turn away even from evil thoughts. A new power or organ is sprouting within him. It seems at times like a voice, at times like an ear. It teaches him what is right and good. It warns him to avoid the bad. Through this germinating power you may incline him, if you will, towards all that is pure and righteous. Teach him to consider and follow what is right in his own deeds. Teach him to recognise and honour the good in others (Knights, Hide and Seek,

Cuckoo). By such watchful guidance you may help him to love, revere, and obey this inner power, even before he knows its name. You may also teach him to love its manifestations in others. When you have brought your child to the point *that of himself he shuns the base and ignoble, of himself inclines towards the pure and good*—yea, feels that purity and goodness are the very life of life—then, and not till then, may you point out to him through clear and precise precepts how he may attain the goal of human existence.

. . . . . .

V.

And now, at last, dear mother, ask yourself what great insights have grown clear to *you* through your play with your child and what inward power you have won.

Have you not learned the unity and wholeness of man's being ?

Have you not beheld your own inmost being reflected in that of your child ?

Have you not come to realise through his developing life how out of imperfection you too are striving and growing towards the perfect ?

Only by pressing through darkness towards the light can that which is highest be won. Man carries within him the unity of life. This life-unity is an impelling force. To man is given the power to cherish and nurture it. No obstacles and no dangers shall deter him from making actual this inwardly impelling ideal.

VI.

So much you have learned of yourself. And now what have you learned about the outer world? Have you not found that things seemingly different are inwardly one? Have you not learned that all separation exists in and for union? Has it not become clear to you that all things are related; that each thing helps all things, and is in turn helped by all? And reciprocal relation—does it not imply an independent all-including whole?

VII.

Hear the conclusion of the whole matter: In all things works *one* creative life, because the life of all things proceeds from one God.

NOTE VIII (See page 107).

The following sentences were thoughtlessly omitted at end of commentary on Mowing Grass:

"Now, mother, it is clear to me why the two children sitting under the trees seem so sunk in thought. May the truths which the trees express never echo from their own experience through their hearts! Mother, mother, may you never need to fear anything of this kind for *your* children! Happy boy mowing so vigorously; sturdy little maiden merrily following the hay-cart, it will surely not happen to you."

THE END.

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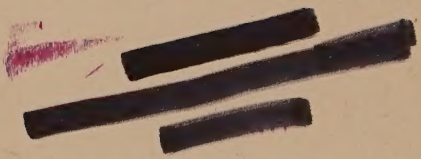

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